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TOPICAL ILLUSTRATIONS

FOR THE USE OF MINISTERS, SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR WORKERS, AND OTHER PUBLIC SPEAKERS

BY

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To the Young Preachers

OF

ALL CHURCHES

This book is affectionately dedicated by your fellow-laborer, who, many times in his ministry, would gladly have availed himself of such helps as are here offered.

PREFACE.

This volume is not a dictionary of anecdote, nor a homiletic cyclopedia. It aims to be interesting and helpful, therefore it has seemed better to the editor to give illustrations so classified that they can be found, so select that they can all be used, and on such topics as are likely to be treated by public speakers, rather than to furnish such a miscellaneous mass of illustrations, one or two on a subject, that it would not be possible to find much help on any given topic.

The material is original and selected. Quotations are made verbatim and credit is given where the author is known. Original comments and unidentified clippings are not marked, but can be easily distinguished by their substance.

The illustrations are classified and the subjects alphabetically arranged that they may be readily found, and not that it is expected that any two speakers would make the same classification. It is the object of the work to promote thought, not to prevent it. The incident, fact or poem is given for information or to refresh the memory, but the application of it is left for the one who uses it to make. When several subjects are so closely allied that classification is doubtful, one is treated directly, but reference is made to the others by number in the index so that they can be readily found.

Trusting that this volume may be useful to you, my fellow-laborers, and to all to whom you minister, it is sent forth upon this mission.

JAMES E. DENTON.

TOPICAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

AFFLICTIONS.

1. "Are we to understand from Rom. viii. 28 ('And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose') that all the troubles, sorrows, accidents and wrongs which the true Christian endures in this life are for his good?"

Such seems to be the meaning of the bold statement of the apostle. The chief thing, the only valuable thing in man, the only thing he can take with him when he goes hence, is character. Whatever tends to develop that into Christ's likeness is for man's good. There is a ministry of sorrow and affliction as well as of prosperity and success, and the one is as essential as the other. What we call our calamities and losses are often merely the exchange of the less for the greater good. If the removal of our affections from earthly things to things heavenly is effected by earthly losses and afflictions, it is plain that we have been gainers rathers than losers by the exchange.—*Christian-Evangelist.*

2. J. F. Rowe, editor of the *Christian Leader,* Cincinnati, O., wrote, on the occasion of the death of one of his boys, as follows: "My pen moves slowly and awkwardly. My arm seems palsied. My thoughts are scattered. I feel like a very weak man. A little child has done that for me which a giant could not do; it has clipped the wings of my ambition; it has melted down the selfishness of my heart. In the presence of death I feel very humble; I can forgive everybody, and I want everybody to forgive me. I feel like confessing all my weakness and acknowledging all the blunders I have ever committed. I never wish to think

another evil thought, never to say another ungenerous word."—*Christian Index.*

3. A flower has been discovered in South America which is only visible when the wind blows; it is of the species cactus, and when the wind blows, a number of beautiful flowers protrude from the little lumps on the stalks. So, beautiful lives are developed by adversity.

4. A German baron had a deep ravine near his castle, and thought to make a huge Aeolian harp of it. He stretched wires across it. In the gentle breeze it was silent, but when great storms blew down the ravine the air was filled with music.—*R. R. Meredith.*

5. Stars may be seen from the bottom of a deep well when they can not be discerned from the top of a mountain. So are many things learned in adversity which the prosperous man dreams not of.—*Spurgeon.*

6. Does not God sometimes take away an idol from us to lead us to a life of higher usefulness? The king of Belgium spends all his private revenue in the Christianizing of Africa. He tells how he came to do so: "I had only one son, my heir, the pride of my eyes, and he fell sick, and his sickness was unto death. It pleased God to take my darling boy unto himself, and I was left alone. In my grief my thoughts were turned to that dark continent in which were millions upon millions orphaned and friendless. While I meditated, God seemed to say to me, 'There is your child,' and I adopted Africa from that time, and whatever I can do to lift the burdens and let in the light upon the poor people of Africa, that I will do. All my private revenue is devoted to that object, and I have provided that when I die Africa shall be my heir."—*Sermon Illustrator.*

7. The floods washed away home and mill—all the poor man had in the world. But as he stood on the scene of his loss, after the water had subsided, broken-hearted and discouraged, he saw something on the bank which the water had washed bare. "It looks like gold," he said. It was

gold. The flood which had beggared him had made him rich.—*Courtland Myers.*

8. It was not until Beethoven had become so deaf he could not hear the fortissimo of a full orchestra that he composed his chief oratorio. It was not until John Milton had become stone blind that he could dictate the sublimest poem of the ages. It was not until Walter Scott was kicked by a horse and confined to the house for many days that he could write the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." That painter who mixes his colors with blood from his own broken heart makes the best pictures. The mightiest men of all ages have been mightiest in their agonies.—*Talmage.*

9. The larches first brought to England, coming from the south of Europe, were supposed by a gardener to need warmth. He put them into a hothouse. But day by day they withered, until the gardener in disgust threw them out into a dump heap. There they began to revive and bud, and grew up into trees. They needed the cold. So the great Husbandman often saves his plants by throwing them out in the cold. The nipping frosts of trial and affliction are needed if God's larches are to grow. It is under such discipline that new and heavenly thoughts and affections appear. The heart becomes more dead to the world and self. From the night of sorrow arises the morning of joy.—*Pulpit Treasury.*

10. A singular shrub, called "the sorrowful tree," grows on an island near the city of Bombay, in India. At sunset no flowers are to be seen, but half an hour later the tree is full of blossoms. These yield a sweet odor, but when the sun begins to shine on them they either fall off or close up; and thus it continues flowering in the night during the whole year. Thus some Christians never exhibit the beauties of Christianity in the sunny hours of prosperity, who, when some bright hope has set, and the shadows fall, show many sweet Christian graces. Sunshine is not always good for saints.—*Pulpit Treasury.*

11. A minister who had lost his child asked another minister to come and preach for him. He came and told how

he lived on one side of the river, and felt very little interest in the people on the other side until his daughter was married and went over there to live. Then every morning he went to the window and looked over that river, and felt very much concerned about that town and all the people there. "Now," said he, "I think that as this child has crossed another river, heaven will be dearer to my friend than ever it has been before."—*D. L. Moody.*

12. God often uses adversity as a purifier. The wintry snows that lie before my window here [at Saratoga] this morning will kill the vermin. So God sends wintry seasons upon his children to kill certain species of besetting sins.—*New Cyclopaedia of Anecdote.*

13. It is said that when Mr. Cecil was once walking in deep dejection of spirit, in the Botanical Gardens at Oxford, his attention was arrested by a fine pomegranate cut almost through the stem. On asking the gardener the reason, he got an answer which explained the wounds of his own bleeding spirit. "Sir," said he, "this tree used to shoot so strong that it bore nothing but leaves. I was, therefore, obliged to cut it in this manner, and when it was almost cut through it began to bear plenty of fruit."

14. Lawns which we would keep in the best condition are very frequently mown; the grass has scarcely any respite from the scythe. Out in the meadows there is no such repeated cutting; they are mown but once or twice in the year. Even thus the nearer we are to God, and the more regard he has for us, the more frequent will be our adversities. To be very dear to God involves no small degree of chastisements.—*Spurgeon.*

15. The best ground, untilled, soonest runs out rank weeds. Such are God's children, overgrown with security ere they are aware, unless they be well exercised both with God's plough of affliction and their own industry of meditation.—*Hall.*

16. It is said that gardeners, sometimes, when they bring a rose to richer flowering, deprive it for a season of light

and moisture. Silent and dark it stands, dropping one faded leaf after another and seeming to go patiently down to death. But when every leaf is dropped, and the plant stands stripped to the uttermost, a new life is even then working in the buds, from which shall spring a tenderer foliage and a brighter wealth of flowers. So, often in celestial gardening, every leaf of earthly joy must drop before a new and divine bloom visits the soul.—*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

17. As men clip the feathers of fowls when they begin to fly too high or too far, even so doth God diminish our riches, etc., that we should not pass our bounds and glory too much of such gifts.—*Wermullerus.*

18. Next to victory, there is nothing so sweet as defeat, if only the right adversary overcomes you. When we are pierced with afflictions, the way is not to go to God and say, "Take away this thorn!" God says, "No, I put it there to bleed you when you are plethoric." Suffering well borne is better than suffering removed. Suffering did not slip in as theologians make so many things to have done at the fall; but it is a part of God's original method. I know enough of gardening to understand that if I would have a tree grow upon its south side I must cut off the branches there. Then all its forces go to repairing the injury, and twenty buds shoot out where otherwise there would have been but one. When we reach the garden above we shall find that out of those very wounds over which we sighed and groaned on earth, have sprung verdant branches, bearing precious fruit a thousand-fold.—*Beecher.*

19. Sickness and suffering are not always a calamity; they are often a blessing. Many have been made better and purer by the sickness and misfortunes that have come into their lives. Affliction has often shaped the destiny of a life. A death in a home or a family has changed not only the family, but whole communities, for the better. Instead of praying for people to get well, it would be well sometimes to pray for some people to be made sick; like the old preacher who was sent for to pray for the boy who

was bitten by a rattlesnake. They were a very wicked family, caring nothing for God nor religion when well. When the old preacher got there he found the boy very penitent and praying like a good fellow, and the whole family were deeply moved. They were all anxious for the old man to pray for "Jim," and he did so. He said: "O Lord, we thank thee for rattlesnakes; we thank thee that a rattlesnake has bit 'Jim.' O Lord, send another snake to bite 'Bill,' and, O Lord, send a big snake to bite the old man." The prayer was to the point and was as effectual as it was fervent.—*E. B. Ware.*

20. We remember a parable in which the preacher says: "Look at this flute; it was a piece of wood; what has made it a flute? The rifts, the holes in it." What life is there through which affliction does not make some rift? All went well till then; but through that rift in the life came thought and feeling. "So," said the preacher, "I listened to a flute one day, complaining that it was spoiled by having a number of holes bored in it. 'Once,' it said, 'I was a piece of wood very beautiful to look upon; now I am spoiled by all these rifts and holes,' and it said all this mournfully and musically. 'O thou foolish flute,' I said; 'without these rifts and holes thou wouldst only be a mere stick, a bit of mere, hard, black ebony, soon to be thrown away. Those rifts and holes have been the making of thee; they have made thee into a flute; they are thy life, thy character, thy music and melody, and thou wilt not now be cast aside with contempt, but touched even by the fingers of future generations.' "—*Sunday at Home.*

21. It was one of the incidents in the Crimean War that a soldier lay famishing with thirst, and complaining bitterly, as a cannon-ball tore past him, that he was still left under fire. Meantime, the missile of iron buried itself in the cliffside behind him, splintered the rock, disclosed a spring, and sent close to his hot lips a full stream of water for his refreshment. Most of us have watched almost breathlessly as some tremendous providence shattered hope or health, or comfort or home, and yet found we were still

alive afterwards, and indeed surrounded with blessings of which we never knew the existence before, and never felt the power till now.—*C. S. Robinson.*

22. I have seen a little plant beneath an oak-tree, sheltered from the storm and wind and rain, and it felt pleased and happy to be so secured; but I have seen the woodman come with his ax and fell the oak, and the little plant trembled with fear because its protection was removed. "Alas for me!" it said, "the hot sun will scorch me, the driving rain will drown me, and the fierce wind will tear me up by the roots." But, instead of these dreadful results, the shelter being removed, the plant has breathed freer air, drunk more of the dews of heaven, received more of the light of the sun, and it has sprung up and borne flowers which else had never bloomed, and seeds that never else had sown themselves in soil. Be glad when God thus visits thee, when he takes away those overshadowing but dwarfing comforts to make thee have a clear way between thee and heaven, so that heavenly gifts might come more plentifully to thee.—*Spurgeon.*

23. Many of the dealings of our heavenly Father at which we complain, are unfinished mercies. When completed we will see their beauties. Some one says: "I was looking at some of the paintings of an artist. I saw some pictures that were just faint outlines; in some places you would see only the branches of a tree and no trunk; and in another case the trunk and no branches. He had not finished the work. It would have taken him days and months, perhaps, to have completed it."

24. Many of the perplexities of life are because we can not study God's providences aright. The time is coming when we will view them all from our home in heaven, and then we will see beauty and love in all his dealings. In the Capitol at Washington there is a large painting called "Westward Ho!" You come suddenly upon it as you reach one of the platforms on the stairs ascending from the rotunda. You are almost sure to pause at that

point and begin to inspect it; but it appears only as a miserable blur. You wonder how such a painting could find a place in the Capitol. But when you ascend another flight of stairs which brings you upon a level with it, and much farther removed from it, you stand entranced as its beauty unfolds, and its harmonious blendings stand bright and clear before your vision. Such will be the result when we look back from heaven and understand earth's mysterious pictures.—*Sermon Illustrator.*

25. Peter speaks of the "trial of faith," that it "might be found unto *praise* and *honor* and *glory* at the appearing of Jesus Christ." A goldsmith makes a chalice for the king's table. He first refines the metal till all the dross is out of it, and then he stamps it approved; that is praise. Then he moulds it for the noble ends to which it is destined; that is honor. Then he takes the graving tool and polishing instrument, covers it with ornamental inscriptions and devices, and sets it round with gems until it flashes back the many colors of the rainbow; that is glory. So the Lord puts you into his crucible, refines away your dross, and marks you with his approval; that is praise or approbation. Then he shapes you into a vessel for holy uses; that is, honor. Then he grinds you on the wheel of affliction, and finishes you with his polishing instrument until you reflect the glorious image of his dear Son, and that his glory.—*A. T. Pierson.*

26. True faith never loses by being tested; and God loves us greatly when he tests false faith and reveals it to us that we may forsake it before it is too late. A ring came into a lady's possession the value of which she knew nothing. It was exquisite in workmanship and very beautiful in design. She took it to a jeweler, who said that the only way of being sure about it being genuine was to put it into acid. "If it is genuine," he said, "it will suffer no injury; but if it is an imitation the acid will corrode and destroy it." The lady looked tenderly at her ring. It was so beautiful that it seemed a pity to run the risk, but if it was genuine there would

be no harm and she would value it so much more after it had borne the test. "Put it in," she said almost breathlessly. The jeweler dropped the ring into the acid while its owner looked on anxiously. In a few minutes she received back her treasure, looking brighter and clearer for the ordeal, and perfectly sound.

27. A few Sundays ago, I had the pleasure of meeting a lady who, since I had last seen her, had been through deep affliction. She burst into tears, and after weeping uncontrolled, she finally said, "I have seen so much trouble since I saw you." The next day I took tea with her, and she pointed at Wesley and told me how good he was and what a good salary he was earning, and at Taylor, what a good position he had, and pointed to Howard, and told us what he was accomplishing. She told me of Willie's going back to St. Louis and taking a good position and being useful in his place. I said to her: "Sister, do you remember that when you were in St. Louis, the boys were not disposed to work; that when you had lost everything they saw the necessity that was upon them? And now it has made men of your boys. Would you rather have your money that you lost three or four years ago than to have the manliness that has come out in your boys?" She wept again, and said: "I believe, after all, it has been better for us, but it was a sore trial." Yes, it was a sore trial, but great is the character that comes out of it.—*W. H. Black.*

28. A minister tells of witnessing the purification of a mass of silver, and reflecting on the parallel of the purification of many of God's children: "The silver is put in a crucible and watched; the moment the smelter can see his face reflected in it he withdraws it from the fire. If not withdrawn in that moment, the dross would be burnt into the silver in such a way as never to be extracted, and the whole mass would become useless. Though purified, it is not yet pure. When cool, the process is repeated again and again, till the silver lies still in the pot. Then it is pure. Many vessels can be made of

the metal purified, though still mixed with alloy; but the finest work can only be done on perfectly pure silver."

29. The idea that love will not put to pain is as absurd as that a surgeon will not cut. A surgeon who will not cut is no surgeon, and a physician who will not prescribe drugs, bitter things, is no proper physician. The more powerfully and heroically and nobly you love, the more resentful you are to everything in the loved one that is discordant; and the administration of God in Jesus Christ is not an administration which takes away pain and penalty. God will not suffer men to be unrighteous if he loves them.—*Beecher.*

30. Often precious stones are put into the fire. The Oriental cornelian and Brazilian topaz change color in the burning, and the black spots of the amethyst and hyacinth can only be removed by heat. Thus God's jewels are purified; all that can stand the fire must pass through it, and in the fierce heat of trial many a commonplace Christian begins to glow with new hues of grace, at which men greatly wonder.—*Fullerton.*

31. "Alas!" cried a diamond to the wheel upon which it was being cut, "here I have been tortured for the last three days. What a misfortune it was that I ever came in your way!" "Say not so," replied the wheel in encouraging tones. "The last stone that came to me was so rough and dull that you could scarcely tell it was a diamond; but when I had done with it, it was placed in a king's crown." "A king's crown!" exclaimed the astonished stone; "and do you think that I shall ever adorn the brow of a king?" "It is quite possible; but if not allowed to enjoy so great an honor, you may find some other exalted and brilliant position; but you will never see the glories of a royal house unless I do my utmost for you." "Then grind away," said the gem, as it nerved itself to endure the trial. "I'll stand it if it means an increase of beauty and promotion."

32. A sculptor. having selected two blocks of marble as nearly alike as he could find, had them taken into his

workshop and began to chip away the rough places with energy. One of the stones made no complaint, but the other protested vigorously, and begged to be treated with more consideration. "But I wish to make an angel of you," said the sculptor, "and how can I do it unless you let me cut away your ugliness?" "I will tell you what to do," the stone replied; "if you wish to make an angel of me, paint me; then you can have your angel and spare me the disagreeableness of being chiseled." The sculptor thought awhile, and then took his brush and painted an angel on the stone. He then continued his work on the first stone until he had carved it into a beautiful woman. He placed them near each other in a suitable hall, and covered them till the day of exhibition. On that day a vast crowd gathered to see the last work of the famous sculptor. When he lifted the veil of the first one there was an applause of delight; then he uncovered the other one, and there was a murmur of disappointment; but when the people saw the great joke of the artist, they laughed at the misshapen angel on the rough stone. The silly marble was much disappointed, and, if it had not been cold marble, could have cried for shame.

There are a great many people who would like to go to heaven and be beautiful and happy like the angels, but they are all the time complaining of the trials they are having on this earth. They forget that God is making glorious beings of them, and that in the "great day of the Lord" they will be the admiration of the angels. They forget, also, that "our light affliction which is for a moment worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen, for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."—*P. B. Hall.*

33. A certain lady had met with a serious accident, which necessitated a painful surgical operation and many months of confinement in her bed. When the physician had finished his work and was taking his leave, the patient

asked: "Doctor, how long shall I have to lie here, helpless?" "Oh, only one day at a time," was the cheery answer, and the poor sufferer was not only comforted for the moment, but many times during the succeeding weary weeks did the thought, "Only one day at a time," come back with its quieting influence.

34. There is coming a time when we will understand the meaning and love of all God's dealings with us, however strange and inexplicable they may seem now. There is an old Hebrew story which illustrates the fact. It represents a rabbi as journeying on a donkey through a wild land. His only companion was a cock, whose shrill crowing at sunrise awoke him to his devotions. He came to a certain village at nightfall and besought shelter, but the inhabitants churlishly refused him. Outside the village he found a cave, where he prepared to spend the night. He lit his lamp to read a chapter, as usual, before retiring; but a gust of wind blew it out. During the night a wolf killed his cock and a lion devoured his ass. He passed a sleepless night and early in the morning he returned to the village to see if he could obtain a horse or an ass on which to pursue his journey. To his surprise, he found no one alive in the whole village. A band of robbers had come during the night and plundered the village and slain the people. "Ah!" said the rabbi, "now I understand my annoyances. Had not the villagers closed their doors against me, I should have died with the others; and if my lamp had not been extinguished and my companions been killed, their noise, or the light, might have revealed my hiding-place to the robbers. Truly God has been good to me."

35. An eminent naturalist tells of visiting an island, seeking a specimen of a certain bird for his cabinet. He noticed one young bird, which he thought exactly suited his requirements. He fired at and missed it, and it flew wildly out to sea. There it was joined by an old bird, presumably its parent. Soon it grew tired and turned toward the shore, whereupon the old bird met and forced

it to turn back. Again and again—more than a dozen times—this maneuver was repeated, till the young bird was literally forced out to sea and carried beyond the naturalist's sight. The young bird may have thought this cruel treatment on the part of its parent in keeping it on the wing so long when it was tired. But instinct told the parent that it was better that its offspring should suffer weariness rather than incur danger in finding rest.

36. I once saw a drove of sheep looking very tired and weary, being hurried on by a shepherd and his dogs; and when they wanted to stop and drink at a brook by the wayside, they were not allowed to, but driven on. I felt that it was very unkind of that shepherd; but by and by they stopped before a pair of handsome gates, and the flocks were turned into beautiful grass pastures, with a clear stream running through them. Then I knew that I had been hasty; that the shepherd had not been unkind, but kind, in not allowing his sheep to drink from the muddy stream in the road, for he had been saving them and taking them on to something better. So with our heavenly Father, our Shepherd; he is compelled to deny us sometimes, while leading us unto better things.—*Moody.*

37. James Stalker tells of conversing with a friend about a great subject in theology, "on which," says he, "I was expressing the opinion that a great book was needed to be written, and we spoke about our more prominent theologians, one after another, and I asked him if this one and that one could write that book, and he shook his head: and then I spoke to him of one perhaps more able than any mentioned, and I said, 'Don't you think that he could write it?' And he said 'No;' and I said, 'Why not?' And his answer was, 'Because he has not suffered.'" There are doors in every heart that can never be opened to give out the rich treasure that is in them until unlocked with the mysterious key of suffering.

38. Some one writes: "I have fancied that if a piano had nerves, as it has strings, it would suffer in process of tuning, but would be glad in finding itself tuned. It often

hurts when God puts us through a tuning process. Through use or climate or temperature, an instrument loses tune and pitch. So do we in our spiritual life. God must take us in hand, but he will neither crush nor break our spirits. He will only restore the lost harmony."

39. When we come suddenly out of the daylight into a room even moderately darkened we can discern nothing; but the pupil of our eye gradually enlarges until unseen objects become visible. Even so the pupil of the eye of faith has the blessed faculty of enlarging in dark hours of bereavement, so that we discover that our loving Father's hand is holding the cup of trial, and by and by the gloom becomes luminous with glory.—*T. L. Cuyler.*

40. "Not now, but in the coming years,
It may be in the better land,
We'll read the meaning of our tears,
And there, some time, we'll understand.

"Then trust in God through all thy days;
Fear not, for he doth hold thy hand;
Though dark thy way, still sing and praise;
Some time, some time, we'll understand."

41. Two rabbis were looking about the ruins of Jerusalem. One of them wept bitterly over the desolations of Zion and the sad fortunes which had befallen the city of his fathers. The other laughed when he viewed the same things. "Why do you laugh?" "Because by this vast desolation, which assures us that God is true to his threatenings, we know that the same God will be true also to his promises, and will restore Zion to her beauty and glory."—*Peloubet.*

42. And surely, if we can believe that our troubles, afflictions and sorrows are neither accidents nor judgments, but chastisements, giving evidences of truest love on God's part, and assurances that he regards us as his children, we shall not only *submit* to them, but we shall find in them sources of richest blessing, and occasions for thanksgiving and praise. For though he may lead us into

the darkness, he also giveth to his beloved songs in the night.—*J. S. Lamar, in Christian Standard.*

43. Bunyan in his prison could not understand why God should allow him to be shut out from his work for the best twelve years of his life, his soul longing to preach the gospel, and thousands waiting to hear him. He could not then see, what now is plain, that by the "Pilgrim's Progress" he there wrote, he has been preaching to millions instead of thousands, and for centuries instead of years.—*Peloubet.*

44. An artist was once frescoing the lofty ceiling of a church, and, gradually stepping back on the scaffolding to watch the effect of his work, he was so absorbed in his picture that he did not notice that he was about to step off the edge and fall upon the pavement far below. A brother artist, seeing his danger, and knowing that a word would but hasten his fall, threw his brush at the picture. The painter, indignant, rushed forward and was saved. So, God sometimes destroys the pictured hopes of our hearts to startle us from sin and save our souls.—*Peloubet.*

45. I have read of a shepherd who tended his flock among the hills. After a time the herbage was nipped off close, and the shepherd was anxious to get the sheep up higher on to a piece of tableland on which there was some good grazing. The approach was steep, and the poor things did not seem able or willing to mount. After trying for a long time to get them up, he hit upon a happy expedient. Seizing a lamb, he carried it up the steep place, and then threw it on to the tableland. It soon stood at the edge above, calling for the old sheep. Need I say that not many minutes passed before the mother was up with the lamb?—*Rev. Charles Leach.*

46. An oak-tree for two hundred years grows solitary. It is bitterly handled by frosts; it is wrestled with by ambitious winds, determined to give it a downfall. It holds fast and grows alone. "What avails all this sturdi-

ness? My roots are anchored in rifts of rocks; no herds can lie down under my shadow; I am far above singing birds, that seldom come to rest among my leaves; I am set as a mark for storms, that bend and tear me; my fruit is serviceable for no appetite; it had been better for me to have been a mushroom, gathered up in the morning for some poor man's table, than to be a hundred-year oak, good for nothing." While it yet spake, the ax was hewing at its base. It died in sadness, saying as it fell, "Weary ages for nothing have I lived." The ax completed its work. By and by the trunk and root form the knees of a stately ship bearing the country's flag around the world. Other parts form keel and ribs of merchantmen, and having defied the mountain storms, they now equally resist the thunder of waves and the murky threat of scowling hurricanes. Other parts are laid into floors, or wrought into wainscoting, or carved for frames of noble pictures, or fashioned into chairs that embosom the weakness of old age. Thus the tree, in dying, came not to its end, but to its beginning of life. It voyaged the world. It grew to be parts of temples and dwellings. It held upon its surface the soft tread of children and the tottering steps of patriarchs. It rocked in the cradle. It swayed the limbs of age by the chimney corner, and heard, secure within, the roar of those old, unwearied tempests that once surged about its mountain life. Thus, after its growth, its long uselessness, its cruel prostration, it became universally helpful, and did by its death what it could never have done by its life. For, so long as it was a tree and belonged to itself, it was solitary and useless, but when it gave up its own life, and became related to others, then its true life began.

How solemn is that sentence of Christ, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." Not while he lived, not by his direct force, but only when pierced, broken, slain, buried, should his influence issue forth, and death should become the throne of his power. So will it be with us if we are Christ's. Paradoxes upon this truth lie all through the New Testament, and one

may walk them like stepping-stones from side to side. Sorrow is joy. Death is life. Down is up. Weakness is strength. Loss is gain. Defeat is victory. The world's mighty men, the very monarchs of its joy, were they who died deaths daily.—*Beecher.*

47. The Lord takes away from his children worldly honors when he sees that they would by them be puffed up with pride. Thus he deprives them of riches when they would be unto them thorns to choke and hinder the growth of his heavenly grace, or provocations and incitements to sin, or the means and instruments to further them in wicked actions, or, like camels' hunches, hinder them from entering into the strait gate which leads to happiness. Thus, he takes from us parents, children and dear friends, when, if we should still enjoy them, we would make them our idols, setting our hearts upon, loving or trusting in them more than in God himself. So he deprives us of our earthly pleasures when he sees that we would prefer them before heavenly joys; and causes us to find many crosses in the world, because he knows that if it should smile and fawn upon us, we would make a paradise of the place of our pilgrimage, set our affections upon these transitory trifles, and never care to travel in the way of holiness which leads to our heavenly country.

As, therefore, the skillful physician does not only apply medicines for the curing of diseases, when men are fallen into them, but also in time of infection, and when they see some distemper in them through the abounding of humors, give wholesome preservatives to maintain health; so our heavenly Physician uses these potions of affliction, not only to cure us of diseases of sin, when we are fallen into them, but also to purge away our inward corruptions, and so to prevent these deadly sicknesses of the soul, before they have seized upon us, and to free us from all causes and other sins which would otherwise bring us into this dangerous condition.—*Downame.*

48. The Lord tries us with afflictions, to make it known whether we be sound Christians, or whether we deceive

both ourselves and others with shadows only. Our Saviour has taught us in the parable that there are some hearers like unto the stony ground, who receive the seed of the Word with joy, and bring forth a fair green blade of outward profession, but yet having no root in themselves, when the hot sun of affliction shines upon them, wither and fall away. That these time-serving hypocrites may be discerned from true professors, he causes this sun of tribulation to arise.—*Downame.*

49. We profess to be gold fit for God's treasury, and corn meet for the garners of eternal blessedness; and yet there is among us more dross than gold, and more chaff than wheat. Therefore the Lord casts us into the furnace of affliction, that the pure metal may be tried, and in trial purified; and that the drossy substance may be severed, and in the separation consumed; and fans and winnows us with the strong wind of tribulation, that the chaff may be blown away, and the pure corn remain for his own use.—*Ib.*

50. We profess ourselves trees planted by God's own hand in his garden of grace, and houses fit for his own dwelling, which have a good ground and sure foundation, even the rock Jesus Christ: whereas in truth there are many of the devil's setting, which have no other hold but the weak and short roots of carnal ends and worldly respects, which are there planted by Satan to hinder the growth, to suck away the nourishment, and to shade and annoy, disorder and disgrace those fruitful and choice trees of God's own grafting; and many houses which are not built upon the rock Christ, but upon the sands of human inventions and traditions, upon the examples of their superiors or their own good-meaning and ungrounded superstition. Therefore the Lord causes the winds to blow and the tempestuous storms of troubles to arise, that his own trees may take the more deep rooting; that those plants of Satan's setting may be overturned and rooted up; that the temples of his own erecting for the habitation of his Holy Spirit may, by their standing

in all these storms, approve the skill of the workmaster; and that these chapels of the devil, which, being gilt by hypocrisy, make no less a show, may be overturned and utterly ruined.—*Ib.*

51. Finally, we profess to be soldiers of the church militant, fighting under the standard of the Lord of hosts. Therefore the Lord suffers Satan and the world to assault us with afflictions and persecutions, to try whether we be traitors, who upon the first encounter will join with the enemy, or true-hearted soldiers, who will live and die in the Lord's quarrel; whether we be such cowards and dastards as will presently yield at the first onset, though before we have made many brags of our strength and valor, or such courageous and magnanimous spirits as will not fly back one foot to save our lives. As thus our Saviour tried the young man in the Gospel, who though he seemed at first sight a great worthy, of undaunted courage, yet when our Saviour did but speak of those two enemies, poverty and the cross, at the very naming of them, he was discomfited, and ran away.—*Ib.*

52. We have noticed at the stamp-mill that rock must be broken and pulverized before you can get the shining gold out of it. And the stony heart of man must come under God's hammer and the proud heart be broken all to pieces before the pure gold becomes visible. We can not come into the kingdom as great men—as governors and millionaires and philosophers. We must be born again, we must become as little children, or we do not get in at all. And what wonderful productions have come from the fertile soil of broken, sorrowing human hearts. Jesus was not only a man of many sorrows, but the man of sorrows. And what a glorious fruitage of hope and joy has sprung from the temptations and trials of the sorrowing Jesus. What grand productions came from the pen of John Bunyan as he wrote inside the bars of Bedford jail! What wonderful letters of wisdom, sympathy and love Paul wrote from Nero's prison while he wore a clanking chain! And many of us who have gone beneath

the hammer of Providence, have given the world a grander love and deeper sympathy than ever could have been the case had we not gone down into tribulation ourselves.—*J. B. Johnson.*

53. We might learn a lesson from Whittier's verse in which he tells how Tauler became, what all acknowledge him to have been, one of the most fervent, joyful and sympathetic preachers of the fourteenth century. He was walking one day in sadness, pondering and praying:

> "Have pity upon me, Lord!
> Thou seest, while teaching others, I am blind.
> Send me a man who can direct my steps!"

Hearing a sound and looking up, he saw a stranger, weak, and poor, and old.

> "Peace be unto thee, father!" Tauler said,
> "God give thee a good day!" The old man raised
> Slowly his calm blue eyes. "I thank thee, son;
> But *all* my days are good, and none are ill."
>
> Wondering thereat, the preacher spake again,
> "God give thee happy life." The old man smiled,
> "I never am unhappy."
> Tauler laid
> His hand upon the stranger's coarse, gray sleeve:
> "Tell me, O father, what thy strange words mean.
> Surely man's days are evil, and his life
> Sad as the grave it leads to." "Nay, my son,
> Our times are in God's hands, and all our days
> Are as our needs: for shadow as for sun,
> For cold as heat, for want as wealth, alike
> Our thanks are due, since that is best which is;
> And that which is not, sharing not his life,
> Is evil only as devoid of good.
> And for the happiness of which I spake,
> I find it in submission to His will,
> And calm trust in the holy Trinity
> Of Knowledge, Goodness, and Almighty Power."

Silently wondering, for a little space, the preacher stood, then spake again:

"What if God's will consign thee hence to hell?"
"Then," said the stranger, cheerily, "be it so.
What Hell may be I know not; this I know—
I can not lose the presence of the Lord;
One arm, Humility, takes hold upon
His dear Humanity; the other, Love,
Clasps his Divinity. So where I go
He goes; and better fire-walled Hell with Him
Than golden-gated Paradise without."

While I can not accept the doctrine just expressed, because I believe that hell is banishment from the presence of the Lord, and all chastening preparatory to happiness must be in this life, still it illustrates the point and enforces the duty, whatever comes upon us, to have perfect submission to God's will. Such was the lesson Tauler learned at the convent of John, the Augustinian monk, to whom so many went to learn how to keep their souls in fervent love to God. He no longer "walked darkly at noon." But, with a changed and cheerful step, he entered the city gates and

saw, far down the street,
A mighty shadow break the light of noon.

He traced the shadow back to the stony wall that formed it, and then raised his eyes

dizzily up to where
In the noon-brightness the great Minster's tower,
Jeweled with sunbeams on its mural crown,
Rose like a visible prayer. "Behold!" he said,
"The stranger's faith made plain before mine eyes.
As yonder tower outstretches to the earth
The dark triangle of its shade alone
When the clear day is shining on its top,
So, darkness in the pathway of Man's life
Is but the shadow of God's providence,
By the great Sun of Wisdom cast thereon;
And what is dark below is light in Heaven."

54. The famous Thomas Nast, in a public exhibition of his skill, once performed a strange feat with his brushes. Taking a canvas about six feet long by two feet wide, he placed it nearly horizontal upon an easel

before his audience, and began to sketch rapidly a landscape. In quick succession appeared green meadows with cattle, fields of grain, the farmhouse and surrounding buildings, with orchard near; while, over all, the bright sky, with fleecy cloud, seemed to pour Heaven's benediction upon the scene below. At length no finishing touch was necessary. Still the artist held his brush, as he stepped aside to receive the hearty plaudits of the admiring audience. When the applause had subsided, Mr. Nast stepped back to the canvas, as if he had not quite completed the picture. Taking darker colors, he applied them most recklessly to the canvas. Out went the bright sky. "Did you ever see a picture like this?" he asked, as he blotted out meadows, fields, orchards and buildings. Up, down and across passed the artist's hand, until the landscape was totally obliterated, and nothing but a daub, such as a child might make, remained. Then, with a more satisfied look, he stepped aside, laying down his brush as if to say, "It is finished." But no applause came from the perplexed audience, and Nast then ordered the stage attendants to place a gilded frame around the ruined work of art, and to turn it to a vertical position. The mystery was revealed, for before the audience stood a panel picture of a beautiful waterfall, the water plunging over a precipice of dark rock, skirted with trees and verdure. It is needless to say that the audience burst into rounds of applause.

And thus it is that a greater Artist works. We paint our landscapes. How beautiful we make them! All manner of earthly prosperity, with bright skies above. We imagine our sketching perfect, but an unseen hand finishes more grandly our crude designs. Houses and lots, farms and merchandise disappear. Yes! our portraits of loved faces are blotted out. We cry, "Hold! hold!" but the hand that applies the darker colors moves relentlessly on. We bewail our ruined pictures because we have not the true angle of vision. At last, God turns the canvas and there appears a work, not for a time, but for eternity. While Mr. Nast was spoiling the landscape to produce the

falls, he might have said to the mystified audience, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." What puzzled the audience was plain to him. In each destructive stroke upon the one picture he saw a creative stroke of the other; and what in the providence of God appears so strange to us, is most clear to him who would save us from being "conformed to this world," and would help us to be transformed by the renewal of our minds, that we may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God.—*Ludlow, in the Golden Rule.*

55. When, out of the bliss of some God-lighted clime,
We look back o'er the darkness and sorrows of time,
We shall find that the pain and perplexity here
Are but backgrounds for pictures of happiness there.
Heaven's rest shall be better for toil-filled years;
Every eye shall be brighter for bathings of tears;
The clear River of Life shall be sweeter for those
Who have drunken where Marah in bitterness flows;
Even Christ shall be dearer because of the fall,
And the Father be nearer—the All and in All.

—*B. J. Radford.*

56. "Within this leaf, to every eye
So little worth, doth hidden lie
Most rare and subtile fragrancy.
Wouldst thou its secret strength unbind?
Crush it, and thou shalt perfume find
Sweet as Arabia's spicy wind.

"In this dull stone, so poor, and bare
Of shape or luster, patient care
Will find for thee a jewel rare!
But first must skillful hands essay,
With file and flint, to clear away
The film which hides its fire from day.

"This leaf! This stone! It is thy heart;
It must be crushed by pain and smart,
It must be cleansed by sorrow's art,
Ere it will yield a fragrance sweet,
Ere it will shine a jewel meet
To lay before thy dear Lord's feet!"

57. Not in the time of pleasure
Hope doth set her bow;
But in the sky of sorrow,
Over the vale of woe.
Through gloom and shadow look we
On beyond the years;
The soul would have no rainbow
Had the eyes no tears.

—*John Vance Cheney.*

58. "Along my earthly way how many clouds are spread!
Darkness, with scarce one cheerful ray, seems gathering o'er my head.

"Yet, Father, thou art Love; oh, hide not from my view!
But when I look, in prayer, above, appear in mercy through.

"My pathway is not hid; thou knowest all my need;
And I would do as Israel did—follow where thou wilt lead.

"Lead me, and then my feet shall never, never stray;
But safely I shall reach the seat of happiness and day.

"And, oh! from that bright throne I shall look back and see
The path I went, and that alone was the right path for me."

59. God never would send you the darkness
If he felt you could bear the light;
But you would not care to walk by faith,
Could you always walk by sight.

'Tis true he has many an anguish
For your sorrowful heart to bear,
And many a cruel thorn-crown
For your tired head to wear;
He knows how few would reach heaven at all,
If pain did not guide them there.

So he sends you the blinding darkness,
And the furnace of seven-fold heat:
'Tis the only way, believe me,
To keep you close to his feet;
For 'tis always so easy to wander
When our lives are glad and sweet.

Then, nestle your hand in your Father's,
  And sing, if you can, as you go;
Your song may cheer some one behind you
  Whose courage is sinking low;
And, well, if your lips do quiver,
  God will love you better so.

—*Selected.*

ALMOST.

60. In spite of the change made by the Revised Version, it is true that Agrippa was "almost persuaded." Literally he said, "In a little" (that is, "in a little degree") "you persuade me to be a Christian." This idea is also conveyed in the Latin version, "*In modico*" (that is, "in a measure") "you persuade me to be a Christian." Such a man as he was must have been deeply moved to admit so much. He was only able to withstand the almost irresistible plea of Paul by ending the interview at once. He probably never again was so near the kingdom as he was that day.

61. "Almost persuaded" now to believe;
"Almost persuaded" Christ to receive.
Seems now some soul to say,
"Go, Spirit, go thy way,
Some more convenient day
  On thee I'll call.

"Almost persuaded," come, come to-day;
"Almost persuaded," turn not away.
Jesus invites you here,
Angels are lingering near;
Prayers rise from hearts so dear:
  O wanderer, come!

"Almost persuaded," harvest is past;
"Almost persuaded," doom comes at last;
"Almost" can not avail;
"Almost" is but to fail—
Sad, sad the bitter wail—
  "Almost, but lost!"

—*P. P. Bliss.*

62. Very near to the kingdom is still outside. You may only "lack one thing." All that the sick man lacks is health. All that the dead man lacks is life. You may only lack one thing, but if that one thing is essential to your salvation, how awful, how infinite is that lack.

63. The dreadful uncertainties of agriculture are graphically expressed in an incident reported from Kansas City. A somewhat ragged man, with an honest face and calloused hands, was charged in court with being a vagabond and having no visible means of support. The court questioned him closely.

"Where have you been recently?" he was asked.

"I've been out in central Nebraska for thirteen years," he answered.

"What have you been doing out there?"

"Working for a living."

"No quibbling, sir! Tell us exactly what you were doing in those thirteen years."

"Well, Your Honor, I was on a farm, and I raised thirteen crops—pretty nearly."

There was a world of pathos and experience in those last two words, and the unfortunate man was discharged.

64. Many years ago, on a Saturday morning, while I sat in my Liverpool study preparing my sermon for the following day, a telegram was put into my hand announcing the wreck of the ship, "Royal Charter," in Moelfra Bay, on the coast of Wales, and asking me to go and break the news of her husband's death by drowning to the wife of the first officer. The ship had gone almost round the globe. She had been to Australia, and had been telegraphed as arrived at Queenstown on the previous night, so that she was anxiously expected that day in the Mersey. But during the early morning a furious gale—which I might rather call a terrible hurricane—sprang up, and she was driven to destruction on that fearful shore, with a loss of over four hundred lives.

As I entered the house of my parishioner, I was met by her little boy, who came dancing to me, and shouted,

"Papa's coming! Papa's coming!" When I went into the parlor, I found the table spread in expectation of the arrival of him who would never cross the threshold again. I can not tell how I performed my mission; but after I had told the heavy news, the woman seemed almost stricken into marble. Her grief was too deep for tears; and I can never forget how, as she seized my hand, the first words that came gasping out were these, "So near home, and yet lost!"

I never saw human anguish like that. But oh! that is nothing to the agony that must wring the soul of him who is at last compelled to say, "Once I was at the very gate of life, and had almost entered in; but now I am in hell."

Oh, may God grant that such a soliloquy may never be uttered by any one of us! and to that end let us imitate Saul at Damascus, rather than Agrippa at Cæsarea.—*Dr. Wm. M. Taylor.*

65. Up near the summit of Mount Washington there is —or used to be—a cairn of stones to mark the spot where a poor girl perished of exposure and heart failure on a cold, autumnal night. Her father and she had rashly essayed to ascend the mountains without a guide, had become lost, and had sat down bewildered in the chilling darkness. The next morning the distracted father discovered that a few rods more would have brought him in sight of the lights from the windows of the "Tip-top House."—*T. L. Cuyler.*

AMUSEMENTS.

66. There is a curious tree known as the Judas-tree. Long before the leaves appear upon the branches, the gorgeous blossoms ornament them, and they look like scarlet sunbeams caught amongst the boughs, and held prisoners by their interlacings. The brilliant beauty of the crimson flowers attracts thousands of tiny insects, and the wild bees seek to draw honey from their exquisitely shaped cups. But every insect, bee or butterfly that ventures

to rest upon the edge of its blossom is overcome by a fatal, curious sort of opiate, or sleeping-draught, which the flower-juice contains, and drops dead upon the ground beneath! If you were to walk round the tree with me, you would see the soft grass strewn with dead and dying bright-winged insects! The Judas-tree reminds you and me of sin. Sin may look bright, pleasant and attractive to our eyes; we may think it no harm to indulge in it. But lurking behind "the pleasures of sin" is a fatal poison. Even a dear little child may be led to taste the deadliness of sin, and its beautiful, pure soul be slain by it! All round the Judas-tree of sin we see the dead and dying souls of men.—*Pulpit Treasury.*

67. In Rochester, N. Y., there is a little picture hanging in an art gallery which represents a young man riding very swiftly on a horse. Out in front of him is floating what seems to be an angel, holding in her hands a crown. The young man is reaching out his hands to get the crown. He is trampling under his feet flowers and helpless children. He almost touches the crown, but just one more leap of the horse and he will go over the precipice in front of him. Suppose he does reach the crown, he will have it in his hands only for a moment, and then he is lost. That is the way it is with many who are bound to have pleasure, whether they have to sin in obtaining it or not.—*Rev. C. H. Tyndall.*

68. It was a remarkably hot and sultry day. We were scrambling up the mountain which rises above the east shore of the Dead Sea, when I saw before me a fine plum-tree loaded with fresh, blooming plums. I cried to my fellow-traveler, "Now, then, who will arrive first at that plum-tree?" And as he caught a glimpse of so refreshing an object, we both pressed our horses into a gallop to see which should get the first plum from the branches. We both arrived at the same time, and each, snatching a fine ripe plum, put it at once into our mouths; when on biting it, instead of the cool, delicious, juicy fruit which we expected, our mouths were filled with a

dry, bitter dust; and we sat under the tree upon our horses, sputtering and hemming, and doing all we could to be relieved of the nauseous taste of this strange fruit. We then perceived, to my great delight, that we had discovered the famous apple of the Dead Sea, the existence of which has been doubted and canvassed since the days of Strabo and Pliny, who first described it.—*R. Curzon.*

69. It is said that where the most beautiful cacti grow, there the venomous serpents are to be found at the root of every plant. And so it is with sin. Your fairest pleasures will harbor your grossest sins. Take care of your pleasures. Cleopatra's asp was introduced in a basket of flowers; so are our sins often brought to us in the flowers of our pleasure.—*Spurgeon.*

70. Christianity only opposes what experience has demonstrated to be detrimental to religious life. One of these hurtful things is thus spoken of: "Progressive euchre is generally backed with retrogressive religion. They are twins."

71. A great number of young people begin in the dancing-school and ballroom a course of life which ends in utter and dreadful ruin. Archbishop Spalding declared that the confessional revealed the fact that nineteen-twentieths of the fallen women began their descent in the ballroom. Could accurate statistics be prepared in regard to any of our cities, the result would be of a similar nature. The sensuous nature of much of the music, the unnatural fascination, the whirl of excitement, the mutual and familiar relations of the dances—all these influences brought to bear upon the young at an age when they are peculiarly susceptible to them are exceedingly dangerous. The young man or woman who exposes himself or herself to these dangers should be exceedingly fearful lest the worst should overtake them. Multitudes of human souls are lost for time and for eternity through the influence of this amusement. It is frequently said that people must have some amusements. We grant it. We advocate no gloomy philosophy of life. Amusements we need; nay, must have.

But in all this great world which our heavenly Father has made so beautiful, so full of sources of pleasure, are there no forms of amusements save those whose associations and results are so full of danger? Are there no happy men, no cheerful women, who never enter places where this amusement is engaged in? One must have food—shall he therefore take poison? One must have drink—shall he therefore take brandy? The safest way is to let dancing severely alone.—*In His Steps.*

72. Theater-going brings its devotee into close contact with some of the worst people in all great cities and towns, who congregate there; and the contact is sought in the way of pleasure, and not of business or desire to save them. Surely such fellowship must come under the injunction, "Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them."

Theater-going helps to maintain a system which is inimical to the best interests of those who are employed on the stage, as is proved by abundant testimony of those who have gone through the fire.

Theater-going on the part of a Christian will set an evil example to those who are undecided and hesitating, and who may be led much further than the Christian who first set the example was prepared to go.

Theater-going exposes the soul to the spirit of voluptuousness, the excitement and stimulation of our sensuous nature; and in some cases suggestions are made which stir thoughts and passions that had best be left dormant. —*In His Steps.*

73. "What would Jesus like to have me do?" It is not necessary to argue whether or not a theater may be kept pure, nor to contend for an ideal theater, nor to quote names of authorities on this side or on that. All this is beside the mark. We have taken the pledge and made the promise to abide in all things by the good pleasure and will of Jesus Christ. If he is not satisfied, it matters little what else may be said. The soldier is not expected to reason or argue or advance his own opinions, but to

abide by his captain's orders; and if at times there is no specific charge as to his method of action, then it is for him to consider what the captain would be likeliest to demand, what may fairly be deduced from all that he has said and ordained in the past. But always and everywhere the soldier must not entangle himself with the cares and riches and pleasures of this world, lest they choke the Word that it become unfruitful and he displease Him who chose him to be a soldier.—*In His Steps.*

74. "If I really thought it was wrong," says the young Christian, "but I can not see that it harms me at all." As if absolute right and wrong, or personal damage, were the highest test to which any course of action could be brought! The Bible sets a far higher standard for us. If I send a messenger on my errands, he has no right so to load himself down that he can only creep where I have bidden him haste, neither has a man on the king's highway any right to carry a load that, projecting right and left, keeps every one else back. You were not meant to creep, but to soar. It is worth your while to strip for the race, that your running may be like the swift course of the ostrich, carried on tireless feet buoyed by strong wings! —*Miller.*

75. The story has been told of a soldier who was missed amid the bustle of a battle, and no one knew what had become of him, but it was known that he was not in the ranks. As soon as opportunity offered, his officer went in search of him, and, to his surprise, found that the man, during the battle, had been amusing himself in a flower garden. When it was demanded what he did there, he excused himself by saying, "Sir, I am doing no harm." But he was tried, convicted and shot! What a sad but true picture this is of many, who waste their time and neglect their duty, and who can give no better answer than, "Lord, I am doing no harm."

76. When I confront the question whether I shall indulge myself in some amusement, the point I have to settle with myself is not whether I see any particular harm in

it, nor whether this or that estimable person allows himself that indulgence. The prime question is whether allowing myself the indulgence in any manner unfits me to be a Christian in my thoughts, deeds and devotions; whether I return with an eye just as quick to detect the divine presence, and a heart that just as promptly and sensitively feels the helpful strength of God issuing from the pages of his word; whether the diversion helps to open or tends a little to close the closet of prayer, and whether it tends to fill or clip the wings of my devotion. Such questions are always three-quarters solved the instant we have no wish but to have them rightly solved.—*Parkhurst.*

77. There are many, it is to be feared, who think to compromise with God by giving him part and the world part. But we are expressly told in the Bible that such an attempt is worse than useless. At Fort Snelling a pulpit is at one end and a stage at the other. The same room is a church on Sunday, and a ballroom or theater during the week.—*Sermon Illustrator,* 1895.

THE ATONEMENT.

78. God, the uncreated, the incomprehensible, the invisible, attracted few worshipers; a philosopher might adore so noble a conception, but the crowd turned away in disgust from words that presented no image to their minds. It was before Deity embodied in human form, working among men, partaking of their infirmities, leaning on their bosoms, weeping over their graves, bleeding on the cross, that the prejudices of the synagogue, and the doubts of the academy, and the pride of the portico, and the fasces of the lictors and the swords of thirty legions were humbled in the dust.—*Macaulcy.*

79. A criminal is under sentence of death. While lying in prison, a fearful plague breaks out in the city, and the criminal's wife goes from house to house on a mission of mercy, feeling that in thus ministering to the sick and

dying she is making some sort of expiation for her husband's crime. At last, when worn to a shadow and ready to faint with toil and vigil, the plague is stayed, while her praises are on the tongues of grateful hundreds who have been brought back to life by her patient devotion. Her husband, in prison, has been moved to tears and penitence as he learns of his wife's expiatory sufferings. The governor, hearing the story, pardons the man because of the vicarious sufferings of his wife, and all the people say, Amen! May we not thus get some idea of how Christ, suffering for us, became the propitiation for our sins, and gave to the Father a basis for pardon?—*St. Louis Advocate.*

80. The vicarious principle is shot through and through the whole vast web of nature; and if one actor has played a mightier part than another in the drama of the past, it has been self-sacrifice. It is quite certain that, of all the things that minister to the welfare and good of man, of all that make the world varied and fruitful, of all that make society solid and interesting, of all that make life beautiful and glad and worthy, by far the larger part has reached us through the activities of the struggle for the life of others.—*Henry Drummond.*

81. It is the very narrow view of Christ's atoning work that confines it to the few hours on the cross. The cross was simply the culmination of that marvelous exhibition of vicarious love. The whole life of Christ was one stupendous, continuous expression of his unselfish, infinite interest in the souls of men. He knew what was in man—the wonderful possibilities for weal or woe; the value of the soul; the import of the weighty terms—life, death. Man's destiny and doom were to Him tremendous verities, moving to infinite pity his great heart of love, and causing him to exclaim with infinite pathos: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, . . . how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!"—*In His Steps.*

82. There is no religion that presents the blessed fact of an atonement for lost sinners but that of Christianity. And that one blessed revelation is worth everything else besides. Not long ago a young Brahmin of India came to the house of a missionary seeking an interview. In the course of conversation he said: "Many things which Christianity contains I find in Hindooism; but there is one thing which Christianity has and Hindooism has not." "What is that?" the missionary asked. His reply was striking: "A Saviour." There are a great many "religions" in the world, but there is only one which avails for a sinner, and that is the one which contains and reveals "a Saviour."

83. A story is told of Lepaud, a member of the French Directory, that with much thought and study he had invented a new religion to be called "Theophilanthropy," but was disappointed that it made no headway, and complained to Talleyrand, the great statesman and wit, of the difficulty he found in introducing it. "I am not surprised," said Talleyrand, "at the difficulty you find in your effort. It is no easy matter to introduce a new religion. But there is one thing I would advise you to do, and then perhaps you might succeed." "What is it? what is it?" asked the other, with eagerness. "It is this," said Talleyrand, "go and be crucified, and then be buried, and then rise again on the third day, and then go on working miracles, raising the dead, and healing all manner of diseases and casting out devils, and then it is possible that you might accomplish your end!" And the philosopher, crestfallen and confounded, went away silent.

84. Where is there a reason strong enough to fly up and pluck the secret out of the bosom of God, which it has not pleased his tongue to make known? I accept the fact that it was necessary for Christ to suffer; the theological explanations I do not believe a word in. Those who say that Christ's sufferings were not vicarious, will have to fight not only with the Bible, but with all the weight of human life. Suffering, in human life, is very widely

vicarious. Every man feels this in himself, one part of his being paying another's penalty. If he loves overmuch, it is not love that suffers, but conscientiousness. If his passions are unduly excited, it is his moral nature that feels the transgression. If the brain be overwrought, the body feels it. The first lesson of life is one of vicarious suffering. As we go to the ship to see friends depart, and leave them with cheers and benedictions and wafted kisses, so when a young spirit is about to be launched into this earthly life, one would think that troops of angels would attend it, and with hope and gladness see it on its way. But, no. Silently it passes the bounds of the unseen land, and the gate which opens to admit it to this, is a gate of tears and moans. Through the sorrow of another is it ushered into existence. Love can not clasp all it yearns for in its bosom, without first suffering for it. The child lives upon its parent's life. The child which has no one to suffer for it is a miserable wretch. And, from this point onward, in every relation of life, one man suffers for another's benefit. It is the law of social life, and I do not see why we should think it strange that Christ obeyed the same law, only in a grander way.—*Beecher.*

85. Speaking of the use of the word "engrafted" in the Bible, some one says: "When a graft is to be made, the first thing is to make a cut or gash. Nobody ever received the word of God into his heart, to be engrafted there, without being cut and wounded by the truth. It needs two wounds to make a graft; you wound the tree, and you wound that better tree which is to be grafted in. Is it not a blessed grafting when a bleeding Saviour comes in contact with a bleeding heart?"

86. There is an operation in surgery known as the transfusion of blood. It is most frequently undertaken as a means of saving life after a serious hemorrhage. In this operation, at least in one of its forms, the vein of the donor of the blood is connected by a tube with the vein of the patient, and by means of an India-rubber ball in the center of the tube, blood is pumped out of the one

into the other. Cases have occurred in which the donor of blood has died in consequence of the operation, yet love incurs this risk still.—*Pulpit Treasury.*

87. I have seen men who had patches of skin cut from their bodies, and engrafted into the wound of an unfortunate sufferer whose wound was too wide to heal without such assistance. It was to me a touching reminder of the fact that man is something more than a selfish animal. It was, too, a faint picture of the love of Christ, who gave himself not in part, but wholly, that we might have life. He was bruised for our iniquities, and by his stripes we are healed.

88. No illustration from human affairs will precisely illustrate the atonement, for there are no circumstances among men exactly parallel to the relation of sinners to God. But the story of Zeleucus, king of the ancient Locri, throws much light upon the question. He enacted a law against adultery, the penalty of which was the putting out of both the eyes. The first one found guilty was the king's own son. Out of love for his son, the king wished to save him from the terrible doom of total blindness, and yet, if he pardoned him, what became of his law and what would be the effect on his people? Therefore, the king had one of his own eyes put out and one of his son's. He thus saved his son, and yet honored the law, because no one would think lightly of the law, or think he could escape from its penalties, since the king was willing to suffer so much rather than have the law made of no effect. It touched the heart of the son to see what his father had suffered for him, and would make a good man of him. So, by the atonement of Christ, all the ends of the law can be satisfied, and yet man be saved. This expresses what is called the *governmental theory* of the atonement. Punishment being the visible measure of the evil of sin, the atonement by which the punishment is removed must express in the same or a greater degree the evil of sin. The other theory of the atonement is the *moral influence* theory. This also is true. We need both.

There will be little moral influence without the great sacrifice for sin.—*Peloubet.*

89. For God to *force* any innocent person to suffer for the sins of another would be unjust in the extreme. When the Greeks were besieging Troy, and met with ill success, the priest Calchas told them that the only way to appease the offended goddess, and gain the victory, was to sacrifice to Diana, Iphigenia, the beautiful daughter of King Agamemnon. And these brave men of old are said to have taken her by strategy and force, and brought this innocent girl to the altar to slay her in their stead. This sacrifice (though she was rescued) was unworthy of them, was mean and unjust beyond words to express. But whenever any persons have offered themselves, as Horatius and his comrades at the bridge of Rome, or the nobles of Calais to Henry the Sixth, the sacrifice was the height of heroism. This is the soul of greatness and goodness in all ages. We did not compel Christ. God did not compel him, but he freely offered himself for us; and the only meanness or injustice is not to love him and serve him for it with all our hearts.—*Peloubet.*

90. Dr. Todd tells the story of a young man on trial for murder. Found guilty, he is asked if he has anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him. He tells the judge that far away is an old man, once a soldier and the comrade of the judge whom he is addressing. The judge would not be sitting on the bench if his life had not been saved in battle by that old man. That old man is the prisoner's father, and though the young man has nothing to plead in his own account, he dwells on the fact that his execution will break the father's heart. For his sake he pleads for mercy. The judge was moved to tears. He said he had no discretion in the case; he must pass the sentence of the law; but he would apply to the Governor of the State, who alone could exercise the prerogative of mercy. So the prisoner is condemned to execution; but the judge goes his way to the executive mansion, and there pleads with the Governor for the pris-

oner's life. The Governor grants the request for the judge's sake and powerful intercession. Some people are not so wise, when they are conscious of their sins and want God to pardon them, as to plead the mighty name of Jesus.

91. When Aeschylus had been condemned by the Athenians, and was about to be led away to execution, his brother Amyntas, who had done splendid service and lost a hand in battle, walked silently down the hall and held his poor, maimed arm up before the judges. They conferred for a moment, and then told him to take his brother away.

92. Many instances suggest the great sacrifice made by Jesus for our salvation, but there can be no human fact that parallels that unspeakable transaction. Agassiz, the great scientist, when a boy, was one day skating with his little brother. They had a pleasant skate a little way from the shore until they came to a great crack in the ice. The elder brother was strong, and so he simply gave a leap and passed over it. On looking back, he saw his little brother standing on the edge; he was not strong enough to make the venture. So the big boy came back, kneeled down, reached over the chasm, put his hands on the cold ice over yonder and let the little fellow find a living bridge over his back. Then they went on in joy and serenity and peace. That is something like Jesus Christ.

93. Years ago a striking incident is said to have occurred at Paris. In a back street of that city a fire broke out at night. It was in a narrow court, and the houses were built with the upper stories overhanging, so that the top stories almost touched. In the midst of the night, a father sleeping with his children was suddenly awakened by the smoke. In a moment he jumped out of bed, swept away the framework of his window, and the next moment was safe across through the window of the opposite house. But he had forgotten the children. When he saw their terrified faces, without a moment's hesitation he placed his foot against the sill of the house where he was, launched

his body forward and grasped the window of the burning house, thus making himself a living bridge between the two. One by one his children crawled over his body to the other side, but as the last one was passing, his father cried, "Quick! quick! I can't hold out much longer." No sooner did the cheer of the crowds announce that the last child was over, than the father's hold relaxed, and he fell a lifeless corpse—a faint illustration of that salvation that comes to us poor, helpless sinners through Him who bridged the chasm, though it cost his precious life.

94. Christ in some way saved us by identifying himself with us in our suffering and misery. A faint glimpse of this is seen in the following incident: When the king of Greece came over to this country some years ago, one of his attendants had with him a most beautiful dog, which during the voyage fell overboard. The master entreated the captain to stop the ship and rescue the dog. But the captain did not deem the matter of so much importance, and, having the king on board, refused to stop. Quickly addressing the captain, he said, "Would you stop the ship if it had been a man?" "Certainly," was the reply. Instantly, before any had time to hinder, he flung himself into the sea. The ship was stopped, and not only the man, but the dog, too, was saved. And all because the man, devoted to the dog, identified himself with him in his peril, and braved even death itself.

95. In an old German city there is a sight that attracts every traveler as he passes through, and brings out a very urgent and curious inquiry from him. Away up on the peaked roofs of one of these old German houses, if you look up you will find a marble statue of a lamb carved and lifted up. A traveler, passing through that village two or three years ago, inquired of an old resident what it could mean, and he said: "There is a curious story connected with it. When the first owner of this house was building it, he was working away up just where you see that object, and suddenly slipping, losing his balance, he fell from the roof, and would have been dashed to pieces,

except from the strange fact that just at that moment his pet lamb happened to be on the green grass, and he fell with all his weight upon the lamb. It was crushed; and when he rose, himself unharmed, unscratched, not a bone broken, not a bruise received, he found his lamb lying there in its blood, crushed beneath the weight of the fallen master. This is the reason why he reared this statue of the lamb, that it might be there a perpetual memorial of the fact that his life had been saved by the intervention of this innocent being."—*Dr. Gordon.*

96. A Roman servant, knowing that his master was to be put to death, clothed himself in the garments of the latter that he might be taken for him. He was taken and put to death, and his master caused a statue of brass to be erected as a monument of gratitude for the poor servant's fidelity and affection. In what way are we showing our gratitude to Jesus, who died for us while we were sinners and did not love him?—*The Treasury.*

97. In a town in Belgium, while a church was being erected, a weathercock had to be put on the steeple, and, as the staging was not high enough, one man had to stand on the broad shoulders of another, who handed up a pan of hot coals and the melted lead. When the weathercock was finished, the man descended, and the onlookers took breath, but the broad-shouldered man came down slowly and unsteadily, and on reaching the ground he fell. His shoulders, arms and breast were covered with terrible burns. While his comrade, whom he bore on his shoulders, was soldering the weathercock, the boiling lead was running down drop by drop on him, and though tormented by fearful pains, he had not moved, as any start would have sent the other man to his death. This hero suffered that another might live.—*The Treasury.*

98. Some time ago a war raged in India between the English and a native monarch named Tippoo Sahib. On one occasion several English officers were taken prisoners, among them one named Baird. One day a native officer brought in fetters to be put on each of the prisoners,

the wounded not excepted. Baird had been severely wounded, and was suffering from pain and weakness. A gray-haired officer said to a native officer, "You do not think of putting chains upon that wounded young man?" "There are just as many pairs of fetters as there are captives," was the answer, "and every pair must be worn." "Then," said the officer, "put two pairs on me. I will wear his as well as my own."

The end of the story is that Baird lived to regain his freedom, lived to take that very city, but the generous friend died in prison. He wore two pairs of fetters. But what if he had worn the fetters for all in the prison? What if, instead of being a captive himself, he had been free and great, and had quitted a glorious palace to live in their loathsome dungeon, to wear their chains, to bear their stripes, to suffer and die in their stead, that they might go free? Such a thing has been done. For all who receive the grace of God's Son, the chains are struck off, and the prison is thrown wide open.—*The Pulpit Treasury.*

99. If you read the book of Frederick S. Arnot, the African explorer, and pioneer of the missionary cause, you will be surprised at first at the readiness with which the savages listened to his story of God the Father, and Jesus Christ our Saviour. But I think you will find the secret in one of his lion stories. In passing one day with his black "lads" through a clump of reedy grass, a great lion sprang at the hindermost lad, who was carrying the mat and blanket. With lightning quickness Arnot threw himself so as to cover the boy's body, and the brute, confused by the movement, sprang several feet short of his victim, too close to Arnot for him to use his gun. The natives fled like deer, and the traveler's fate seemed sealed. But "Daniel's God is still the same to us," he writes in his diary. The lion himself became "rattled," and made off. "I'd go anywhere with a white man who throws his own body between a lion and a black lad of no account," said the tribe's chief. There it is! You can wield almost miraculous power over men when you can prove that you

count not your own life dear, if only you render high service to God and your fellows.—*The Treasury.*

100. It is said that when the story of West India slavery was told to the Moravians, and it was stated that it was impossible to reach the slave population because they were so separated from the ruling classes, two Moravian missionaries offered themselves, and said, "We will go and be slaves on the plantations, and work and toil under the lash, to get right beside the poor slaves and instruct them." And they left their homes, and went to the West Indies as slaves, and lived in the company of slaves, to get close to the hearts of slaves, and the slaves heard them because they had humbled themselves to their condition. That was grand; it was glorious; and yet Christ's example was more glorious, for he stepped from heaven to earth to get by our side; he laid himself down beside us that we might feel the throbbings of his bosom, and be drawn so close as to hear him whisper, "God is love."—*Bishop Simpson.*

101. Some years ago Lough Hook, a Chinese Christian, moved with compassion for the coolies in South American mines, sold himself for a term of five years as a coolie slave, that he might carry the gospel to his countrymen working there. He toiled in the mines with them, and preached Jesus while he toiled, till he had scores of whom he could speak, as Paul of Onesimus, "Whom I have begotten in my bonds." This is a noble example of the possible spiritual power of the despised Chinaman. Before Lough Hook died he had won to the Saviour about two hundred followers, whom he left behind in membership of a church.

102. A soldier, worn out in his country's service, took to the violin for earning his living. He was found in the streets of Vienna, playing his violin; but after awhile his hand became feeble and tremulous, and he could make no more music. One day, while he sat there weeping, a man passed along, and said, "My friend, you are too old

and too feeble; give me your violin," and began to discourse most exquisite music, and the coin poured in and in, until the hat was full. "Now," said the man who was playing the violin, "put that coin in your pocket." The coin was put in the old man's pockets. Then he held his hat again, and the violinist played more sweetly than ever, and played until some of the people wept and some of them shouted. And again the hat was filled with coin. Then the violinist dropped the instrument and passed off, and the whisper went around, "Who is it? Who is it?" and some one, just entering the crowd, said: "Why, that is Bucher, the great violinist, known all through the realm; yes, that is the great violinist." The fact was, the artist had just taken that man's place, and assumed his poverty, and borne his burden, and played his music, and earned his livelihood, and made a sacrifice for the poor old man. So the Lord Jesus Christ comes down, and he finds us in our spiritual penury, and across the broken strings of his own broken heart he strikes a strain of infinite music, which wins the attention of earth and heaven. He takes our poverty. He plays our music. He weeps our sorrows. He dies our death. A sacrifice for you. A sacrifice for me.—*Talmage.*

103. There is a legend that on that night of the Exodus, a young Jewish maiden—the first-born of the family—was so troubled on her sick-bed that she could not sleep. "Father," she anxiously inquired, "are you sure that the blood is there?" He replied that he had ordered it to be sprinkled on the lintel. The restless girl will not be satisfied until her father has taken her up and carried her to the door to see for herself; and lo, the blood is not there! The order had been neglected, and before midnight the father makes haste to put on his door the sacred token of protection. The legend may be false; but it teaches a very weighty and solemn admonition to every sinful soul who may be near eternity, and is not yet sheltered under the atonement of Jesus Christ.—*Cuyler.*

BACKSLIDING.

104. We honor the ex-mayor, ex-Congressman, or ex-President as perhaps equal to the present incumbent. But ex-Christian does not strike us favorably, because there is no possibility of the Christian having served out his time. He has not been elected for a year, two years, or four years. The terms of his discipleship are that he be faithful unto death. And even death is not a resignation from his name and office. If he dies a Christian, he will be raised a Christian; he will be a Christian in the day of judgment and will enter heaven as a Christian. For the whole redeemed family in heaven, as well as on earth, is named after Christ. Consequently the ex-Christian has not been honorably discharged, but has forsaken the Lord.

105. A soldier who had served his country for a time in the army, by deception had his name returned on the roll as dead. He was so reported from his company to his regiment, and from his regimental headquarters to the General Government. In the great records of the nation, against his name "Dead" was written. After the war was over, and peace restored, the Government began to dispense its bounties and pensions to those who had fought its battles and borne its burdens. This runaway soldier, that had deserted from the service and caused a false report to be returned, appeared for a reward at the hands of the Government. The books were examined, the name was found, but "Dead" was written against it. The Government settles by its official records, and in the knowledge of the Government he is a dead man and not a living claimant.

In the Christian warfare there is a like danger. Christ has enlisted a great many soldiers that have not answered to the roll-call for years. They deserted in time of danger, and the angel scribe has written against their name, "Dead." The books of the last day will show erasures as well as entries, and almost the last words of the Bible warn us of the blotting out of names from the Book of Life.—*Selected.*

106. "Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world" (II. Tim. iv. 10). That is one of the saddest declarations of the Bible. He had been a fellow-laborer with the apostle Paul, had been with him in prison, and had joined with him in sending salutations to the church at Colosse. How sad to make it necessary for Paul to write from the same Roman prison, "Demas hath forsaken me."

107. The living members of the animal and vegetable kingdoms demand water, sunshine, warmth and air, but when they are dead, and you want to keep them even a little while, you must get them in out of the rain and sunshine, pack them on ice, or seal them up and exclude the air. Exposed to these elements, their decay is hastened. So, one of the first indications of a decline in the Christian life is to stay away from church. The ordinances of the Lord's house, ordained to their life, are unpleasant for them. They are dying. They want to die spiritually, and when they are dead they want to be found packed on ice in the cold world, as far removed as possible from that warmth generated in the Christian body—the church of the living God.

108. Spiritual insensibility is one of the most serious and alarming of symptoms. And yet there are those who are perhaps congratulating themselves that evil troubles them so little. Many an anxious watcher at the bedside of a sick friend has regarded it as a matter of thankfulness when the patient suffers no more, but the physician has regarded the circumstance very differently. He knows that it is a symptom of the greatest danger; that mortification has set in.—*Sermon Illustrator.*

109. Professor Drummond, in his "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," shows that on purely natural principles the soul that is left to itself, unwatched, uncultivated, unredeemed, must fall away into death by its own nature. And this process of disintegration does not begin at the judgment. It begins whenever we become careless in the Master's cause, or neglectful of our duty. The

process is in full career and operation now. This is shown to be true from numerous illustrations from Darwin's works. A bird fancier collects a flock of tame pigeons distinguished by all the infinite ornamentations of their race. They are of all kinds, of every shade of color, and adorned with every variety of marking. He takes them to an uninhabited island and allows them to fly off wild into the woods. They found a colony there, and after the lapse of many years the owner returns to the spot. He will find that a remarkable change has taken place in the interval. The birds, or their descendants rather, have all become changed into the same color. The black, the white, the dun, the striped, the spotted, and the ringed are all metamorphosed into one—a dark slaty blue. All the variety, all the beautiful colors, all the old graces of form it may be, have disappeared. These improvements were the result of care and nurture, of domestication, of civilization; and now that these influences are removed, the birds themselves undo the past and lose what they had gained.

110. The same thing is true of fruits and flowers. Uncultivated, they go back to wild and worthless forms again. The plants do not immediately waste away, but they will change into something else and invariably into something worse. It is so with man. Left to himself, he will degenerate. As the vegetable and animal kingdoms need man's direction to bring them to perfection, so man himself needs the supervision of one wiser than himself to cultivate his graces and perfect his character. Too often he declines God's help. Neglected, he will change into a worse man. As Drummond says, "If it is his body that he neglects, he will deteriorate into a wild and bestial savage—like the dehumanized men who are discovered sometimes on desert islands. If it is his mind, it will degenerate into imbecility and madness; solitary confinement has the power to unmake men's minds and leave them idiots. If he neglects his conscience, it will run off into lawlessness and vice. Or, lastly, if it is his soul, it must inevitably atro-

phy, drop off in ruin and decay." Whenever we cease to grow, degeneration has set in, and "gradually, with gathering momentum, it sinks a man further and further from God and righteousness, and lands him, by the sheer action of natural law, in the hell of a neglected life." "There are certain burrowing animals—the mole, for instance—which have taken to spending their lives beneath the surface of the ground. And nature has taken revenge upon them in a thoroughly natural way—she has closed up their eyes. If they mean to live in darkness, she argues, eyes are obviously a superfluous function. By neglecting them, these animals made it clear they do not want them. And as one of nature's fixed principles is that nothing shall exist in vain, the eyes are presently taken away, or reduced to a rudimentary state. There are fishes, also, which have had to pay the same terrible forfeit for having made their abode in dark caverns where eyes can never be required." The little crustacea which have for centuries inhabited the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky apparently have perfect eyes, but a close examination reveals the "eyes a mockery. Externally they are organs of vision—the front of the eye is perfect; behind, there is nothing but a mass of ruins. The optic nerve is a shrunken, atrophied and insensate thread. These animals have organs of vision and yet they have no vision. They have eyes, but they see not." Does not this remind you of what Christ said of people who "loved darkness rather than light," and who "having eyes, they see not"? Failure to use the eyes will put them out.

111. One of the ocean dangers that captains fear almost more than anything else is the danger of coming in contact with a "derelict," as a ship abandoned at sea is called. There are now supposed to be about thirty of such vessels floating about at the will of the currents in the Atlantic waters. They are without pilot, have neither crew nor rudder, are bound nowhere, and carry no cargo to any port. There is scarcely any peril of the sea which is so terrible to the mariner. No sounding will reveal their

nearness, no temperature of air or wave will make known their approach, they carry no light to show where they are in the darkness. Though it carries no guns, a "derelict" is often a more deadly enemy than a man-of-war. Alas! alas! at the number of spiritual "derelicts" there are in religious circles! There can be no doubt that more souls are lost through these drifting lives than through the influence of wicked blasphemers. The ship that steers for no port can only have one influence, and that is to be a stumbling-block in the way, to send other ships to the bottom of the ocean. God help us that not one of us may become a spiritual "derelict."

112. A French profligate said to one of his sycophants, "If any one were to ask me what I had ever done, what could I tell him?" "You could tell him that you condescended to be born." If many persons whose names are on the roll of the church were asked the same question, they could not say much more. They condescended to make a confession of their faith and to enter the church, but they have done nothing since. They contribute nothing to the inward prosperity or to the outward extension of the church. They are drones in the hive. They are babes, and must be fed and carried, when they ought to be full-grown men. There is a vast deal of latent ability in all the churches. There are thousands of men that are doing nothing, who could be exceedingly useful. A world perishing in sin and ignorance affords scope for all their energies. The Lord has assigned to every one his work. We hasten or hinder the universal triumph of the kingdom by doing or failing to do our work.—*Selected.*

113. Travelers tell us of a tree in tropical countries the inner parts of which are sometimes eaten out by ants, while the bark and leaves remain apparently as fresh as ever; and it is not until the tornado comes and sweeps it down that its weakness is discovered. But the storm did not make the tree weak; it only revealed how weak it was, and its feebleness was the result of the gnawing

of insects through a long course of time. In like manner, if we let our characters be honey-combed by constant neglect of common duty, or by daily indulgence in secret sin, or by habitual yielding to some temptation, we can not expect anything else than ruin when the testing-hour shall come.—*Sermon Illustrator.*

THE BIBLE.

114. Some one describes packing his valise for a journey. Just before closing it, he observes a small corner not yet filled. He says: "Into this little corner I put a guide-book, a lamp, a mirror, a microscope, a telescope, a volume of choice poems, a brochure of morals, a drama, several well-written biographies, a package of old letters, a book of songs, a sharp sword and a small library of more than sixty volumes; yet, strange enough to say, all these did not occupy a space of more than three inches long by two inches wide." "But how could you do it?" "Well, it was all in the packing. I put in my Bible."

115. When Stanley started across the continent of Africa he had seventy-three books in three packs, weighing 180 pounds. After he had gone three hundred miles he was obliged to throw away some of his books through the fatigue of those carrying his baggage. As he continued on his journey, in like manner his library grew less and less until he had but one book left. You can imagine its name—the Bible. It is said that he read that book through three times during the journey. The Bible is the only book that has stood the test of all centuries and earth's greatest minds. It alone contains that which will meet the deepest yearnings of our souls.

116. The Bible is the only book that lives through the ages. Here is a striking and recent instance that shows how changeable is so-called human science: "Some weeks ago a great professor in the University of Edinburgh was asked by its librarian to go into the library and pick out all the books on his specialty that were no longer needed.

Campus Crusade for Christ Library

His reply to the librarian was this: "Take every text-book that is more than ten years old, and put it down in the cellar."

117. Probably no man has more carefully studied the Bible, with reference to its historical accuracy, than Prof. George Rawlinson. And here is what he says about this wonderful book: "My studies, which have lain for years almost exclusively in the field of ancient history, have convinced me more and more of the thorough truthfulness and faithful accuracy of the historical Scriptures. Circumstances have given me an intimate knowledge of the whole course of recent cuneiform and hieroglyphical discovery; and I have been continually struck with the removal of difficulties, the accession of light, the multiplication of minute points of agreement between the sacred and profane, resulting from advances made in deciphering the Assyrian, Babylonian, Persian and Egyptian records. . . . It is evident that the entire historical framework in which the gospel is set is real; that the facts of the civil history, small and great, *are true.* A comparison of its secondary or incidental facts with the civil history of the times, as otherwise known to us, reveals an agreement so multitudinous and minute as to constitute, in the eyes of all who are capable of weighing historical evidence, an overwhelming argument in proof of the authenticity of the whole story."

118. There are those who traduce Christianity as something not verified by reason, and attribute mental imbecility to its followers. But a call of the roll of earth's greatest minds shows a state of facts just the reverse. The great statesman, William Pitt, never allowed the pressure of public or private cares to prevent him from improving seasons of retirement wherein he meditated on the soul's destiny, and there found virtue's highest incentive and reward. Edmund Burke, the high priest of rhetoric and logic, accepted the Christian doctrine, truths which he could neither fathom nor explain. So Gladstone and other of the ripest scholars and thinkers in all ages.

Guizot tells us that in early life he thought that reason would solve the great problems of existence. But he found the inadequacy of reason and accepted in all humility the truths of revelation, some of which he could not comprehend. He declared himself a Christian through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.—*S. R. Dennen.*

119. The greatest minds the world has ever produced have appreciated most the beauties of the Bible. A niece of Lord Tennyson, writing of him since his death, says: "My uncle always seemed to like best to talk about spiritual matters, and no clergyman was ever a more earnest student of the Bible, or a more expressive reader thereof. It used to be a treat to me to listen to his reading of a chapter of Isaiah, for so thoroughly did he send his whole soul forth with his words. He could not find words strong enough to express his love and reverence for the sacred volume, and when his picture of old age, in the 'Ancient Sage,' was said to be like that by Solomon in Ecclesiastes, 'I only wish it were,' he replied; 'I never could equal that description.'"

120. Daniel Webster tells us that when he was in Paris many years ago he was told of a French infidel who found some stray leaves of an unknown volume in a drawer in his library. This infidel was in the habit of denouncing the Bible, although he was almost entirely ignorant of its character. He was, however, a man of fine literary taste, and he was readily captivated by the poetic beauty of the extracts which he had discovered. Hastening to his club, he informed its members that he had "made a wonderful discovery of some stray leaves by a writer named 'Hab-bakeek,' of course a Frenchman." We can readily imagine the great surprise of the infidel when he was informed that the leaves he had found contained part of the prayer of Habakkuk in the third chapter of the book, one of the ancient prophets, whose writings are found in that despised book, the Bible. Daniel Webster does not hesitate to say that he regards this chapter as one of the sublimest passages of inspired literature.

121. In the "green-room" at Dresden, where, for centuries, the Saxon princes have gathered their gems and treasures, until they have become worth millions of dollars, may be seen a silver egg, a present to one of the Saxon queens, which, when you touch a spring, opens and reveals a golden yolk. Within the yolk is a chicken. Press the wing, and the chicken flies open, disclosing a splendid gold crown studded with jewels. Nor is this all. Touch another secret spring and you find hid in the center a magnificent diamond ring! So is it with every truth and promise of God's word—a treasure within a treasure. The more we examine it, the greater riches do we find. But how many neglect to touch the spring.—*Pulpit Treasury.*

122. Once, when the famous Faraday was lying ill, his physician, Dr. Latham, found him in tears, with his arm resting upon a table on which lay the open book. "I fear you are worse," said Dr. Latham. "It is not that," said Faraday, with a sob; "but why will people go astray when they have this blessed book to guide them?"

123. The word of God is like a lighthouse; it lightens the way into the harbor. It does not illuminate all the land on whose shores it stands, but simply illuminates the harbor and the way to it. The Bible does not tell us all about heaven, but enlightens us sufficiently that we may make the harbor in safety. We shall have all eternity to explore the land beyond.

124. The Bible is like nature. It is easy enough to gain from both the practical knowledge necessary to existence. No one need fail. But in both, deep study reveals untold treasures. There are mines of gold and silver beneath the surface; there are hidden powers in every force; there are new combinations full of blessing and comfort. We have not gathered more than a few handfuls of nature's boundless harvest. We have seen but a few waves from the vast ocean of blessings she has in store for us waiting for our earnest seeking, and hence our fitness to receive. So it is with the Bible, and

meditation, day and night, with faithful obedience, are the "open sesame" to its treasures.

125. The German poet, Heine, was a Jew and a skeptic, yet after a day spent in the unwonted task of reading the Bible, he exclaimed: "What a book! Wide and vast as the world, rooted in the abysses of creation, and towering up behind the blue secrets of heaven; sunshine and sunset, promise and fulfillment, birth and death, the whole drama of humanity are all in this book; its eclipse would be the return of chaos; its extinction would be the epitaph of history."

126. Sunderland, an unbeliever, says: "Probably few persons will dispute with me when I call the Bible, as a whole, as it exists in the hands of the people to-day, our greatest and noblest classic. The first translation of the Bible into the vernacular was made so early, and so soon thereafter it became so emphatically the one great book of the people, that it has exerted an influence in moulding the English language, and, indeed, English literature, vastly greater than any other book. We may almost say that the English language of to-day is formed on the basis of King James' translation of 1611. Probably quite nine scholars out of ten, of those best qualified to judge, if called upon to select the best model in the language of simple, terse, vigorous, and at the same time elegant, English, would choose the Bible, in our common translation."

127. The Rev. Dr. Mendenhall terms the Bible the book which makes books, and calls attention to the fact that Ruskin confesses his indebtedness to it for mental discipline. Charles Reade pronounces the characters of Scripture a literary marvel. Matthew Arnold daily read the New Testament in Greek for its style. Milton could not have written "Paradise Lost" without Genesis. Renan's witchery of style is traceable to the New Testament, and the Bible has gone into all professions and among all classes to awaken uniformity of thought and similarity of speech respecting the soul, eternity and God.

128. A singular fact it is that the unrivaled Shakespeare so often goes to the shepherds and fishermen of the Bible for poetic inspiration. Within the works of the great Bard of Avon may be found no fewer than 550 quotations from, and references to, God's word. Turn to Richard II., and you will find forty; to Richard III., and you will find forty-nine; to Hamlet, and you will find eighty. Sixty-six books there are in this divine library, and Shakespeare quotes from fifty-four of them. No one of his thirty-seven plays is without a Scriptural quotation, reference or allusion. In every one of his plays the Bible is quoted, and almost every book of the Bible is cited in some portion of his writings. Instances of other great writers may be adduced to show their dependence upon the Scriptures for their spirit and excellence. Here is a book that meets human needs above all others, uniformly and eternally. It is the Book of books.

129. Sir William Jones, celebrated as an Oriental scholar and man of letters, having long and studiously perused this sacred volume, says that "it contains more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence than can be collected from all other books, in whatever age or language they may have been written."

130. The debt which music, painting, sculpture and literature owe to the Bible can not be fully estimated. It is said that the Red Cross knight in Spenser's "Faerie Queen" is but Paul's armed Christian in the sixth chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians; that Pope's "Messiah" is but a paraphrase of prophetic and seraphic passages in Isaiah; that the noblest strains in Cowper's "Task" draw their inspiration and part of their imagery from the same rapt prophet; that the "Thanatopsis" of Bryant is but the expansion of a passage in Job; that Wordsworth's "Ode on Immortality" could never have been written but for Paul's fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians and the eighth chapter of Romans; that Shakespeare's conception of woman, of a Desdemona and an Ophelia, would have

been impossible had not his mind been permeated by a Bible and a Christian ideal. This suggestive thought could be much expanded; and these instructive illustrations might be greatly multiplied. The Bible gave all these men —working in different department of genius—their inspiration.

131. The Bible occupies a far more central and important place in European and American civilization than any other book. Indeed, it is doubtful if a man, voyaging through our modern Christendom as a student of its history, its literature, its philosophy, its art, its politics, its institutions, would find himself so much inconvenienced by being unacquainted with Homer, Plato, Virgil, Cicero, Dante, and enough others to make a good dozen of the greatest writers of the world, outside of the Bible, as he would by being unacquainted with the single volume of our sacred Scriptures. In nothing, perhaps, does this more plainly appear than in art. Going through the great art galleries of Christendom, one finds that the art of whole ages, and some of these the most productive since classic Rome and Athens, is well-nigh exclusively occupied with Bible themes. So closely was the art of Europe, from the conversion of Rome until very recent times, allied with the Christian religion, that a knowledge of gravitation is scarcely more essential to an understanding of astronomy or physics, than is a knowledge of the Bible to an understanding of European art as a whole. But a careful student of European literature, history, philosophy, politics and institutions will hardly be willing to say that the Bible has a less close connection with any of these than with art. Its connection with these may not be so direct and easy to trace as with art, but as we look deeply into the heart of things, we discover that it is really scarcely less intimate.—*Sunderland.*

132. The Bible has been a quarry for sculptors, a gallery for painters, a text-book for orators, a standard for poets, and a dictionary of quotations for everybody. It was a fountain of melody to Handel, to Mendelssohn, to Haydn;

a field of phantasmagoria to Dante; a spectrum of human life to Goethe; a consecrating oil to Shakespeare; a window in heaven and a light upon earth to Bunyan; a mystery of mysteries to Byron; and a pocket companion to Scott.

133. The greatest minds of the earth have found more delight in searching the Bible than in all science or art or literature besides. Collins, the celebrated English poet, had no other book than the Bible with him when he went on his prolonged tour on the Continent. The Bible was the constant companion of the great German strategist, Von Moltke, who raised his country to such a place of honor and influence. Sir Isaac Newton turned from his contemplation of the starry heavens to adore Him who is the Bright and Morning Star. Locke, the profound and acute metaphysician, would leave for awhile his dry and husky thoughts to bask in the light of the Sun of righteousness. The great Samuel Johnson, big in body as in mind, sat like a very child at the feet of Jesus to drink in the words of eternal life.—*A. F. F.*

134. When Columbus saw the river Orinoco, some one said that he had discovered an island. He replied: "No such river as that flows from an island. That mighty torrent must drain a continent." So, any candid reader must recognize that this Book of books must have had its spring in the heights of heavenly wisdom, and must have drawn its volume and impetus from the unseen universe of spirit.

135. No wonder this mighty river, fed by the living springs of omnipotence, never goes dry! How different is human wisdom! I once had a six days' discussion with Mr. Phelps, an unbeliever. It was his fiftieth debate, but he had to fall back on his six lectures, which he had delivered a few weeks before, in the same town. He used so much of his material the second time that I advised him, before the audience, as Mark Twain did the Egyptian guide, who was waxing eloquent over his collection of mummies: "If you have any nice fresh corpses now, trot them out, but don't try to palm off any more of these

mouldy mummies on us." He said he wondered if I never repeated my sermons. I told him not to the same audience unless I had preached there more than six times, and that if an infidel, instead of delivering a few cut and dried lectures in a place, would build a temple and preach his doctrine for eighteen hundred years, infidelity would look thinner than it does to-day.

136. Matthew Arnold has stated in one sentence an argument for the imperishability of the Bible that is so satisfactory that it should allay any fear of that grand old Book's ever being put aside: "The Bible alone gives the true prescription for happiness, and men will never cease to wish for happiness."

137. Even an unbeliever who has a spark of conscience left must see the difference between the Bible and all other books. Listen to the acknowledgment of the world-renowned unbeliever (Rousseau): "I will confess to you that the majesty of the Scriptures strikes me with admiration, as the purity of the gospel has its influence on my heart.

"Peruse the works of our philosophers, with all their pomp of diction, how mean, how contemptible, are they, compared with the Scriptures. Is it possible that a book, at once so simple and sublime, should be merely the work of man? Is it possible that the sacred personage whose history it contains should be himself a mere man? Do we find that he assumes the tone of an enthusiast or ambitious sectary? What sweetness, what purity, in his manner! What an affecting gracefulness in his delivery! What sublimity in his maxims! What profound wisdom in his discourses! What presence of mind, what subtlety, what truth, in his replies!"

138. John Newton, who in early life denied the inspiration of the Bible, but who in ripened manhood was its bold advocate and defender, compares many good books to silver, there goes a great quantity to a small amount. Says he: "There are silver books, and a few golden books, but I have one worth them all, called the Bible."

139. Boyle, the Christian philosopher, but formerly an unbeliever, bears similar testimony. Says he: "The Bible is indeed among books what the diamond is among stones. . . . I use the Scripture, not as an arsenal to be resorted to only for arms and weapons to defend this party, or to defeat its enemies, but as a matchless temple, where I delight to be to contemplate the beauty, the symmetry and the magnificence of the structure, and to increase my awe and to excite my devotion to the Deity there preached and adored."

140. We account the Scriptures of God to be the most sublime philosophy. I find more sure marks of authenticity in the Bible than in any profane history whatever.—*Sir Isaac Newton.*

141. I have been blamed by men of science, both in this country and in England, for quoting the Bible in confirmation of the doctrines of physical geography. The Bible, they say, was not written for scientific purposes, and is, therefore, of no authority. I beg pardon; the Bible is authority for everything it touches. What would you think of the historian who should refuse to consult the historical records of the Bible because the Bible was not written for the purpose of history? The Bible is true, and science is true; and when your man of science, with vain and hasty conceit, announces the discovery of a disagreement between them, rely upon it the fault is not with the witness or his record, but with the "worm" who essays to interpret evidence which he does not understand. —*M. F. Maury.*

142. Conspicuous in John Randolph's library was a Family Bible. Surrounding it were many books, some for and others against its truthfulness as an inspired revelation. One day Mr. Randolph had a clergyman as his guest, and the Family Bible became a topic of conversation. The eccentric orator said: "I was raised by a pious mother (God bless her memory!), who taught me the Christian religion in all its requirements. But, alas! I grew up an infidel—if not an infidel complete, yet a

decided deist. But when I became a man, in this as well as in political and all other matters, I resolved to examine for myself, and never to pin my faith to any other man's sleeve. So I bought that Bible; I pored over it; I examined it carefully. I sought and procured those books for and against it; and when my labors were ended I came to this irresistible conclusion: The Bible is true. It would have been as easy for a mole to have written Sir Isaac Newton's treatise on optics as for uninspired men to have written the Bible."—*Christian Age.*

143. The history, the morality, the theology, the consistency, the authenticity and genuineness of the Bible, the truth of its prophecies and the very possibility of its miracles, have been all attacked—each in its turn, and with the same result. We have seen the soldier return from the fields of war with scars as well as medals on his breast; but our religion has come out of a thousand fights unscarred, from a thousand fires unscathed.—*Guthrie.*

144. In regard to the great book, I have only to say, it is the best gift which God has ever given man. All the good from the Saviour of the world is communicated to us through this book. But for that book we could not know right from wrong. All those things desirable to man are contained in it.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

145. Fifty years ago the Book of Daniel was the only authority for the statement that Belshazzar was at Babylon at the time of its destruction. The Greek authorities said that Nabonidus was the last king; that he was not at Babylon when it was taken by Cyrus, but at Borsippa, and that he was not killed, but captured. The conflict between the two sources of information seemed absolute. Now, we have dug up from Babylon the whole story. We know that Belshazzar was the son of Nabonidus; that his father then left him as viceroy in Babylon while he led the army himself, and that Belshazzar was in Babylon, as the Bible says, when that city was captured, while Nabonidus was absent, as the Greek historians say. Both au-

thorities are equally corroborated. Here is a remarkable confirmation of Bible history.

146. "He stretcheth out the north over the empty place," etc. (Job xxvi. 7). Professor Loomis, of Yale, in speaking of this remarkable passage, so often challenged by critics, said: "Recently, by the use of the largest telescope in the northern hemisphere—in the Naval Observatory at Washington—a great vacuum, corresponding to the empty space of which Job wrote, has been discovered in the depth of the northern heavens." He who suspended the earth upon nothing guided Job in all his utterances.

147. In II. Chron. xxxiii. 11 we read: "The king of Assyria . . . took Manasseh . . . and carried him to Babylon." This king we know was Esarhaddon, the son of Sennacherib. Now, Assyria's capital was Nineveh on the Tigris, and Babylon was on the Euphrates, three hundred miles south of Nineveh. How, then, could a king of Assyria carry a captive monarch to Babylon? This was the question put triumphantly by the "new criticism" of fifty years ago, and as no one could answer it, this passage of the Bible was quoted as a settled argument against its truthfulness, and hence against its inspiration. The modern discoveries in Assyria and Babylonia, beginning with Botta and Layard, forty years ago, have thrown great light on Bible history and ethnology, and have robbed infidelity of some of its favorite weapons. Among the facts brought to light by the story of the reigns of the kings of Assyria, found in Asshur-banipal's palace, is the remarkable one that Esar-haddon alone of all the kings of Assyria built a palace and dwelt in Babylon.—*Homiletic Review.*

148. Thirty years ago there was a brilliant critic of the imaginative German schools, named Baur, and his followers were called the men of Tubingen. They made attacks upon the New Testament, of marvelous ingenuity. Multitudes of timorous people thought Christianity had been refuted and come to an end. Where are those theories now? Discredited even in their own country! More care-

ful and candid scholars have arisen. Discoveries have been made, ancient documents have been disinterred. Primitive tombs have disclosed their secrets. Every discovery has tended to put back the dates of the books of the New Testament to the very times when Christians have from the beginning believed them to be written. Imaginative criticism has retired before sober historical investigation.—*Sinclair.*

149. The Bible's history has been questioned over and over, but in every case some discovery has put the questioners to confusion. Take the case of the Hittites. The critics said there was no such people; that the Bible was mistaken. The inspired writer had "adopted a myth." Just at the right time their inscriptions were uncovered. Now our critics are very quiet about the Hittites. Then it was Sargon. They ridiculed the idea of such a man at the date given him in the Bible, but Sargon's record was deciphered and they have lost interest in him. Then it was Belshazzar. The Bible says he was the last king of Babylon, but the antiquarians said Nabonidus was the last king, and of course heathen records were more likely to be true than the Bible. A later discovery satisfied everybody that the two were father and son, and reigned jointly, and that the Bible story is true. The thing that hath been shall be. The Bible has stood and will stand.—*Sermon Illustrator.*

150. It has been scornfully said that the people get out of the Bible just what they bring into it. This principle applies to everything. Place the score of one of Beethoven's sonatas, or Haydn's symphonies, before an unmusical man, and it is only a jumble of dots and strokes and lines which mean nothing; place it before a musician, and it is alive with soul-stirring, heart-entrancing melody and harmony. An ignorant man opens a volume of Euclid, and it presents to him nothing but senseless lines or circles; let a mathematician look upon it, and he will unfold to you the beautiful and universal laws which its figures illustrate. A horse or cow sees the colors and forms of a land-

scape, but it only suggests so much grass to them; but if a sentient soul looks out on it through a poet's eye, it becomes full of the mysterious meanings of nature, fraught with messages of God. Yes; just in proportion to what is in us will be what we find in outward things, and especially is this so with the Scriptures. Just in proportion as we have God in us shall we find God in the Bible.—*J. Campbell.*

151. It is a belief in the Bible, the fruits of deep meditation, which has served me as the guide of my moral and literary life. I have found it a capital safely invested and richly productive into rest. The mighty power of these books and their accounts have been tested and proved. They have overcome paganism; they have conquered Greece. Rome and barbarous Europe; they are on the way of conquering the world. And the sincerity of the authors is no less certain than the power of the books. We may contest the learning and critical sagacity of the first historians of Jesus Christ; but it is impossible to contest their good faith; it shines on their words; they believed what they said; they sealed their assertions with their blood. The further the ages advance in cultivation, the more can the Bible be used, partly as a foundation, partly as the means of education, not, of course, by superficial, but by really wise, men.—*Goethe.*

152. I have read the Bible, morning, noon and night, and have ever since been the happier and better man for such reading.—*Edmund Burke.*

153. I do not believe human society, including not merely a few persons in any state, but whole masses of men, ever has attained, or ever can attain, a high state of intelligence, virtue, security, liberty or happiness without the Holy Scriptures; the whole hope of human progress is suspended on the ever-growing influence of the Bible.—*Will H. Seward.*

154. I have read it (the Bible) many times; I now make a practice of going through it once a year. It is the book

of all others for lawyers as well as for divines; and I pity the man who can not find in it a rich supply of thought and rules for conduct.—*Daniel Webster.*

155. Sunderland, an unbeliever, says: "But it is not until we come to study the Bible as a book of practical religion, or conduct, that, after all, we approach its highest value. With all its imperfections, it must still be confessed to be, on the whole, a book of unequaled moral earnestness, incitement, inspiration. With an iteration and reiteration that is untiring, and with an emphasis that is sometimes fairly tremendous, do all the greater writers of the Bible impress upon us the grandeur of the moral side of life—the importance of justice, truth, mercy, but especially righteousness, in human conduct. A body of men of deeper moral earnestness, or more brave and loyal to what they believed to be true and right in religion, perhaps the world never saw, than were the Old Testament prophets. Bigoted sometimes; coarse and cruel sometimes; true children of a rude age, some of them; occupying very different planes, morally and spiritually, as well as intellectually and socially—they yet, as a whole, were grand men, whose words are even to-day moral bugle-calls to the race."

156. Matthew Arnold has well said: "So long as the world lasts, all who want to make progress in righteousness will come to Israel for inspiration, as to the people who have had the sense for righteousness most glowing and strongest; and in hearing and reading the words which Israel has uttered for us, carers for conduct will find a glow and a force which they could find nowhere else. As well imagine a man with a sense for sculpture not cultivating it by the help of the remains of Greek art, or a man with a sense for poetry not cultivating it by the help of Homer and Shakespeare, as a man with a sense for conduct [that is, righteousness or virtues] not cultivating it by the help of the Bible."

So, too, with regard to all that which we commonly call the spiritual side of life—that side of life which includes love, gratitude, reverence, prayer, hope, faith, aspiration,

worship—it is not too much to say that the world has produced no book which has proved itself equally powerful, as a help and inspirer of men here. Such passages as the Sermon on the Mount, the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, the fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth chapters of John, the fifteenth chapter of Luke, the eighteenth chapter of Romans, the fifth and sixth chapters of Ephesians, the twenty-third, twenty-seventh, thirty-seventh, 103d, 139th, and a score more Psalms, and selections from the last sixteen chapters of Isaiah, are spiritual food than which the voice of the ages declares there has been no richer given to the race. They are fountains which never run dry, but which, repair to them often as they would, untold millions have found always full of water for the soul's deepest thirst.

> "We search the world for truth; we cull
> The good, the pure, the beautiful,
> From graven stone and written scroll,
> From the old flower-fields of the soul;
> And, weary seekers of the best,
> We come back laden from our quest,
> To find that all the sages said
> Is in the book our mothers read."

These words of Whittier, as applied to the moral, but especially to what I have called the more purely spiritual, teachings of the Bible, are scarcely too strong. They suggest, too, one other thing about the Bible—perhaps not often enough thought of—which to multitudes gives it, and always will, if not a higher, at least a more tender and heartfelt, value than it could ever otherwise have. I refer to the fact that it is the book "our mothers read." In other words, that it is a book which has come down to us all, as the one great sacred volume of the Christian centuries, hallowed by the dearest and grandest of associations and memories. It is not only *our* book of religion, but it is a book rich with the very life-blood of all that was highest and holiest in the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows, the faiths, the prayers, the aspirations and the

yearnings of our fathers, and our fathers' fathers, and nearly all the noblest men and saintliest women of all the Christian ages. How much that means, let human hearts answer!—*The Bible: Its Growth and Character.*

157. When unbelievers can see so much good in our Bible, it looks like we Christians did not appreciate it as fully as we should. Well might every Christian say with the poet:

"This noly Book I'd rather own
Than all the gold and gems
That e'er in monarch's coffers shone,
Than all their diadems.

"Nay, were the seas one chrysolite,
The earth one golden ball,
And diamonds all the stars at night,
This book was worth them all.

"Ah, no! the soul ne'er found relief
In glittering bands of wealth.
Gems dazzle not the eye of grief;
Gold can not purchase health.

"But here a blessed balm appears,
To heal the deepest woe;
And those who read this book in tears,
Their tears will cease to flow."

158. Upon a front page of a Welsh Bible, published in 1799, and now in the possession of the British and Foreign Bible Society, are written the following words: "Mary Jones, the true owner of this Bible. Bought in the year 1800. Aged 16." For more than six years, we are told, this poor peasant girl had saved all the money she could to buy a copy of the Bible. It was twenty-five miles from her village to the house of the minister who had the Bible for sale. She walked the entire distance to and fro to secure the longed-for Book. For her "the Book" was a priceless treasure, God's own word to men. Would to our heavenly Father that all men nowadays had for the Bible the feelings, devotion, piety and love of that humble and unknown Welsh lass!

159. It is a fact never to be forgotten that Wickliffe, who gave us the first translation into the English language, was condemned as a heretic. He was not martyred, but after his death his bones were dug up and burned and the ashes thrown into the river, which has suggested the verse:

"The Avon to the Severn flows, the Severn to the sea,
And far as ocean rolls her waves,
On lands of chapels and of graves,
Shall Wickliffe's doctrines be."

Wm. Tyndall, who gave the second translation, was condemned to death and executed as a heretic.

160. It is a remarkable coincidence in the history of all the noted reformers from popery, that they all gave a translation of the Scriptures in the vernacular tongue of the people whom they labored to reform. John Wickliffe was the first man that translated the New Testament into the English language.—*A. Campbell.*

161. In the beginning of Henry the Fifth's reign, a law was passed "That whosoever they were that should read the Scriptures in the mother tongue (which was then called reproachfully "Wickleu's Learning"), they should forfeite lande, catel, lif, and godes, from theyre heyres forever, and so be condemned for heretykes to God, enemies to the crowne, and most errant traitors to the lande." So great was the rage of the clergy against reading the New Testament in English, when it first made its appearance. Every one who read it was suspected of heresy, and many were suspected of having read it, against whom it could not be proved, because they were a little more intelligent than their neighbors.—*A. Campbell.*

162. I sometimes wonder if we would not let less dust accumulate on the lids of our Bibles if some tyrant should forbid us to read it. We neglect to read it because there is nothing to hinder us from reading it at any time.

163. The Bible is not only to be read, it is to be followed. An old hunter in Michigan, when the country

was new, got lost in the woods several times. He was told to buy a pocket compass, which he did, and a friend explained to him its use; he soon got lost, and lay out as usual. When found, he was asked why he did not travel by the compass. He said he did not dare to. He wished to go north, and he "tried hard to make the thing point north, but it wasn't no use; 'twould shake, shake, shake right round, and point southeast every time." A great many people fail of the right direction in life for the same reason of the mishap which befell our Michigan friend—they are afraid to take the Bible and follow just as it points.

164. An infidel lecturer in England was once asked, "Why can't you let the Bible alone, if you don't believe it?" The honest reply was at once made, "Because the Bible won't let me alone." This is the fact. Either in its own pages or in the lives of its faithful followers it meets man and speaks with an authoritative voice. It gets a grip on the conscience, testifying of sin, of penalty, of judgment. The Holy Ghost works with the written word of God. God's word will never let men alone until they yield to obey and love their Saviour.

165. There is a ship at sea and in trouble. The captain and the crew are at their wits' end. You are on board. You are an old seaman. You come up and give some good counsel, which is kindly taken. That is all right. But suppose, instead of doing that, in the midst of all the trouble you pick up the only compass that is on board and pitch it over the taffrail? Oh, you say, that is dastardly. But is it as mean as this: Here is the vessel of the world going on with sixteen hundred millions of passengers, tossed and driven in the tempest, and at the time we want help the infidel comes and he takes hold of the only compass and he tries to pitch it overboard. It is contemptible beyond everything that is contemptible. Have you any better light? Bring it on if you have. Have you any better comfort to give us? Bring it on if you have. Have you any better hope? Bring it on if you have, and then

you may have this Bible and I shall never want it again.—*Talmage.*

166. There are men that are all the time afraid that something will happen to the Bible. I should be, if I had no more faith than they have in it. There is a mountain not far from my dwelling in the country, and I never got up in the night to see if it had not been stolen by somebody. Near by rolls the old Hudson, and I never said to myself on going to bed, "How do I know that before morning somebody will not run down with a quart pot and carry off that river?" Now, to me, the Bible stands as firm as mountains stand, and it is in as little danger of being overthrown as mighty rivers are of being carried off in a quart pot. I am never afraid that the Bible will be laid aside. I am never afraid of its being superseded. I feel a certainty that it belongs to God, that it is indispensable to man, and that, however much it may be neglected or run against, it will take care of itself, and maintain its rightful place.—*Beecher.*

167. It is not for the Bible's sake that we defend it, but for the people's sake. It is a work of charity for those who might try to live without the Bible and sink to ruin. If I should see a man trying to butt down the stone pillars of the Capitol, I would try and induce him to desist, not because I was afraid he would ruin the building, but for fear he might break his head. Many have butted their heads against the wall of God's truth and have thought it was tottering because they felt something give, but it was only their own heads that sprung. Many have gnashed on the Bible with their teeth, and have thought they saw evidences that they were gnawing the pillar down. The progress they have made is about like that of the rat that gnawed the file. He supposed he was making good progress because he saw the pile of white chips slowly increasing under his labor. But suddenly he saw blood and experienced pain, and then he realized that he had only used up his teeth. The Bible is a file on which many a rat has tried his teeth. They have been gnawing at it for genera-

tions, and making an abundance of chips. But where are they? Gone into oblivion, but the indestructable Word remains.

168. The orator holds a thousand men for half an hour breathless, a thousand men as one listening to his word. But this word of God has held a thousand nations for thrice a thousand years spellbound—held them by an abiding power, even the universality of its truth; and we feel it to be no more a collection of books, but *the Book.—F. T. Robertson.*

169. My conviction deepens that the Bible is the most modern of books; that is to say, it is the history of the very time that is passing over us; it contains every man's biography; it is full of the passion and tragedy, the love and sacrifice which we know to be the substantial history of the day. . . . Whatever rules living men must itself be living, and whatever rules them profoundly and lastingly, must have corresponding depth and durableness in itself.—*Joseph Parker.*

170. A brilliant Frenchman, Voltaire, more than a hundred years ago uttered a prophecy. He boasted that it had taken twelve men to set up Christianity, but he would show them that a single man was enough to overthrow it; and that *in a hundred years the Bible would be a forgotten book.* A simple-minded Galilean fisherman, the apostle Peter, uttered this prophecy more than eighteen hundred years ago: "Seeing ye have purified your souls in obeying the truth through the Spirit unto unfeigned love of the brethren, see that ye love one another with a pure heart fervently, being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth forever: for all flesh is as grass, and the glory of man as the flower of grass; the grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away, but the word of the Lord endureth forever; and this is the word which by the gospel is preached unto you" (I. Pet. i. 22-25). Which of the two prophecies stands fulfilled to-day? About the time when the hundred years of Voltaire ended, the revised ver-

sion of the Bible was given to the world (1884), and millions of copies were in demand; and it is read and held in reverence wherever the English language is spoken; "and the sun never sets on its gleaming page."—*Christian Oracle.*

171. It has immortalized the English language. There was a time when France and England stood abreast in the march of nations. France closed up the Bible, and England threw it wide open; and as the result, English belts the globe to-day as a language. Where is the language of France?

172. A paper in Buenos Ayres, discussing the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon to the Latin races, said: "It is because of *La Biblia*"—the Bible. It added: "The Puritan came to North America with the Bible and the family; Columbus came to South America with the crucifix and the priest." Such an admission, coming from such a source, is singularly suggestive and especially gratifying. The dear old Book is bound to win over the bitterest and most blatant of its enemies in time.

173. A bronze medal in the British Museum bears the inscription, "To Diocletian, who destroyed Christianity." This is certainly grotesque, almost amusing, considering the historic fact that Christianity has since become in the world a power second only to Omnipotence. And now the question arises, What has become of Diocletian?—*Evangel.*

174. The empire of Cæsar is gone; the legions of Rome are mouldering in the dust; the avalanches that Napoleon hurled upon Europe have melted away; the pride of the Pharaohs is fallen; the pyramids they raised to be their tombs are sinking every day in the desert sands; Tyre is a rock of bleaching fishermen's nets; Sidon has scarcely left a rock behind; but the word of God still survives. All things that threatened to extinguish it have only aided it; and it proves every day how transient is the noblest monument that man can build, how enduring is the least word that God has spoken. Tradition has dug for it a grave,

intolerance has lighted for it many a fagot; many a Judas has betrayed it with a kiss, many a Peter has denied it with an oath; many a Demas has forsaken it, but the word of God still endures.—*Cumming.*

175. Few books will bear either to be translated or transplanted. No Mohammedan ever translated the Koran. No Chinaman ever translated the sacred writings which he reveres. No Buddhist has ever translated that delightful little "Cyclopedia of Thibetan Buddhism" which stands on the shelves of the British Museum, comprised in 225 volumes, each two feet long and six inches thick!—a beautiful pocket Bible that for universal use. There is just one book that bears translation into all languages, transmission through all ages, and transplantation to all lands, and that is the Bible.

Says a widely traveled and thoughtful writer: "A Zulu Kaffir once said to me, 'White men are especially favored. They have railways, telegraphs, breechloading rifles, fine clothes, wisdom and wealth; but they lack one advantage which we enjoy; namely, the Gospels in Zulu language.' I replied, 'Our translation is splendid, it is next to the Greek.' The Zulu shook his head and said, 'It can not equal ours.' I thought no more of it until a Malay said to me, 'The Malay language is the most eloquent in the world; look at our translation of the Scriptures.' This set me to thinking. Now, Chinese is one of the most horrible languages conceivable. I can not speak it; but I am quoting the opinion of experts. A Chinese Christian to my face deplored the privation Europeans endured in not having access to the Chinese version of the Scriptures. This gave me further light. I am now convinced that Scripture is unique, in that it will bear translation into any language without losing one item of its force. The finest passages in Shakespeare, if translated into German or French; the finest passages of Goethe, if translated into French and English; the finest passages of Horace, if translated into English, French or German—all lose their rhythm and three-fourths of their power;

but the Bible translated into every language under heaven retains its force and beauty, for it speaks not to the ear alone, but to the soul."

A poor Welsh woman insisted that Jesus Christ was a Welshman. They said, "Oh, no; Jesus Christ was a Jew." "But he speaks to me in Welsh," was her reply. So this one book of all the ages and tribes and languages speaks to men of every nation, and tells them in their own tongues wherein they were born, of "the wonderful works of God." —*H. L. Hastings.*

176. That which keeps the Bible always up to date, making it the most live book in the world, is the ever-living Christ who lives in it. As we come to love him, and are risen with him, the Bible becomes precious to us. I have heard of a very cultivated literary critic, a lady, who reviewed a book of a certain author, and was very severe in her criticism of it, pointing out many flaws. A few months afterward she became acquainted with the author of this book, and married him. Then she reread the book, and said: "What a beautiful book! what a nice book! there are some mistakes here and there, but they ought to be overlooked." And she began to recommend the book to every one. The book was just the same as it was before but her relation to the author was changed. Before he was a stranger, now he was her husband; but when she began to love him, she began to love his book. When we come into fellowship with the risen Christ, the Bible becomes the most live and precious of all the books in the world to us.—*Selected.*

177. The Bible is not the same to all readers. What we get from it depends wholly on what we bring to it. Two men may listen to the church organ as its keys are swept by a master hand. One is moved to ecstacy, and his soul is tremulous with hopes and holy aspirations; the other simply hears a great noise. Knowledge is essential to appreciation.

"I do not agree with you about the meaning of that poem," said one friend to another with her finger upon a

page of Browning. "But you *must* agree with me," he said, "because I know Browning personally, and therefore am able to interpret him to you."

Only a little later this boastful friend of the poet began to chaff the lady upon what he called her superstitious belief in the Bible, calling it a pack of fables. "Ah, now," said she, gently, "you must give way to me about this book. *Remember, I know the Author.*"

This is a plain statement of a profound truth. He who revealed His will to inspired men, alone can give us the interpretation thereof. To the unillumined mind the Scriptures are but so much ancient history, poetry or philosophy. But to the spirit that holds communion with God, the Bible is the message of our Father to meet our deepest needs—the best of all books in the wide world.—*Endeavor Herald.*

178. This Book contains the word of God, the state of man, the way of salvation, the doom of sinners, and the happiness of believers. Its doctrines are holy, its precepts are binding, its histories are truth, and its decisions are immutable. Read it to be wise, believe it to be safe, and practice it to be holy. It contains light to direct you, food to support you, and comfort to cheer you. It is the traveler's map, the pilgrim's staff, the pilot's compass, the soldier's sword, and the Christian's charter. Here paradise is restored, heaven opened, and the gates of hell disclosed. Christ is its grand object, our good its design, and the glory of God its end. It should fill the memory, rule the heart, and guide the feet. Read it slowly, frequently, prayerfully. It is a mine of wealth, a paradise of glory, and a river of pleasure. It is given you in life, will be opened at the judgment, and be remembered forever. It involves the highest responsibility, will reward the greatest labor, and condemns all who trifle with its sacred contents.—*Anonymous.*

BOYS.

179. Your invitation to me to say a word about boys is at hand, and the more I think about it, the more I realize my inability to comply with the request. I have a boy on my hands now, and the more experience I have, the less I seem to know about boys. The reader of this whom I most dread is that boy of mine.—*Pres. L. M. Sniff, in Christian Standard.*

180. Show me the boy who is open and frank,
And carries a smiling face;
Who looks you straight in the eye when he speaks,
And listens with modest grace.

A boy who follows his mother's advice,
And is not afraid to work;
And attends to his duties day by day,
And never attempts to shirk.

A boy who is ready with heart and hand,
To help you in time of need;
Who stands by his principles, firm and strong,
Whatever may be his creed.

And I'll show you a little gentleman,
Who'll be a great man some day,
For a man is only a boy, full grown,
No matter what men may say.

—*Annie Willmeyer.*

181. Why, only take a child when first he begins to sport his newly fledged faculties in the home circle, and make his character and the outflowings of his young life a study, and you may get at hints and admonitions such as you might never find in the whole world of books. How fervent in affection; how guileless and confiding and reverential, as a rule, is the soul of a little child. Love, faith, confidence, simplicity and conscious weakness are the most obvious features of his character. He loves and confides in his father. If he puts a question, his father's answer is

the utterance of an oracle. If in danger, he deems himself invincible if his father's shelter is at hand. In his first broken attempts at speech, you may see the whole soul beaming in the countenance, while a beautiful sincerity is in every accent. And Jesus Christ sends us to such a little child, if we would learn what Christian discipline is. The same spirit of love and trust and humble teachableness must be in us, if we would enter into the kingdom.—*Rev. J. H. Rylance, D. D.*

182. Drive the nail right, boys,
Hit it on the head;
Strike with all your might, boys,
While the iron is red.

When you've work to do, boys,
Do it with a will;
They who reach the top, boys,
First must climb the hill.

Standing at the foot, boys,
Gazing at the sky,
How can you ever get up, boys,
If you never try?

Though you stumble oft, boys,
Never be downcast;
Try, and try again, boys—
You'll succeed at last.

—*Unidentified.*

183. If I were you, and went to school,
I'd never break the smallest rule;
And it should be my teacher's joy
To say she had no better boy,
And 'twould be true,
If I were you.

If I were you, I'd always tell
The truth, no matter what befell;
For two things really I despise—
A cowardly heart, and telling lies.
And you would, too,
If I were you.

—*Unknown.*

184. Have you any petty cares, boys?
Whistle them away;
There's nothing cheers the spirits
Like merry roundelay.
No matter for the heartaches,
'Neath silk or sodden gray;
For the sake of those who love you,
Just whistle them away.

'Tis strange how soon friends gather
About a cheerful face:
That smiling eyes and lips count more
Than beauty, wealth or grace.
But I have seen it tried, boys;
When troubles come to stay,
The brave heart leaps to work and strives
To whistle it away.

—*Unidentified.*

185. When winter comes the people say,
"Oh, shut the door!" and when,
As sometimes happens, I forget,
They call me back again.

It takes till summer-time to learn;
And then things change about,
And "Leave it open," is the cry
When I go in or out.

I try to be a pleasant boy,
And do just what I ought;
But when things are so hard to learn,
I wish they might stay taught.

—*Little Folks.*

186. Some time ago a gentleman was telling of an office boy who spoiled his usefulness by an overanxiety to be active. When he was bidden to take a package or deliver a message somewhere, he had been known to grasp his hat and hurry away without waiting to get that which he was to carry. There is not danger that the Christian will be too active, but there is danger that he will let hurry do away with preparation. The teacher who hurries off to Sunday-school, or the Endeavorer who is so crowded for

time that he barely reaches his place on time, is apt to go empty-handed.—*The Lookout.*

187. The boy that by addition grows,
And suffers no subtraction,
Who multiplies the thing he knows,
And carries every fraction;
Who will divide his precious time,
The due proportion giving,
To sure success aloft will climb,
Interest compound receiving.
—*Palmer.*

188. A warden at Sing Sing Prison once said that it made him tremble to hear a boy say "won't" to his mother; for it seemed to him that that boy had already started on the road to the penitentiary. The spirit of rebellion against rightful government was coming to be master in the boy's mind and heart.

189. Mrs. McLean, a young Scotch mother, decidedly deficient in governing, had great trouble to keep her two-year-old boy from running into the streets of the village. The little woman was greatly terrified lest her robust son should be trampled by horses on some of his forbidden excursions.

She had just returned from an exhausting run after him, and was closing the front yard gate, when the old teamster, Donald McTavish, a good home disciplinarian by the way, drove along on his way home.

"Oh, dear," said the little woman, "I have such a time to keep this boy out of the streets. I am discouraged. What shall I do, Mr. McTavish?"

"What have you been doing, Mrs. McLean?"

"Oh, I first buttoned the gate, but he soon found out how to open it. I put the button higher out of his reach, and in a day or two he found out how to climb up to it. I hid the box he climbed up on, and he found another. I then put the button as high up as it would go on the fence, and now he gets a stick and opens the gate. What shall I do?"

"Ah, my leddy, ye dinna know how to do it. Put the button on the boy," replied the old Scotchman.—*Selected.*

190. There is one thought which should be a tremendous incentive to every father to do his duty by his boy. It is this: the boy's conception of God as Father will be based very largely upon what the human father is and does. If the father is aloof and indifferent, so God will seem to the boy. If the father be loving and firm, then the boy's God will be altogether admirable. It is a solemn thought that the child's growing knowledge of God as Father is necessarily influenced by his knowledge of the man whom he knows as father in his daily life.—*E. L. Powell, in Christian Standard.*

191. There is a story of a Sunday-school teacher who remonstrated with one of the boys in her class whom she had discovered in the act of taking the eggs from a bird's nest. "Think how the poor mother-bird will feel!" she said.

"Huh!" replied the boy. "You've got the mother-bird on your hat! I guess she won't feel very bad."

The moral of the story need not be pointed out.

192. A young man, fighting his love for strong drink, who had for some weeks succeeded in controlling his appetite, sat one day at a hotel table with a comrade and a young lady for whom he felt the highest respect. The waiter said to the young man's companion, "Will you have pudding with wine sauce?" "Yes," was the answer. The craving for the wine sauce was so strong that, spite of the warnings of conscience, the young man mentally decided, "I will take pudding with wine sauce." This, too, when he knew that it meant days of absence from home and a long debauch. But the young lady quickly said, "Pudding *without* wine sauce, if you please," and before he knew it the tempted young man followed her example and said, "Pudding *without* wine sauce." Afterward, in the parlor, he said to her, "I want to thank you for doing me a favor." She looked astonished. "You do not know all it meant to me to hear you say at the dinner table, 'Pudding *without*

wine sauce, if you please.'" Then he told her how at those times when he was supposed to be away on business, he was hiding from his friends, an inebriate.—*The Lookout.*

193. The story is told of two colored boys, between whom there was a feud, that they met one day in the street and began to quarrel. One of them became very abusive, and called the other a great many hard names. The other listened to him until his stock of vituperation was exhausted, and then said: "Is you done?" The first intimated that he had no more to say. The other replied: "All dem things you say I is, you's dem." The boy did not perhaps understand the philosophy of his words, but, consciously or unconsciously, he was uncovering a great moral law. No man will use words of hatred and revenge who has not the rotten of hatred and revenge in his own heart. No man's eye will be alert and suspicious to detect evil in his fellows, and gloat over it in his meditation, unless there is the kindred spot of evil in his own soul which forms the dark lens through which he looks at others.

194. A lad in Boston, rather small for his years, works in an office as an errand boy for four gentlemen who do business there. One day the gentlemen were chaffing him a little about being so small, and said to him: "You never will amount to much; you never can do much business; you are too small."

The little fellow looked at them. "Well," said he, "small as I am, I can do something which none of you four men can do."

"Ah! what is that?" they asked.

"I don't know that I ought to tell you," he replied.

But they were anxious to know, and urged him to tell what he could do that none of them was able to do.

"I can keep from swearing!" said the little fellow.

The four gentlemen did not question him any further. —*The Sign.*

195. The large number of rejections of volunteers during our late war with Spain caused much comment in the army medical corps. However, the physicians who con-

ducted the examinations say that outside the ranks of cigarette smokers there were even fewer rejections than there were in the days of the Civil War. Among habitual users of cigarettes the rejections were about 90 per cent. Dr. Benjamin King, of Philadelphia, who acted as an examining surgeon during 1861-63, in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana, says that the average rejections during those years did not exceed 13 per cent. He attributed the large increase almost entirely to the cigarette habit, and says: "I have been inspecting the papers in a number of cases under the present recruiting act, and I observe that most of the men who failed to pass the medical examination have weak hearts or lack the vitality necessary to make good soldiers. I had expected that the percentage of rejections would be greater now than in 1861, but I did not dream that it would be almost three times as great. The examining physicians with whom I have talked have generally told me the excess of rejections is due to the large number of young men applying for enlistment who have become victims of the cigarette habit."

196. The manager of a leading Western railway decided to employ no one who was addicted to the cigarette habit, and posted notices to this effect in all the company offices, whereupon a freight clerk wrote to the manager as follows:

"DEAR SIR:—I have been in this freight office for ten years. During this time I have smoked from twenty to thirty cigarettes a day, and nobody has complained about my work."

To this the manager replied:

"DEAR SIR:—If you had not kept yourself spiked down with the 'coffin-nails' you might have been president of the road. I started in the same freight office with you ten years ago."

197. A saloon-keeper in Milwaukee, according to a Prohibition journal, was remonstrated with for enticing boys into his saloon, and this was his reply: "Oh! it is beezness, beezness. The old drinkers will soon all be dead, and

where will my beezness be if I don't get the boys?" A regular saloon customer does not last over ten years, on the average. Of course, the jolly saloon-keeper must look up means and methods of recruiting the ranks of his customers. There is no special purpose in letting the fact be known, however, that fresh young boys are wanted. It would hardly do, for instance, to insert an advertisement such as the following in the papers:

"WANTED—Young men earning fair wages to spend the same at the saloon of Wilhelm Brown. Advertiser has several vacancies in the ranks of his old customers, due to the recent death of Patrick Schmitz, who died of dipsomania, and to the conviction of Hermann O'Brien, of manslaughter. Bartenders will smile with especial pleasure on young applicants who are apt to last a number of years."

As we have heretofore remarked, the drink problem would be beautifully solved if it were sufficient to drown all the old topers (after obliging them to repent). But the trouble is that trade is worked up among the boys.—*Catholic Citizen.*

198. An officer of the Liquor League of Ohio, at a meeting in which the interests of the saloon business were being discussed, said: "It will appear from these facts, gentlemen, that the success of our business is dependent largely upon the creation of appetite for drink. Men who drink liquor, like others, will die, and if there is no new appetite created, our counters will be empty, as will be our coffers. Our children will go hungry, or we must change our business to that of some other more remunerative. The open field for creation of this appetite is among the boys. After men have grown and their habits are formed, they rarely ever change in this regard. It will be needful, therefore, that missionary work be done among the boys, and I make the suggestion, gentlemen, that nickels expended in treats to the boys now, will return in dollars to your tills after the appetite has been formed. Above all things, create appetite."

199. Somebody asked me to take a drink.
What did I tell him? What do you think?
I told him—No!

Somebody asked me one day to play
A game of cards. And what did I say?
I told him—No!

Somebody laughs that I will not swear,
And lie and steal! but I do not care.
I tell him—No!

"If sinners entice thee, consent thou not,"
My Bible said, and so on the spot
I told him—No!

—*Morning Light.*

200. Were I a man grown, I'd stand
With a clean heart, soul and hand,
An honor to this land.
I would be good and true;
I would not smoke and chew,
As many grown men do.
Tobacco is foul stuff;
Hogs root it from the trough,
And serve it right enough.
I wish I'd every seed
And plant of that bad weed,
I'd make a fire indeed.
And these two lips of mine
Should never taste of wine,
Though it may glow and shine.
No wine, no beer, no gin,
No ale, no rum—Within
Each drink lurk shame and sin.
And I'd not swear. Ah! when
We boys grow into men,
You'll see true manhood then;
For we shall be and do
Just what I've said; and you
Had better try it too.

—*Selected.*

201. A young man was recently found in the Mersey, drowned. On a paper found in his pocket was written: "A wasted life. Do not ask anything about me. Drink was

the cause. Let me die. Let me rot." Within a week the coroner of Liverpool received over two hundred letters from fathers and mothers all over England, asking for a description of that young man. How suggestive is this fact! What a story it tells of houses desolated by strong drink.

202. I read of a boy who had a remarkable dream. He thought that the richest man in town came to him and said: "I am tired of my house and grounds; come and take care of them, and I will give them to you." Then came an honored judge and said: "I want you to take my place; I am weary of being in court day after day; I will give you my seat on the bench if you will do my work." Then the doctor proposed that he take his extensive practice and let him rest, and so on. At last up shambled old Tommy, and said: "I'm wanted to fill a drunkard's grave; I have come to see if you will take my place in these saloons and on those streets?" This is a dream that is not all a dream. For every boy in this land to-day, who lives to grow up, some position is waiting as truly as if the rich man, judge, doctor or drunkard stood ready to hand over his place at once. Which will you choose, boys? There are pulpits to be filled by God-fearing ministers, and thousands of other honorable places; but there are also prison cells and drunkards' graves. Which will you choose?—*Canada Presbyterian.*

203. Some years ago the late Horace Mann, the eminent editor, delivered an address at the opening of some reformatory institution for boys, during which he remarked that if only one boy was saved from ruin, it would pay for all the cost and care and labor of establishing such an institution as that. After the exercises had closed, in private conversation a gentleman rallied Mr. Mann upon his statement, and said to him: "Did you not color that a little when you said that all the expense and labor would be repaid if it only saved one boy?" "Not if it was my boy," was the solemn and convincing reply. Ah! there is a wonderful value about "my boy." Other boys may be left to drift uncared for to the ruin which is so near at hand, but

"my boy"—it were worth the toil of a lifetime and the lavish wealth of a world to save him from temporal and eternal ruin. We could go the world around to save him from peril, and would bless every friendly hand that was stretched out to give him help or welcome. And yet every poor wandering, outcast, homeless man is one whom some fond mother called "My boy." Shall we shrink from labor, shall we hesitate at cost, when the work before us is the salvation of a soul? Not if it is "my boy;" not if we have the love of Him who gave his life to save the lost.

204. Through Rochester, N. Y., runs the Genesee River, between steep and crooked banks. On one occasion a gentleman, who lived in the city, had just arrived by train from a journey. He was anxious to go home and meet his wife and children. He was hurrying along the streets, with a bright vision of home in his mind, when he saw on the bank of the river a lot of excited men. "What is the matter?" he shouted. They replied, "A boy's in the water!" "Why don't you save him?" he asked. In a moment, throwing down his carpet-bag and pulling off his coat, he jumped into the stream, grasped the boy in his arms, struggled with him to the shore, and as he wiped the water from his dripping face and brushed back the hair, he exclaimed, "Heaven, it is my boy!" He plunged in for the boy of somebody else and saved his own. He had received "good measure, pressed down," for a courageous and humane action.—*Treasury.*

205. We should never hesitate to use our earthly means to make attractive the house of God, if thereby we may win one soul to him. In a certain church they were taking care of the boys. A room in the basement was given up to them, and they were led, by means of the exercises there held, into a deep and abiding love for the church. This went on for some time, till at length some good ladies of the congregation discovered that the old carpet which was on the floor of this room was going to pieces under the lads' vigorous feet. They expostulated and made such a fuss that the work of saving the boys had to

be given up. It will be a good thing if all who have to do with boys should remember the words of Professor Drummond, who once said, "An inch of boy is worth a million yards of carpet."

206. An interesting incident is recorded of Francis Xavier, the great Jesuit missionary. Once, on some field of labor where hundreds came with their needs, their questions, and their heart-hungers, he was worn almost to utter exhaustion by days and nights of serving. At last he said to his attendant: "I must sleep, I must sleep. If I do not, I shall die. If any one comes, whoever comes, waken me not. I must sleep." He then retired into his tent, and his faithful servant began his watch. It was not long, however, till a pallid face appeared at the door. Xavier beckoned eagerly to the watcher, and said in a solemn tone: "I made a mistake; I made a mistake. If a little child comes, waken me."

207. It is said that Luther, when coming into a crowd of boys, would raise his hat; it was from the consciousness that he might be raising his hat to an incipient astronomer, inventor, theologian or discoverer.—*The Christian Leader.*

208. One afternoon I noticed a young lady at the service whom I knew to be a Sunday-school teacher. After the service I asked her where her class was. "Oh," said she, "I went to the school and found only a little boy, and so I came away." "Only a little boy!" said I; "think of the value of one such soul! The fires of a Reformation may be slumbering in that tow-headed boy; there may be a young Knox or a Wesley or a Whitefield in your class."—*Moody.*

209. It is evident that God is no respecter of persons if we notice how many men in humble circumstances he has taken into his service and to do his most conspicuous work. Moses was the son of a poor Levite; Gideon was a thresher; David was a shepherd boy; Amos was a herdsman; several of the apostles were fishermen; Zwingli was a shepherd; Melancthon, the great theologian of the Reformation,

was an armorer; Luther was the child of a poor miner; Fuller was a farm servant; Carey, the originator of the plan of translating the Bible into the language of the millions of Hindoostan, was a shoemaker; Morrison, who translated the Bible into the Chinese language, was a lastmaker; Dr. Milne was a herd boy; Adam Clark was the son of Irish cotters; John Foster was a weaver; Jay, of Bath, was a herdsman.—*Sermon Illustrator.*

210. Michael Faraday, the greatest philosopher of his time, started from a blacksmith's anvil. Shakespeare held horses at the door of a London theater before he held the attention of all ages. The path of life opened for Robert Burns in a ploughboy's furrow. George Peabody endowed a library in the village where once he had sawed wood. The shoemaker's last would have been the most appropriate coat of arms for William Carey, the missionary. Herschel played in a brass band before God called him up to listen to the music of the spheres and the orchestra of the morning stars. A barber-shop was the starting-place for Copernicus, the astronomer, and Jeremy Taylor, the ecclesiast. A mason's trowel was the weapon with which Hugh Miller, the geologist, began to fight the battle of life. With a weaver's shuttle Columbus, the discoverer, and Dr. Livingstone, the explorer, began to weave their fortunes and their usefulness.—*Talmage.*

211. Jay Gould started out to conquer the world, with fifty cents, and left $70,000,000. Morgan, the great banker, was a clerk in a country store. Cornelius Vanderbilt took cabbages and turnips to the New York market in a little sailing craft. Stewart, the merchant prince of his day, began his business career on a capital of $3,000. P. D. Armour ran away from home when he was seventeen and walked to California. Pullman was a clerk in a store. Mark Twain as a boy was thrown on the world to sink or swim, and he not only swam, but commanded a Mississippi River steamboat. George W. Childs was an errand boy in a bookstore. John Wanamaker was the son of a brickmaker. John G. Whittier was the son of a small farmer.

Leland Stanford was another farmer's boy. Sir John McDonald, Canada's greatest statesman, was the son of a plain Scotch storekeeper. Andrew Carnegie was a district messenger boy. In the enormous transportation interests the poor boys have enjoyed almost a monopoly of the highest honors. President Thomas, of the Pennsylvania, was an apprentice in the Altoona shops, and Mr. Roberts, his predecessor, was a chain-carrier in a surveying gang. When a president was wanted for one of the great Pacific roads, the man selected had been a brakeman on a freight train.

"It is not in this country alone, but all over the world, that the poor boy has made the century his property and opportunity. Scratch a millionaire and you will find a poor boy. Trace back the statesman and you will get to humble beginnings. 'Nine times out of ten the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard and compelled to sink or swim for himself,' said Garfield, and the century bears out his opinion. We hear on all sides that opportunities grow less, that trusts and combinations of capital shut out competition, that the great fortunes have eaten up all the prizes in the world's trade. Do they? The poor boy was never more in evidence than he is to-day. He is still making the great successes. In good truth there never was a finer prospect than there is to-day. We are just beginning to know. We are on the edge of progress. We are simply commencing to do things. Our new country built on centuries is at the starting-point. The coming years will make our ignorance pitiful, our knowledge old-fashioned, and our best achievements tame. The poor boy has made a great past, but how much greater his future!"—*Saturday Evening Post.*

212. How many of the world's great ones have seized upon the serious things of life and accomplished their work in comparative youth! Moses was a young man when he began his work. David, at eighteen years, slew the giant of the Philistines. Solomon, at twenty, ascended the throne. Josiah died a young man, lamented by all the people. Daniel was a youth when he withstood the idola-

trous practices of a great nation. Christ finished his work on the cross when a young man, and to his young men gave the command, "Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." It was a young man to whom Paul said, "Fight the good fight of faith." "Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." "Be not ashamed of the testimony." "Let no man despise thy youth."

A glance at history shows how potent youth has ever been as a factor in the world's affairs and on-goings. Alexander, while little more than a boy, became a world-wide conqueror. Napoleon, at twenty-seven, executed that brilliant campaign in Italy, which stamped him the foremost captain of his age. Pitt was but a youth when the greatest political genius of his time. Calvin, at twenty-seven, put forth those Institutes which have so profoundly affected the theological thought of the world for centuries. Keats, the divine singer, was only a youth. Chatterton, "the marvelous boy who perished in his pride," died at eighteen. Macaulay was the critical dictator of England when quite young. Loyola and Wesley worked with young brains. John of Austria won the battle of Lepanto, the greatest battle of modern times, when twenty-five. Cortes was little more than thirty when he gazed upon the golden cupolas of Mexico. Maurice of Saxony died at thirty-two, all Europe owning him to be the greatest captain and profoundest statesman of his day. Innocent III., greatest of the popes, was the despot of Christendom at thirty-seven. John de Medici was cardinal at fifteen, and baffled, with his statecraft, Ferdinand of Aragon himself, was pope at thirty-seven, and Luther robbed him of his greatest province at thirty-five. Pascal wrote a great work at sixteen, and died at thirty-seven. Raphael painted his wonderful works as a young man and died at thirty-seven.

"Almost everything great," says Disraeli, "has been done by youth." The history of heroes is the history of youth. The conquest of the world is in the hands of youth. Gigantic reforms, glorious victories for the Son of God, are possible to Christian youth.—*F. D. Power.*

213. In the period of agitation between 1765 and 1775, the young men of America were the agitators. The older men, if not on the side of Great Britain, refused to become entangled. John Adams was but thirty years of age when he first became conspicuous in Massachusetts. John Hancock was but two years younger. James Otis, when he made his first great speech against arbitrary searches, was under thirty. Jefferson was thirty-three when he wrote the Declaration, and James Madison, "the father of the Constitution," was but twenty-five in 1776. Joseph Warren was but thirty-four when he fell at Bunker Hill. "Light Horse Harry" Lee was less than twenty-one when he was general in the Continental Army. Alexander Hamilton was nineteen when the Declaration was signed, and nineteen was also the age of Lafayette. Even the mature Washington was but forty-two when he took command of the patriot army outside of Boston. Except Franklin, nearly every man prominently identified with either the civil or the military side of the Revolutionary struggle had not reached the time of life when the shadows lean toward the east.

214. Macaulay learned German on a sea voyage. Dr. Abercrombie wrote many valuable books with a lead-pencil while visiting his patients. Dr. Good translated Lucretius while riding in his carriage in the streets of London. Dr. Darwin composed nearly all his works while driving from house to house in the country. Rev. Mr. Hale wrote his contemplations while traveling on a circuit. Professor Burney learned French and Italian while traveling on horseback from one music pupil to another. Madame de Genlis composed several of her charming volumes while waiting for the princess to whom she gave music lessons. One of the great chancellors of France wrote a book in the successive intervals of waiting for dinner. Mr. Fulton invented the steamboat and Morse the telegraph, with the fragments of time. Sir William Hamilton read ten thousand books, and made marginal notes upon them. Hugh Miller wrote a library of science. St. Paul in about thirty

years preached the gospel and planted churches over the whole civilized world. Francis Xavier during his lifetime baptized a hundred thousand converts. John Wesley in the course of his life preached more than forty thousand sermons, and traveled three hundred thousand miles, or nearly fifteen times the circumference of the globe. Wm. Gray, the Boston merchant, who owned at one time sixty large ships, stated that for fifty years he arose at dawn. Perhaps no man made a better use of his time than Benjamin Franklin. By the wise use of it he plucked the lightning from the clouds and the scepter from the hands of George the Third. When he stood before English lords in council, the object of abuse and ridicule; when he stood in the midst of the glittering court of France, the object of praise and admiration; when he stood in the American Congress, with his calm good sense directing its counsels; and when he tried experiments with his kite and his key—he was redeeming the time and applying his heart unto wisdom. For many years Hale studied at the rate of sixteen hours a day. He became a great lawyer, a philosopher and mathematician. Spurgeon placed a high value upon time. I have in my library between thirty and forty volumes from his pen. These few examples of men who have coined minutes into hours and hours into days serve to show what can be done in a brief space of time. They were industrious from morning till night. They were faithful to their highest convictions and to the best thought which God gave to them. In this manner they changed time into life, and made every moment bring forth fruit.—*J. L. Brandt.*

215. Stephenson taught himself arithmetic and mensuration at night. In early life Elihu Burritt began to study the ancient languages after his day's work was done. He spent his evenings in study as faithfully as his days in work. He was a blacksmith by trade. At the age of fifty he was familiar with almost as many languages as he was years old. He was a blacksmith by day and a linguist by night. He became a noted lecturer, philanthropist and

author. What he did, others can do. Another noted example of a man who resisted the nightly attractions and seductions of society, was Peter Cooper. At the age of seventeen he was apprenticed to coachmaking in New York City. He sought for a night school; as there was none in the city, he resolved, however, to utilize his evening hours in study, and thereby supply his deficiency of education. These evening hours spent in study made Peter Cooper's life rich in literature, and gave him an acquaintance with the treasures of the great minds of the earth. They were so well spent that they did much to determine his character and destiny. Benjamin Franklin consecrated his evenings to hard study and experiments, and the result was that he became an eminent statesman and scientist. Hugh Miller, the stonemason, during the period that young men are in the saloon or theater, trained his mind for that work which has proved so useful for himself and beneficial to man. These are but a few examples of the many men who began their grand career of success by a wise use of their evening hours. Mr. Weaver knowingly observes: "If you know how a young man spends his evenings, you may predict with tolerable certainty the style of life he will live and the degree of his success."—*J. L. Brandt.*

216. While engaged in his study of languages, Mr. Burritt left, for a time, the blacksmith's forge, and set up a grocery and provision store, in the hope of finding more time for study, while yet obtaining the means of a livelihood or a competency. But the great financial crash of 1837 swept him, with tens of thousands of others, from his business standing, and he was necessitated to begin his life struggle anew. It was this breakdown that was the cause of his upbuilding—as has so often been the case with a child of God who comes to date the beginning of his true success from the hour of his apparent failure.

If Mr. Burritt had succeeded in the grocery business, he might have missed the great future. Because he failed in the grocery business, he became the friend and coworker of statesmen and scholars in Europe and America.

He gained a world prominence for his goodness and learning. He lost success in a village store. How grateful to God we often have reason to be because he permits us to be so disappointed!

Starting out afoot and penniless in his search of employment and opportunities of study, he walked from New Britain to Boston, and thence back to Worcester, where he was soon again at a blacksmith's forge, studying as he worked. It was here, in 1838, that Elihu Burritt wrote briefly the story of his struggles and studies to a friend who had shown a warm interest in him, asking if his friend knew where he could obtain employment as a translator from the German. His friend, Mr. William Lincoln, sent this letter to the Hon. Edward Everett, who, without any knowledge on the part of either sender or writer, read it, soon after, at a Teachers' Institute. Mr. Everett's speech, with Mr. Burritt's story, was reported in full in the Boston papers, and the interest of the public was at once fastened on Elihu Burritt, "The Learned Blacksmith" of Worcester.—*Sunday-school Times.*

217. I remember once hearing of a boy who was very, very poor. He lived in a foreign country, and his mother said to him one day that he must go into the great city and start in business, and she took his coat and cut it open and sewed between the lining and the coat forty golden dinars, which she had saved up for many years to start him in life. She told him to take care of robbers as he went across the desert; and as he was going out of the door she said: "My boy, I have only two words for you—'Fear God, and never tell a lie.'" The boy started off, and towards evening he saw glittering in the distance the minarets of the great city, but between the city and himself he saw a cloud of dust. It came nearer. Presently he saw that it was a band of robbers. One of the robbers left the rest and rode toward him and said, "Boy, what have you got?" And the boy looked him in the face and said, "I have forty golden dinars sewed up in my coat." And the robber laughed and wheeled round his horse and

went back. He would not believe the boy. Presently another robber came, and he said, "Boy, what have you got?" "Forty golden dinars sewed up in my coat." The robber said, "The boy is a fool," and wheeled his horse and rode away. By and by the robber captain came, and he said, "Boy, what have you got?" "I have forty golden dinars sewed up in my coat." And the robber dismounted and put his hand over the boy's breast, felt something round, counted one, two, three, four, five, till he counted out the forty golden coins. He looked the boy in the face and said, "Why did you tell me that?" The boy said, "Because of God and my mother." And the robber leaned on his spear and thought, and said, "Wait a moment." He mounted his horse, rode back to the rest of the robbers, and came back in about five minutes with his dress changed. This time he looked not like a robber, but like a merchant. He took the boy upon his horse and said, "My boy, I have long wanted to do something for my God and for my mother, and I have this moment renounced my robber life. I am also a merchant. I have a large business house in the city. I want you to come and live with me, to teach me about your God; and you will be rich, and your mother some day will come and live with us." And it all happened by seeking first the kingdom of God; so doing, all these things were added unto him.—*Henry Drummond.*

218. Once I knew a lad who thought he had a divine call to be a minister; he had plenty of good common sense, but he was dull at his books, and some of his friends thought he was making a mistake. They said that Tom would make an excellent farmer or carpenter or blacksmith, but that he was very poor timber to make a minister of. Still, Tom thought that he must try. So he went to college, and one of his tutors, speaking of him, said, "He had the thickest head I ever saw on any boy, and the most difficult to get an idea into; but if once the idea found an entrance, it staid; it never deserted him; and he was the hardest student I ever knew." The result was that Tom graduated with honors, for he studied so tre-

mendously hard that he more than made up for the slowness of his mental action, and gradually, as his mind was trained, it acted more rapidly and he turned out to be by no means a dull young man, and he is now a minister—successful, happy and beloved by all his congregation. This quality of grit is well worth cultivating. Every one who has succeeded in this world has had it; in fact, it is the secret of success. Grant had it when the Confederate generals said of him that he didn't know when he was beaten. Morse had it when he would not give up the electric telegraph, though he should spend every penny he possessed and many long years over it, and his friends should think him a "crack-brained enthusiast." Palissy had it when he burned the very furniture of his home for fuel whereby to feed the furnace which held the precious vessels which he had glazed, and which at last, after uncounted failures, came out perfect from the fire.—*Eleanor A. Hunter.*

219. A Swedish boy fell out of a window and was badly hurt, but with tight-set lips he kept back the cry of pain. The king Gustavus Adolphus, who saw him fall, prophesied that the boy would make a man for an emergency. And so he did, for he became the famous General Bauer.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their colors, and painted the white side of his father's cottage in Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself making drawings of his pot and brushes, easel and stool, and said, "That boy will beat me one day." So he did, for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a blood-and-thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself, "Now, this will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it, so here it goes." And he flung the book out into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher.

Do you know what these little sermons mean? Why, simply this, that in boyhood and girlhood are sown the traits for good or evil which make the man or woman good or not.

220. The order had been issued in Paris in 1871 by the new republican authorities that communist insurgents who were taken with arms in their hands should be put to death immediately. So writes a French correspondent of the St. Louis *Republic.* The order was being relentlessly executed, when, in the garden of the Elysee Palace, a detachment of republican troops came upon a small band of insurgents. Among them was a boy of fifteen years, still in short trousers.

On the way the fifteen-year-old boy broke out from among his companions and placed himself in front of the colonel who commanded the escort. Making the military salute with a great deal of grace, he said:

"Monsieur, you're going to shoot me, I suppose?"

"Certainly, my lad," said the colonel. "Taken with arms in your hands, it's all up with you. That is the order."

"All right!" said the boy; "but, see here; I live in Miromesnil Street, where my mother is concierge in a house. She'll wait for me if I don't come home. I just want to go home and quiet her a bit, you know. Come, colonel, let me run home awhile. I give you my word of honor I'll come back to be shot!"

The colonel was struck with astonishment at the boy's demand.

"You give me your word of honor, eh, that you'll return in time to be executed?"

"My word of honor, monsieur!"

"Well, well," said the colonel. "Go home, boy!"

The youth bowed and scampered off.

"The last we shall see of him," said the colonel.

Half an hour passed by. But all at once the door opened and the boy communist popped in.

"Here I am, monsieur!" he exclaimed. "I saw mamma, told her, gave her my watch, and kissed her. Now I'm ready."

Then the colonel did what perhaps none but a rough soldier would have done. He rose, came over to the boy, seized him by both ears, led him thus to the door and kicked him out of it, exclaiming:

"Get out, you young brigand! Get back to your mother, just as quick as you can!"

With a red face the officer returned to his chair, muttering to his companion, as he waved his hand toward a party of the condemned insurgents:

"So they have their heroes, then—those scoundrels!"

221. Once a minister paid a visit to a deaf and dumb asylum in London for the purpose of examining the children in the knowledge they possessed of the divine truth.

A little boy on this occasion was asked in writing, "Who made the world?" The boy took up the chalk and wrote underneath the question, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth."

Then the minister inquired in a similar manner, "Why did Jesus Christ come into the world?" A smile of delight and gratitude rested on the countenance of the little fellow as he wrote, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

A third question was then proposed, eminently adapted to call his most powerful feelings into exercise, "Why were you born deaf and dumb, while I can hear and speak?" "Never," said an eye-witness, "shall I forget the look of holy resignation and chastened sorrow which sat on his countenance as he took up the chalk and wrote, 'Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight.'"

These were truly beautiful answers, especially the last. Many of us, I fear, think much more of our tiny troubles than did that dear boy of his one great trouble of not being able to join in conversation with those around, and hear what they said. Oh! let us remember that nothing hap-

pens by chance to those who call God their Father; and if trouble fall to our lot, say, like the deaf and dumb boy, "For so it seemeth good in thy sight."—*Sunday-school Evangelist.*

222. "Children, I have a story to tell you," the old doctor said to the young people the other evening. "One day—a long, hot day it had been, too—I met my father on the road to town.

" 'I wish you would take this package to the village for me, Jim,' he said, hesitating.

"Now, I was a boy of twelve, not fond of work, and was just out of the hayfield where I had been at work since daybreak. I was tired, dusty and hungry. It was two miles into town. I wanted to get my supper, and to wash and dress for singing-school. My first impulse was to refuse and to do it harshly; for I was vexed that he should ask after my long day's work. If I did refuse, he would go himself. He was a gentle, patient old man. But something stopped me—one of God's good angels, I think.

" 'Of course, father, I'll take it,' I said heartily, giving my scythe to one of the men. He gave me the package.

" 'Thank you, Jim,' he said, 'I was going myself, but somehow I don't feel very strong to-day.'

"He walked with me to the road that turned off to the town. As he left he put his hand on my arm, saying again, 'Thank you, my son; you've always been a good boy to me, Jim.'

"I hurried into the town and home again. When I came near the house I saw a crowd of farm hands at the door. One of them came to me, the tears rolling down his face.

" 'Your father,' he said, 'fell dead just as he reached the house. The last words he spoke were to you.'

"I'm an old man now; but I have thanked God over and over again, in all the years that have passed since that hour, that those last words were, 'You've always been a good boy to me.' "—*New York Examiner.*

223. How often are our ears greeted with the words, "Ministers' sons generally turn out badly," or "The preach-

ers' boys are the worst boys in town." A few years of careful observation and study make it possible for me to not only deny this on general principles, but specifically; it is not true. No calling in life has furnished the world with so many eminent men as that of the humble preacher of the gospel of Jesus Christ, and the lie direct can henceforth be given to the statement that "ministers' sons turn out badly."

From amongst the greatest preachers of England stand the Wesleys, the Spurgeons, Robert Hall and Archbishop Whately—all of them ministers' sons. Among the poets of England and America who were sons of parsons are Goldsmith, Thomson, Cowper, Coleridge, Lowell, Emerson and Tennyson. Among the novelists and historians of England there are no more honored names than Hallam, Macaulay, Kingsley, Thackeray, Swift, Sterne and Addison, all of them sons of the vicarage and the manse. Science, art and warfare honor the names of Sir Charles Ball, Sir William Jenner, Sir Astley Cooper, Baron Playfair, David Brewster, Linnæus, Christopher Wren. Joshua Reynolds, Lord Nelson, Francis Drake and Lord Woolsey, all of them the offspring of the humble parson. Among the head teachers, head masters, college professors and heads of universities, there are more sons of preachers than of almost all other professions combined.

I can but mention the fact that H. L. Hastings, of Boston, Mass., editor of the *Christian,* publisher of the Anti-Infidel Library, preacher and lecturer, and head of a large Bible house, was the son of a preacher. An Iowa conference, of which I was for sixteen years a member, contained twenty-four ministers, six of whom were sons of preachers. But space forbids further comment, so I close with the following from the London *Chronicle:* "Of living celebrities we have Sir William Harcourt, Sir Evelyn Wood, Sir Francis Jeune, Sir Arthur Bloomfield, Justice Keneday, Lord Charles Beresford, Sir George D. Stokes, Anthony Hope and the Bishop of Ripon, to mention only a few. The country parsonage, indeed, has been prolific of great names in church and state, and even in literature

and the stage." Let it no more be said that "the sons of the parson turn out badly."—*F. C. Watkins.*

224. Among the ministers' sons who have "amounted to something" are Senator Hawley, Richard Watson Gilder, Henry James, George Bancroft, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Presidents Cleveland and Arthur, Vice-President Morton, half a dozen Senators and forty Representatives.

225. I think that of all sections of mankind the clergy are those to whom, not only for their own sakes, but for the sake of the community, marriage should be most commended. There are no homes in England from which men who have served and adorned their country have issued forth in such prodigal numbers as those of the clergy of our church. What other class can produce a list so crowded with eminent names as we can boast in the sons we have reared and sent forth into the world? How many statesmen, soldiers, sailors, lawyers, physicians, authors, men of science have been the sons of village pastors! Naturally, for with us they receive careful education; they acquire, of necessity, the simple tastes and disciplined habits which lead to industry and perseverance; and for the most part they carry with them through life a purer moral code, a more systematic reverence for things and thoughts religious, associated with their earliest images of affection and respect, than can be expected from the sons of laymen, whose parents are wholly temporal and worldly.—*Lord Lytton.*

226. Boys, if you are going to be Christians, be Christians as boys, and not as your grandmothers. A grandmother has to be a Christian as a grandmother, and that is the right and beautiful thing for her; but if you can not read your Bible by the hour, as your grandmother can, or delight in meetings as she can, don't think you are necessarily a bad boy. When you are your grandmother's age you will have your grandmother's kind of religion. Meantime, be a Christian as a boy. Live a boy's life. Do the straight thing; seek the kingdom of righteousness and honor and truth. Keep the peace with the boys about you,

and be filled with the joy of being a loyal and simple and natural and boylike servant of Christ.—*Henry Drummond.*

227. A boy ten years of age lies upon his sick-bed, convalescing, after the long battle with fever, weak, pale, thoughtful. One day he called his devoted mother to his side, and asked her to bend down; he had something to tell her. And with his thin arm around her neck, he spoke from the heart: "Mamma, I am so glad that I am going to get well; I wasn't always a good boy when I was well; I used to say naughty words when I played with the other boys; but I have asked God to forgive me, and I am going to be a better boy when I get up again." Who questions there was joy in heaven over that child's repentance, as he found his way back to duty, believing in the goodness and grace of God?—*Robert T. Mathews.*

228. The conversion of Bertie Stover, who afterwards became quite noted as the "Boy Preacher," is recorded in his "Life." It was in November, 1862, when Eld. John O'Kane was conducting a protracted meeting in Ladoga. The meeting had continued for many days, and no one had accepted the invitation of the gospel. Bertie, then nine years of age, had been an earnest listener to every sermon. At last, one frosty morning, he was at the woodpile, trying to split some sticks for the stove, when his father happened to come along. He stopped his ax, settled his foot on the log, and began: "Say, pa! I think the best thing I can do now is to join the church." "Why, Bertie, what makes you think so?" "Well, you know, most boys are good when they are little, but when they grow up they get with bad company, learn bad things and become trifling. I never did anything bad yet, and I think if I should join the church I would always be in the company of good folks, and would not be led off into bad habits. When one is a good boy, it must be a great deal easier to stay good, than it is for one to become good after he has been a wicked person. I think if I join the church now I can keep on being a good boy all the time. Besides, more than all that, maybe Jesus wants me to go to work right away." Deeply

moved, his father replied, "Well, son, I will see about it to-day!" and then turned away to hide his tears. Going into the house, he immediately laid the case before Elders O'Kane and Hopkins, and asked their advice. Having called Bertie to him, Bro. O'Kane had a long talk with him, and was astonished at his knowledge of the Scriptures, at the strength and sweet simplicity of his faith in Christ. Finally he said: "Bro. Stover, let the dear boy do as he wishes; he fully understands what he is about. I have a strong impression that he is bound to be a bright, burning light in the church—the Lord bless him!" So his father told him, "Bertie, you can do as you think right, but one thing remember—whatever you do, stand up to your profession like a man, and never go back on yourself!" His face brightened with a joyous smile, and he quickly replied: "Why, pa, I know nothing about going backward." Some time before this a boy twice his age attacked him with an ugly Barlow knife; but Bertie sprang with the swiftness of a young tiger, snatched the knife from his hand, and threw it far away. Then, with a singular coolness, he calmly delivered him a sound lecture, shaming him for having drawn a knife upon a boy so much smaller than himself, and concluded by saying that he would never speak to him again. When Bertie was about to join the church, the same day he had obtained his father's consent, he sought out the same boy to whom he had not spoken since the trouble, and told him that he felt very much ashamed of himself that he had not spoken to him, and now begged his pardon for having acted so spitefully toward him. He then plead with the boy a long time to come and join the church, and such was his knowledge of the story of the Cross, and such his zeal, that he then won his first convert and together with him formally enlisted in the army of Christ. The icy indifference of the community was melted by the sight of those two youths being baptized, and seventy other persons soon followed their example. The meeting was long remembered as the time of a great revival of religion in the town.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

229. For nine years, as the doctors thought, Mrs. Julia B. Adams had been a hopeless invalid. For six years she had lain in bed, as helpless as an infant, but Monday she walked proudly into Jefferson Market police court and gave evidence that will help to convict the two men who were the unconscious instruments of her restoration. Mrs. Adams lives at 1925 Madison Avenue. The excitement of hearing noises in the night, of the house being aroused, of the discovery that housebreakers had removed $800 worth of silver, worked on her feelings so powerfully that she amazed her family by getting out of bed and walking about the house like one of themselves.—*New York Dispatch.*

230. Mrs. Fadde (Faith-Curist)—How is your grandfather this morning, Bridget?

Bridget—He still has the rheumatics mighty bad, mum.

Mrs. Fadde—You mean he thinks he has the rheumatism. There is no such thing as rheumatism.

Bridget—Yes, mum.

A few days later:

Mrs. Fadde—And does your grandfather still persist in his delusion that he has the rheumatism.

Bridget—No, mum; the poor man thinks now thot he is dead. We buried um yisterday.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

231. Harry—I had a letter to-day from Mrs. Mustudseed, the Christian Scientist, who treated Aunt Hannah.

Dick—What did she have to say?

Harry—Oh, nothing much. She said she was pained because we had not settled with her.

Dick—And of course you replied to her that there is no such thing as pain; that it is only a creature of the imagination?

232. "Think you have no pain, and you will have none!" Is not that true? Sit in the dentist's chair. He knows, out of all that raft of tools, which one will hurt the most. Has not the toothache fled at the thought? This is a fine

phase of that truth. The mind may be so engrossed as to banish the feeling of pain, disease or hunger.

Suppose a person sitting and nursing the neuralgia. The pain is intense. But the house takes fire. At once the pain is forgotten, driven out by the all-engrossing thought.

At the battle of Shiloh men had their fingers shot off, but went on firing, hardly aware of the loss.

Isaac Newton invited a friend to dine. His friend found him so deeply buried in thought that he ate his dinner and went away, not noticed by the great student. When pangs of hunger pressed him, Newton said, "If it were not for the soiled plate and remnants of meat, I would say that I had not eaten my dinner."

Benedict Arnold was lying sick of fever when Ethan Allen came through the town on his way to Ticonderoga. Arnold was a man of indomitable will. He laid that fever on the bed, marched with Allen, and entered the fort by the side of the victor.

The writer was lying wounded in Winchester in 1864, in a room in a hotel, and in the hands of the enemy. In regular rotation one corner after another furnished its dead soldier, and the nurse told him that he would carry him out next. Being unacquainted with the customs of the country, he was not sure but death had a regular round. With lesser wounds others had died by his side. But he stoutly affirmed that he would not die till after watermelon season, and he was skipped in the nightly round of the grim monster.—*Geo. T. Smith, in the Christian Standard.*

233. Douglas Jerrold told the doctor he would not die and leave a wife and dependent children, even on the doctor's advice. He recovered.

Napoleon walked through the plague hospitals when he was in Palestine, and talked to the sick soldiers to show that one need not fear the disease.

That superiority of the mind to the fear of contagion does not justify recklessness. At Santiago an officer was advised to lie down, as the regiment was waiting for the order to advance. He replied that he did not believe

that the bullet was cast that would kill him. Just then he was struck by a Mauser in the head, and killed.

A Parisian woman was bitten by a dog. Some weeks afterward a medical student met her and expressed his surprise that she was alive. He told her that the dog was mad. She turned pale, went home and died.

Byron was told, when quite young, by a gypsy, that he would die at thirty-seven. He did. The physician said that the real obstacle to his recovery was that brooding conviction.

In New York a butcher fell and ran a hook in his side and hung suspended. He was paralyzed with intense pain and terror. The doctor found that the hook had stopped with his clothing; he was scratched. To him the pain and paralysis were real, yet only in the mind. The Christian Scientist says all pain, all disease, is of that nature. Matter does not exist for the thoroughpaced believer in that fad.—*Ib.*

234. A Philadelphian went to his doctor for heart disease. Every time he breathed he could hear the rasping sound, and he was growing weaker. There are forty-eight diseases of the heart, beside puppy-love. The doctor never heard that sound in a man's heart before, and soon located it in the pulley of the patent suspenders. The patient rapidly recovered.

A lady drank a glass of wine. Her host expressed alarm, for a tack had dropped into the goblet. She felt it in her throat, which swelled and was painful. The physician could do nothing, but some one found the tack in the goblet, and her throat healed.

Grief and anxiety have produced cancer. Medical students feel the symptoms and actually fall sick of the diseases whose diagnoses they are studying. A man told his medical adviser why he thought he had appendicitis. The doctor asked him how he knew the symptoms so well. He had been studying it, and that was as near as he was to the disease. The practical deduction from this is: never read a medical advertisement, shun medical almanacs as

the foul and miasmatic breeders of disease. A paternal government, yea, even a robust public sentiment, would, by law, prohibit all these offensive and contagious advertisements which disfigure houses and landscapes and cause more disease than they cure. An editor of our acquaintance, from the necessity of reading the proofs of these medical ads, has felt the symptoms, thought that that nostrum would help him, and bought the medicine.

A doctor placed a thermometer under the tongue of a rheumatic patient. He supposed that was the treatment and told the doctor he felt better. The doctor simply took his temperature every day; the man regained health, and cheerfully paid for salvation.—*Ib.*

235. Another corollary is, never believe you are sick till the evidence is decisive. Then prompt action may save life. Breathing malaria, the system suffers; quinine is then as pious as prayer.

Two men, believing that faith would cure disease, went as missionaries with Bishop Taylor to Africa. The inevitable African fever seized them. One consented to take medicine, though protesting his skepticism. He was saved; to the other, "Charlie, if you will take this medicine, you may recover." "If it is God's will that I shall die," said Charlie, "die I shall. But I shall not take the medicine." He died a martyr. A martyr to what?

Luke the physician doubtless used the imperfect remedies of that day. The apostle James advises the anointing with oil, customary in his time. God uses means in the salvation of the soul, surely not less in the salvation of the body.—*Ib.*

236. Christian Science may become murder. If a child swallows poison, an antidote will save its life. Antitoxine may save its life in diphtheria, for, though it sometimes kills, yet it alone can, in some cases, save.

The babe in fever is not burning to death because of a wrong faith; fever drops will lull the fever, and may lead to recovery.

The griping inside ache which leads the two-year-old to raise cain, and the neighborhood, and his father's memories of bachelorhood's sweet freedom, is more than an inherited belief; it is improper food. The neglected child may die. This fad is responsible for the murder and the unnecessary suffering. Wherefore the State may step in. Some say if people are fools enough to die under quacks, let them die. But the little children? Hence the city of Ottumwa, and the State of Iowa, summoned Schlatter, "the Divine Healer," to answer for practicing medicine without a license. He paid the city fifty dollars, gave bonds to the State, and fled to Chicago, where the laws cease from troubling, and the wicked are at rest.—*Ib.*

237. In "A Journalist's Note-Book" Frank F. Moore tells an amusing and significant story of the influence of imagination upon health. A young civil servant in India, feeling fagged from the excessive heat and from long hours of work, consulted the best doctor within reach. The doctor looked him over, sounded his heart and lungs, and then said gravely: "I will write you to-morrow."

The next day the young man received a letter telling him that his left lung was gone and his heart seriously affected, and advising him to lose no time in adjusting his business affairs. "Of course you may live for weeks," the letter said, "but you had best not leave important matters undecided."

Naturally the young official was dismayed by so dark a prognosis—nothing less than a death-warrant. Within twenty-four hours he was having difficulty with his respiration, and was seized with an acute pain in the region of the heart. He took to his bed with the feeling that he should never arise from it. During the night he became so much worse that his servant sent for the doctor.

"What on earth have you been doing to yourself?" demanded the doctor. "There were no indications of this sort when I saw you yesterday."

"It is my heart, I suppose," weakly answered the patient.

"Your heart!" repeated the doctor. "Your heart was all right yesterday."

"My lungs, then."

"What is the matter with you, man? You don't seem to have been drinking."

"Your letter!" gasped the patient. "You said I had only a few weeks to live."

"Are you crazy?" said the doctor. "I wrote you to take a few weeks' vacation in the hills, and you would be all right."

For reply the patient drew the letter from under the bedclothes, and gave it to the doctor.

"Heavens!" cried that gentleman, as he glanced at it. "This was meant for another man. My assistant misplaced the letters."

The young man at once sat up in bed and made a rapid recovery.

And what of the patient for whom the direful prognosis was intended? Delighted with the report that a sojourn in the hills would set him right, he started at once, and five years later was alive and in fair health.—*Youth's Companion.*

238. "I suppose it was wrong," said a well-known member of the Detroit bar, with a grin, "but I couldn't afford to let the opportunity pass. My wife has become a convert to the mind-cure fad, and for the last month I have heard nothing but the power of mind over matter. I said little, hoping that she would tire of it and drop it. But I was doomed to disappointment, for the longer she harped on it the worse she became.

"This morning she discovered that a water-pipe was leaking, and she went at it with that universal woman's tool, a hair-pin, with the result that she only made the hole larger and caused a small jet of water to be shot into the room. Clapping a finger over the hole to stop the flow of water, she called loudly for me, and when I appeared on the scene I took the situation in at a glance.

"'What's the matter, my dear?' I asked.

"'There's a hole in the pipe,' she gasped; 'get a plug while I hold the water back.'

"'There is no leak there if you will only think so,' I said, soothingly. 'Put your mind on it and remove your finger.'

"'John Henry'—she began, but at that moment her finger slipped and a jet of water hit her in the eye, and the valuable remarks that she was about to make were lost for all time.

"'John,' she snapped, 'can't you see that the wall paper will be ruined if I let go?'

"'Well, my dear,' said I, ignoring her question, 'it is time I was going downstairs; besides, I am afraid that if I remain here I may interfere with the calm, reposeful working of your mind. Convince yourself, my dear, that there is no leak and remove your finger.' With that I left her. I took the precaution, however, to send up a plumber, but from what I heard when I left I am afraid that her mind was far from being in a reposeful mood."—*Detroit Free Press.*

239. Pick out the truth from the rubbish. Count three classes in this conglomeration—the dupes, the dupers and those who would be anything rather than acknowledge Christ. Holiness of mind is faithfulness of the inner man. This has a tremendous influence in retaining vitality and projecting youth far down the years.

A young lady was engaged to a sailor lad in England who sailed away to an ocean grave. She would not believe it. Her mind was unbalanced; she was sent to the asylum. There, until she was seventy, she waited. Time did not exist. She yet believed that she was but twenty, and the delusion was so pathetic that even Father Time had not the courage to chisel age upon her features. At seventy her face looked like the maiden of twenty.

Recognize the neglected truth which Christian Science distorts, and you take away its charm. Cheerfulness, pluck, love, these ward off disease, defy age, and lure back health. Always grow younger and younger.

"Grow old with me, the best is yet to be."

We are journeying toward a fadeless youth; already its glow may shine upon our faces, and its vigor quicken our hearts.—*G. T. Smith.*

CONFESSING CHRIST.

240. The good confession that Jesus is the Christ is the only divine creed. It is the most liberal confession of faith on record. It is the confession of the great fact, the central truth of Christianity. It is truly a confession of faith, not of opinions. It makes no man's opinion a test of fellowship. This creed is disentangled from the innumerable vexed questions of religious strife.

241. Each person may have his preference among the religious philosophies which have been christened after their authors. Holding or withholding assent to any of these doctrines is not vital to Christianity—doesn't necessarily make a good or a bad man. But Christ is vital to Christianity. To confess him as our Saviour is important and does materially improve the character and advance the prospects of sinful men.

242. The same faith that caused us to confess Christ before we were baptized will cause us to confess him afterwards with increasing efficiency as we grow in Christian strength. The confession of our faith in Christ is a continuous duty, and not simply the duty for one occasion. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." But that is not the end of the matter. To those who had confessed and been saved, the apostle says, "Work out your salvation." Though saved to-day, whenever we renounce our faith in Christ we are lost again. Confession is not simply a church ordinance, like baptism, once for all, but a perpetual duty and privilege.

243. Men have sometimes to show their tickets. Sometimes I have been with men who, in reply to a question or

demand, "Show your tickets," have grumbled out in a kind of half-sleepy way, "Season," and the porter, somehow, has not quite believed them, and he has said, "I must look at it, sir, if you please." Yes, a man can not take a ticket at the beginning, and call out "Season" to everybody that asks him what right he has to be there. He must renew his position—he must renew his claim—he must again and again do certain things that will give him further hold and lease upon public confidence and social honor. It can not be done once for all. My dear young friends, you can not in your teens do something that will save all your after-life from any further service. You may take a good long spell at once; you may do some noble thing that will go on sounding and reduplicating for a few years; but you must again and again renew yourselves, and prove that your manhood is not stagnant, but a continuous and mighty development.—*Christian Chronicle.*

244. "A little girl had been rummaging in her mother's trunk. There she found a 'church letter' which her mother had neglected to present to the church into whose neighborhood she had moved. The little explorer rushed into her mother's presence, shouting: 'Oh, mamma, I have found your religion in your trunk!' There is a needle-like point in that story for a great many people." That mother had confessed Christ some time, somewhere, but her life had been such a repudiation of her profession that even her own child was surprised to accidentally come across her "religion in her trunk."

245. Polycarp, who was a disciple of St. John, seems to have caught the Christ-spirit under persecution. When he was arraigned for trial, the proconsul said, "Reproach Christ and I will release thee." Polycarp, looking upward toward heaven, said, "Eighty and six years have I served Him, and He hath never wronged me, and how can I blaspheme my King who hath saved me?" "I have wild beasts," said the proconsul, "and I will expose you to them unless you recant." "Call them," said the martyr.

"I will tame your spirit by fire," said the Roman. "You threaten me," said Polycarp, "with the fire which burns only for a moment, and are yourself ignorant of the fire of eternal punishment reserved for the ungodly." Soon after, being bound on the burning stake, he thanked God for the honor of the martyr's fate.—*Treasury.*

246. A great many years ago a Roman emperor said to a Greek architect, "Build me a Coliseum, and when it is done I will make your name famous through all the world." The work was done and a great host was gathered in the Coliseum to celebrate it. And then they brought out some Christians, who were ready to die for the truth, and the emperor said, "The Coliseum is done, and we have come to celebrate it to-day by the putting to death of Christians, and we have come here to honor the architect." Whereupon, the Greek architect sprang to his feet and shouted, "I also am a Christian." And they flung him to the wild beasts. Could you have confessed Christ in that way?—*Treasury.*

247. Something more than fifty years ago there was a small dinner party at the other end of Jordan. The ladies had withdrawn, and, under the guidance of one member of the company, the conversation took a turn of which it will be enough here and now to say that it was utterly dishonorable to Jesus Christ our Lord. One of the guests said nothing, but presently asked the host permission to ring the bell, and when the servant appeared, he ordered his carriage. He then, with the courtesy of perfect self-command, expressed his regret at being obliged to retire, but explained that he was still a Christian. Mark the phrase, for it made a deep impression at the time—"Still a Christian." Perhaps it occurs to you that the guest who was capable of this act of simple courage must have been a bishop, or at least a clergyman. The party was made up entirely of laymen, and the guest in question became the great prime minister of the early days of the reign of Queen Victoria—he was the late Sir Robert Peel.—*Canon H. P. Liddon, D. D.*

248. One of Frederick the Great's best generals was Hans Joachim von Zietan. He was never ashamed of his faith. Once he declined an invitation to come to his royal master's table, because, on that day, he wished to present himself at the table of his Lord and Master Jesus Christ. It was sacrament day. The next time he appeared at the palace the king, whose infidel tendencies were well known, made use of some profane expressions about the Lord's Supper, and the other guests laughed at the remarks made on the occasion. Zietan shook his gray beard solemnly, stood up, saluted the king, and then said with a firm voice, "Your Majesty knows well that in war I have never feared any danger, and everywhere have boldly risked my life for you and my country. But there is one above us who is greater than you and me—greater than all men; he is the Saviour and Redeemer, who has died also for Your Majesty, and has dearly bought us all with his own blood. This holy One I can never allow to be mocked or insulted, for on him repose my faith, my comfort, and my hope in life and death. In the power of this faith your brave army has courageously fought and conquered. If Your Majesty undermines this faith, you undermine at the same time the welfare of your state. I salute Your Majesty." This open confession of his Saviour by Zietan made a powerful impression on the king, who felt that he had been wrong in his attack on the faith of his general, and he was not ashamed to own it to his brave old general before all his other guests.—*British Workman.*

249. An Ohio lawyer once came home and said: "Wife, I have been converted; let us put up the family altar." "Husband," said she, trying to keep him from talking so loud, "there are three lawyers in the parlor; perhaps we had better go into the kitchen to have prayer." "Wife," said he, "I never invited the Lord Jesus into my house before, and I shall not take him into the kitchen." He went into the parlor, and astonished the three lawyers by confessing that he had given his heart to Christ and had found salvation, and asked them to join in prayer

with him. God takes care of a man when he thus honors him. For many years that new convert who took Christ into his parlor was the chief justice of the United States Supreme Court—John McLean.—*Louis Banks.*

250. In a meeting to pray for Garfield's recovery, one of the classmates said, "Twenty-six years ago to-night, and at this very hour, our class were on the top of Graylock to spend the Fourth of July. As we were about to lie down to sleep, Garfield took out his pocket Testament and said, 'I am in the habit of reading a chapter every night at this time with my mother. Shall I read aloud?' They assented, and when he had read he asked the oldest member of the class to pray. And there, in the night, and on the mountain-top, we prayed with him for whom we are now assembled to pray."

251. All manifestations of bravery in confessing Christ have not been among the great and wise. Many of them have been in the home, where we meet those of whom we are most afraid. Talmage says: "There is a good woman I very well know in America who saved the daughter of one of our mightiest millionaires, who attended her Bible-class. My friend showed her the way into the kingdom of God, and the young woman went back home and said to her father: 'Father, I am going to join the church next Sunday, and I want you to go.' 'No,' he said; 'I never go to church.' 'Oh,' she said, 'you will go. I want you to come and join the church.' 'Oh, no; you and your mother can attend to that; I can not go.' 'Well, now,' said the daughter, 'if I were to be married, would you not go to church?' 'Oh, yes.' 'Well, I am going to take a more important step than that. Now, father, won't you go to church?' He went and has been going ever since."

252. A Michigan town was blessed with a good revival. The evangelist at an afternoon meeting had asked the children to rise who would stand by the work and the Lord Jesus. In the home of an elegant family this conversation took place later in the day between a little child and her mother: "Mamma, we've got to have a blessing asked at

our table." "How so, my child?" "Well, I promised this afternoon to stand by this work and to stand by the Lord, and Mr. K. said we must pray and thank God for our food, and I think I'll have to do it, as you don't and pa don't. So, if you'll speak to pa about it, I'll ask the blessing." The fact was reported to the husband, who said: "Well, it won't hurt to let the child have her own way. We ought to be glad that she is inclined to be religious. We can stand it." So at the supper table the little one was allowed to take up the task that had been unperformed in that home. She did it about like this: "O Lord, bless us all, and have mercy upon us. There's father, he isn't a Christian. And there's mother, she isn't a Christian. Bless them. I've promised to stand by you in this work, and to stand by the meetings. Bless me. Amen." By the time the blessing was closed, four eyes were filled with tears, and the mother's heart opened for the coming in of the King of glory; and the mother, as well as the child, is a bright convert to-day.

253. Christ expects us to begin witnessing for him from the first moment of our new life. Some make the mistake of thinking to wait until they become stronger. J. Hudson Taylor tells of a young Christian who had received Christ as his Saviour, but who said to the missionary that he would wait until he learned more about Him before making a public profession. "Well," said Mr. Taylor, "I have another question to ask you: when you light a candle, do you light it to make the candle more comfortable?" "Certainly not," said he, "but in order that it may give light." "When it is half burnt down, do you expect that it will first become useful?" "No; as soon as I light it." "Very well," he said, "go thou and do likewise; begin at once." Shortly after that there were fifty native Christians in the town as the result of that man's work.

254. A physician, in an account of his work among hospital children, says: "One little fellow had to have some dead bone removed from his arm. He got well, and per-

haps thought I had taken a good deal of interest in him. The morning he was to leave he sent for me. When I reached his bed, I bent over him. 'Well, Willie,' I said, 'did you want to see me specially?' The little fellow reached his hand up and laid it on my shoulder as I bent over him, and whispered, 'My mamma will never hear the last about you.' Could any one express gratitude more beautifully?" And so ought we never to let the world hear the last of God's blessings on us.

255. A friend who is deeply interested in work for Christ among our sailors, told me that at the close of a prayer-meeting of which he had been the leader, a young seaman, who had only a few nights before been converted, came up to him, and, laying a blank card before him, requested him to write a few words upon it, because, as he said, "you will do it more plainly than I can." "What must I write?" said my friend. "Write these words, sir: 'I love Jesus—do you?'" After he had written them, my friend said, "Now you must tell me what you are going to do with the card." He replied, "I am going to sea to-morrow, and I am afraid if I do not take a stand at once I may begin to be ashamed of my religion, and let myself be laughed out of it altogether. Now, as soon as I go on board, I shall walk straight to my bunk and nail up this sign upon it, that every one may know that I am a Christian, and may give up all hope of making me either ashamed or afraid of adhering to the Lord."—*Clerical Library.*

256. I remember hearing of a young convert who got up to say something for Christ in the open air. Not being accustomed to speak, he stammered a good deal at first, when an infidel came right along and shouted out, "Young man, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, standing and talking like that." "Well," the young man replied, "I'm ashamed of myself, but *I am not ashamed of Christ.*" That was a good answer.—*Moody.*

257. We can not but admire the spirit of the Scotch-woman who, when asked many questions by her minister on her application for communion, could not answer one; and on retiring, by his advice, to learn something, turned to him, and with tears on her cheeks said, "Sir, sir, I canna speak for Christ, but I can *dee* for him."

258. A young lady called to see a friend who was ill, and on leaving, one of the children, a sweet, intelligent little girl, took her downstairs. She was her own special favorite and pet, and yet, being naturally of an extremely reserved disposition, she had never spoken one word to her on the subject of religion. Looking down into the thoughtful, loving eyes, under a sudden impulse she asked the question: "Maud, my darling, do you love Jesus?" To her astonishment, the child stopped abruptly, and drawing her into a room which they were passing, she shut the door, and, clinging closely to her, burst into a flood of tears. Looking up at last, with a glad, happy face, she said: "Miss Alice, I have been praying for six months that you would speak to me of Jesus, and now you have! Every time I have been to your house I hoped you would say something, and I was beginning to think you never would." It was a keen reproach to her friend and one that she never forgot.—*Treasury.*

259. We confess Christ when we partake of the emblems at the communion table. We deny him if we refuse, or if we willfully stay away. But all our friends are not present to witness such a confession of faith. "Why, Mary, I never dreamed you were a member of the church, or that you thought yourself a Christian!" So said the friend of a young lady, who had seen her go to the communion table, there to receive the tokens of the Saviour's love. She had been with her associates not only in society, but in every form of fashionable and worldly amusement, and no one of them had ever dreamed that she was, or that she thought herself, a disciple of Christ. Alas! she had forgotten her obligation to be known to all as a follower of the Saviour, and so to live that her example might point others to him.

260. "Tom, you're the sort of Christian I like." The speaker was a young man of no religious profession. His companion was a church-member in good and regular standing. "You're the sort of a Christian I like. You never seem to bother yourself about a fellow's soul." The words were lightly spoken, but they pierced like an arrow. If we had listened at Tom's chamber door that night, we would have heard something like this: "O God, forgive me that I seemed indifferent to the welfare of my friends! Help me to trouble myself more and more about them! Give me a passion for souls!"

261. How few of us in our social intercourse with friends and acquaintances bear unequivocal testimony to our Christian discipleship! And if we did, would we not often add to the strength and comfort of those with whom we associate? One relates: "I have a friend, Judge C——, an excellent gentleman, eminent in his profession. Once a year, or oftener, he was visited in the way of business by a gentleman from Texas, and a cordial friendship sprang up between the two, founded on esteem. During one of these annual visits, at the conclusion of the business, the Texas gentleman said, 'Judge C——, we have known each other for many years. I have the highest regard for you as a man of honor, and I have no doubt you have an equal regard for me. In all this acquaintance, I am ashamed to confess I have never inquired whether you are consecrated to the service of the Master I love, nor do I know.' The judge was completely broken down. 'God forgive me,' he cried. The ice was broken. The two Christian brothers with flowing tears and clasped hands begged each other's pardon, and there on their knees, upon the dusty office floor, they held a blessed prayer-meeting, one never to be forgotten by either of the participants." If we have friends who do not know that we are Christians, we would better start such an experience and prayer meeting as that.

262. I do not mean that we must put in all our time in shouting. It has been said, "The stars do not shout, they only shine." Any Christian, however obscure, can be

a light to those around him, and thus attract and guide men to the harbor of peace. "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father in heaven."

263. The atheist who spent a few days with the saintly Fenelon said: "If I stay here much longer, I shall become a Christian in spite of myself." Fenelon had used no word of controversy, or even of solicitation. It was the quiet, convincing argument of a holy life that led to the remark.

264. If we would only be as faithful in our religious life as many are in their earthly and business life, fewer souls would be stranded on the reefs of eternity. One night the keeper of the lighthouse on a rocky coast was taken ill and was unable to attend the light. The machinery became disordered and the light failed to revolve. A storm swept the dangerous coast and the keeper's boy, a mere lad, climbed up to the lamp and during all the long hours of the stormy night turned with his own hands the lantern. In the morning it was learned that two vessels with seven hundred souls on board had been able to make the harbor by the aid of the revolving light that had been kept in motion by the often tired but ever-vigilant boy. Unconsciously the faithful boy had been the means of saving hundreds of lives, and all because he kept the light where it could be seen.

265. We can shine in the literature that we circulate. Spurgeon says: "I have very seldom found it to be a lost thing to give a present of a Testament. I was greatly astonished about a month ago. A cabman drove me home, and when I paid him his fare he said: 'A long time since I drove you last, sir.' 'But,' said I, 'I do not recollect you.' 'Well,' he said, 'I think it was fourteen years ago; but perhaps you will know this Testament?' pulling one out of his pocket. 'What,' I said, 'did I give you that?' 'Oh, yes,' he said, 'and you spoke to me about my soul, and nobody had done that before, and I have never forgotten it.' 'What,' said I, 'haven't you worn it out?' 'No,' he

said, 'I could not wear it out; I have had it bound!' and he kept it very carefully indeed."

266. We can confess Christ by rebuking sin in the proper spirit. In England a minister was traveling in a railway carriage with some betting men. Presently he managed to engage one in a friendly conversation. "Pardon me," said the minister, "I mean no offense, but I presume you are a betting man." He replied that he was. "Have you any children?" asked our friend. "Yes," was the reply, "I have a lad of fourteen; as bonnie a lad as you wish to see." "Would you like him to follow your occupation?" was the next question, and the big tears gathered in the man's eyes as he replied, "I would rather bury him." At the next station the betting men all left the carriage, but before the train started again, the man who had been addressed came back to the carriage and said, "I would like to shake hands with you; I shall not forget what you have said. Nobody ever spoke to me as you have done."

267. "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." A word written for Christ is also beautiful. It is a silent confession of Christ, but it may be richly blessed in leading others to confess him. A lady, once writing to a young man in the navy, who was almost a stranger, thought, "Shall I close this as anybody would, or shall I say a word for my Master?" and, lifting up her heart for a moment, she wrote, telling him that his constant change of scene and place was an apt illustration of the word, "Here we have no continuing city," and asked if he could say, "I seek one to come." Tremblingly she folded it and sent it off. Back came the answer, "Thank you so much for those kind words! I am an orphan, and no one has spoken to me like that since my mother died, long years ago." The arrow shot at venture hit home, and the young man shortly after rejoiced in the fullness of the blessing of the gospel of peace.

268. In the early days of Christianity they who confessed Christ became witnesses for Christ, and so many of them died for their profession that they gave new meaning to the word "witness," making it equivalent to martyr.

269. Confessing Christ with the mouth is only preparatory to confessing him with all our ransomed powers. Our time, our talent and our love are to be consecrated to convince the world that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God.

CONSECRATION.

270. Harry goes to church regularly. What is more, he tries to listen to the preacher. And when he comes back home he often has a good many questions to ask. To-day he wished to know what "firstfruits" were. So his mother told him how, in early times, when the harvest came, it was the law among God's people to first bring some of the fruit of the land as a gift to God, before they used any of it.

"Do you think you understand, Harry?" she asked him, when she had finished.

"I guess so," Harry said.

The next day when he started for school he had a brand-new rope over his arm and a brand-new sled on the snow behind him. It was a beautiful, big sled, painted a lovely crimson. Harry's uncle had brought it to him on Saturday, but he was just getting well from a cold then and could not use it, so that this was its first trip. When he got to the gate, instead of going toward school, he went the other way. His mother saw him from the window. He went around the corner to the house where Katie Knowles lives. Poor little Katie is a cripple, and this morning she was very sad, for she dearly loved to go to school, and her mother had said it was too slippery for her to venture out to-day. She was trying hard to be good and not cry, when she heard a stamping of snow on the front porch, and then Harry's voice saying:

"Mrs. Knowles, may I take Katie to school on my new sled? I'll bring her home, and I'll be very careful of her."

"You are sure you'll be careful of her?" Mrs. Knowles asked.

"Yes, ma'am, I will," said Harry; "I'll walk real slowly."

Katie was wrapped up and put on the sled.

Harry's mother was still looking out as they went by. He waved his hand and said something and she raised the window to hear it.

"Mother," said Harry, "I've got Katie on my sled for my firstfruits. Isn't that the right understanding of it?"

Was it?—*S. S. Evangelist.*

271. To consecrate literally means to "fill the hands." One who dedicated himself or his gift to God filled his hands with offerings and sacrifices as visible tokens of his vow to God. That, I suppose, is the origin of the Christian Endeavor custom of taking a collection at consecration meetings. We should see that it is a genuine sacrifice, honestly proportionate with our means. Christ is our great example of consecration. As his consecrating gift, in proof of his love, he gave himself.

272. It is related in Roman history, when the people of Collatia stipulated about their surrender to the authority and protection of Rome, the question asked was, "Do you deliver up yourselves, the Collatine people, your city, your fields, your water, your bounds, your temples, your utensils, all things that are yours, both human and divine, into the hands of the people of Rome?" And on their replying, "We deliver you all," they were received.

273. Bring forth everything separately—yourself, your family, your reputation, your property; relinquish all claim, and surrender the whole to God, to use and to enjoy them only as he directs, and with reference to his glory, never to withdraw what you solemnly covenant shall be only his.—*Dr. R. S. Foster.*

274. A celebrated philosopher of antiquity, who was accustomed to receive large sums from his pupils in return for his instructions, was one day accosted by an indigent youth who requested admission into the number of his disciples. "And what," said the sage, "will you give me in return?" "I will give you myself," was the reply. "I

accept the gift," replied the sage, "and engage to restore you to yourself at some future period much more valuable than you are at present."

275. A brother, going to spend a day in a large city, said to his invalid sister, "Can I buy anything for you, dear? I do want so much to bring you something." She interrupted him, "Nothing, dear; don't bring anything. I only want you. Come home as soon as you can." All that day her words rang in his ears, "I only want you." My friend, have you sometimes wanted to give to the Father prayers, tears, money and service? Earnest devotion and fervent prayers will be acceptable evidence of a loving heart all his.

276. Archbishop Hare was once, when tutor of Trinity College, giving a lecture, when a cry of "Fire" was raised. Away rushed his pupils, and forming themselves into a line between the building, which was close at hand, and the river, passed buckets from one to another. The tutor, quickly following, found them thus engaged. At the end of the line one youth was standing in the river. He was delicate, and looked consumptive. "What!" cried Mr. Hare; "you in the water, Sterling; you, so liable to take cold?" "Somebody must be in it," the youth answered, "why not I as well as another?" The spirit of this answer is that of all great and generous doing. Cowardice and coldness, too, say, "Oh, somebody will do it," and the speaker sits still. But nobility of character, looking at necessary things, says, "Somebody must do it, why not I?"

277. Nothing more shows the divinity of the gospel than the sacrifices it prompts its true follower to make for the good of others. Dr. Vanderhemp was a distinguished physician. For some years he was a skeptic, but he was converted. When converted, he gave up all for Christ, and sailed for South Africa, where he labored amongst the natives for thirteen years with singular self-denial. The venerable Moffat says of him: "He came from a university to teach the alphabet to the poor, naked Hottentot; from the society of nobles to associate with beings of the lowest

grade of humanity; from stately mansions to the filthy hovel of the greasy African; from the study of medicine to become a guide to the Balm of Gilead and the Physician there; and, finally, from a life of earthly honor and ease to be exposed to perils of waters, of robbers, of his own countrymen, of the heathen, in the city and in the wilderness."

278. One night a frightful storm raged around the Longstone Lighthouse. A steamer crashed on a neighboring rock. In the lighthouse was a young girl of twenty-two and her father. They immediately launched their little boat in that tempestuous sea, and the young girl took the oars. After desperate efforts they reached the rocks, to which nine poor wretches clung. They took them into their frail coble, and such was the violence of wind and wave that it took them nearly the whole day to get back to the lighthouse, and there they safely landed them, and for three days and nights they tended and consoled them. Is there one here who has not heard that young girl's name? It was Grace Darling, and from the humblest cottage of England her heroic deed awakened a transport of enthusiasm.—*Farrar.*

279. John Maynard was well known as a God-fearing pilot on Lake Erie. He had charge of a steamer from Detroit to Buffalo, one summer afternoon. Smoke was seen ascending from below, and the captain called out, "Simpson, go down and see what that smoke is!" He came back with his face as pale as ashes, and said, "Captain, the ship is on fire!" "Fire! fire! fire!" instantly resounded in all directions. All hands were called up. Buckets of water were dashed upon the flames, but in vain. There were large quantities of rosin and tar on board; and it was useless to try to save the ship. The passengers rushed forward and inquired of the pilot, "How far are we from land?" "Seven miles." "How long before we reach it?" "Three-quarters of an hour, at our present rate of steam." "Is there any danger?" "Danger enough here! See the smoke bursting out! Go forward if you would save your lives!" Passengers and crew, men, women and children

crowded to the forward part of the ship. John Maynard stood at his post. The flames burst forth in a sheet of fire; clouds of smoke arose. The captain called out through his trumpet, "John Maynard!" "Ay, ay, sir," responded the brave tar. "How does she head?" "Southeast by east, sir." "Head her southeast and run her on shore." Again the captain cried out, "John Maynard!" The response came feebly, "Ay, ay, sir!" "Can you hold on five minutes longer, John?" "By God's help, I will!" The old man's hair was scorched from the scalp, one hand was disabled, and his teeth were set; yet he stood firm as a rock. He beached the ship. Every man, woman and child was saved, as John Maynard dropped overboard and his spirit took its flight to God.—*J. B. Gough.*

280. Entire consecration embraces three things—being, doing and suffering. We must be willing to be, to do and to suffer all that God requires. This embraces reputation, friends, property and time. It covers body, mind and soul. These are to be used when, where and *as* God requires, and only as he requires.—*W. McDonald.*

281. Perhaps there are no words which express more clearly the manner of performing this work than "altar" and "sacrifice." We are required to offer our "bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God." We are "sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ, once for all."—*Ib.*

282. An incident is related of a missionary and a proud and powerful Indian chief. The chief was convicted of sin. Trembling under a sense of guilt, he approached the missionary and proffered his belt of wampum to be freed from his crushing fears. "No," said the missionary, "Christ can not accept such a sacrifice." The Indian departed, but soon returned, offering his rifle and the skins he had taken in hunting. "No," was the reply, "Christ can not accept such a sacrifice." Again the Indian went away, but soon returned once more with a troubled conscience, and offered his wigwam, wife, child, everything, for peace and pardon. "No," was still the reply, "Christ can not accept such a sacrifice." The chief seemed oppressed with

surprise for a moment; then, lifting up tearful eyes to the face of the missionary, he feelingly cried out, "Here, Lord, take poor Indian too." Henceforth he regarded himself, and all that he had, as belonging to the Lord.—*Foster.* That was something like Paul's idea of consecration. He regarded himself as a slave to Christ.

283. At an organ recital a great composer was present in the organ loft. During the performance the organ-blower was taken ill, and immediately the composer stepped forward and took his place at the bellows, so that there was no break in the music. At the close of the performance, some who found out what had occurred, remonstrated with the composer for doing such menial work. "Menial work!" cried he; "I love music so much that nothing I can do for it seems menial." Such a spirit should characterize the followers of Christ.

284. True consecration consists in being willing even to be sacrificed for the cause to which we have consecrated ourselves. Some one tells of a leader who threw some variety into the prayer-meeting one night by suggesting that they consider the church, for the time being, a locomotive engine, and asking each one what part he would prefer to be. One thought he would like to be the whistle, and wake up the sleepy land; another would choose the bell to clang out "all aboard." Of course, there was a taker for the drive-wheels and the headlight; the cow-catcher also came in, and even the safety-valve and the lever. But the man who did the most for the church, a humble member, who gave away about $1.200 out of a salary of $2,000, was not saying anything. "What would you rather be?" at last the pastor inquired, looking directly at him. "Oh, anything," he said; "if the fireman wanted a shovelful of coal, he could throw me in to help make things go."

285. As, when we rescue a man from a burning building, and the ladder will not reach those that are in peril, the fireman stands on the top rung of the ladder and adds his own length, over which men and women climb down into safety, so if you are going to save poor, dying men, your length has got to be added. You have got to have the self-

sacrifice of the Carthaginian maidens when they cut off their raven ringlets that they might be braided into bow-strings for Hannibal's archers; or of the Tyrian maidens, when they sacrificed their golden hair for cordage for the Tyrian navy.—*Pierson.*

286. After the battle of Bunker Hill a courier rode breathlessly up to General Washington at Cambridge and announced the news. The great general asked one question —only one. He did not inquire who commanded, nor how many were killed, nor even whether the British were finally repulsed. He simply said: *"Did the militia stand fire?"* The messenger said they did. "Then," was his comment, "we shall win our independence." He recognized the fact that the success of the struggle depended not so much upon the generals as upon the courage and determination of the rank and file. Just so in the church. If the members are consecrated and diligent, Christ's cause will march on conquering and to conquer.

287. Three years ago there lived in our neighborhood a beautiful girl who had a rare musical talent and an ambition that promised a brilliant future. The other day we met her—a pale, thin, careworn woman trying to soothe a fretting child. Pressing inquiry drew forth by littles the history of the intervening years. A sister had died, leaving several helpless children. Shortly afterward a brother died, leaving as many more. No older relative appeared willing to assume the care of the orphans, and this slip of a girl, without a moment's hesitation, laid aside her studies and her ambition, and took them all on heart and hands—giving her life that they might have a mother's care. There is more heroism in our quiet homes than poets ever dreamed of.—*Richmond Advocate.*

288. One of the secrets of victory is to have soldiers so consecrated to the cause they are fighting for that they are indifferent to personal suffering. Here is a beautiful instance: At the battle at Scarytown, Va., a soldier by the name of John Haven, the pet of the company, was wounded. When the captain saw him fall he ran and picked him up and conveyed him to a place of safety.

"Never mind me, captain," he cried, "but don't let that flag go down." With such soldiers as these, God could soon have the world conquered.

289. There is an old saying that the dog that is in pursuit will not feel slighted if you do neglect to speak to him. It is equally true that the in-earnest Christian is not the one who is continually being slighted by the preacher and everybody in general.—*The Lookout.*

290. The heroic lighthouse keeper determined, when the machinery broke down, to work the light and keep it revolving by hand. For twelve long hours every night he sat there in the turret, with his watch beside him, and turned the light at the right moment. Vessels away out at sea saw the flashes at the proper intervals, and went safely on their course. It was nearly a year before the Government vessel came to the dreary spot with new supplies. During all that time there was sickness in the keeper's family. His children lay ill unto death, and all day long he watched and nursed them; then, as night fell on the rock-bound coast, he hastened to his place in the turret to turn the light by hand.

291. What is sadly wanted in many Christian lives is the power that comes from a holy enthusiasm. It is said that, after the battle of Lookout Mountain, General Grant sent to General Wood and asked, "Did you order that charge?" He said, "No." To Hooker and to Sheridan the same query was put, and from them the same response was received. The fact was, the men were filled with such heroic enthusiasm that no power in the world could stop them. They sprang from rock to rock. They defied danger and death itself. The victory was won! Then, in the bewildering joy they felt, they sat down, pounded their knees, and cried in gladness at the thought of their complete and hard-earned triumph.

292. At the battle of the Alma, at a critical moment, an English ensign perceived that a particular hilltop was the key to the whole position. Whoever took and kept possession of it was master of the field. Without the

slightest hesitation, the brave officer scaled the height, and at once displayed his colors. They were hardly seen when, from all quarters, his comrades shouted to him: "Bring the colors down to the troops." Without stirring an inch, the dauntless soldier returns the bold answer: "Bring the troops up to the colors." The command is given, and the English come off victorious, and subsequently, with their allies, vanquished the Russians. In the battle of life we should never lower or fall back with the colors of our Christian profession, but demand that every faculty of our natures come up to their sublime requirements.

293. If any person were mentioned to Gray, the poet, as a man of ability, of genius, or of science, he always inquired, "Is he good for anything?"—*Life of Gray.*

294. There is much insight in the simple prayer which is taught in some of the religious communities of France: "O God! grant that this day I may be useful to some one!" My friends, our Christian life is dwarfed and maimed, our following of Christ is halting and weak, if we are only expanding selfishness into infinitude by confining our religious life to our own enjoyment.

295. Consecration is not wrapping one's self in a holy web in the sanctuary, and then coming forth after prayer and twilight meditation, and saying, "There, I am consecrated." Consecration is going out into the world where God Almighty is, and using every power for his glory. It is taking all advantages as trust funds—as confidential debts owed to God. It is simply dedicating one's life, in its whole flow, to God's service.—*Beecher.*

296. A soldier who went to war took with him some of the small instruments of his craft—he was a watchmaker and repairer—thinking to make some extra shillings while in camp. He did so. He found plenty of watches to mend, and almost forgot that he was a soldier. One day, when ordered off on some duty, he exclaimed, "Why, how can I go? I've got ten watches to mend!" Some Christians are so absorbed in self-seeking that they are ready to say to the Master's call, "I pray thee have me excused." They

are nominally soldiers of Christ, but really only watchmakers.

297. In one of the West India islands they tell us that often articles of furniture, or other pieces of timber used in dwellings or shops, have a very solid look. If a heavy pressure is put upon these apparently sound pieces of wood, they snap asunder and a fine, white powder fills the air. The reason is that a little worm has eaten its way stealthily into the heart of the wood, and slowly devoured its fiber until there is nothing left but a hollow shell. This is the history of all backsliding. Desertions from chastity, from sobriety, from integrity in business, are the results of gradual corruption at the core of the heart. And as Carlyle once pungently said, "It is astonishing how long a rotten tree will stand if nobody shakes it."—*Sermon Illustrator.*

298. Body, how hast thou fared to-day?
"I have had the best that the world can give;
With my costly feasting and rich array,
Where is the prince who could better live?"

And how has it been with thee, O soul?
"I have lived on a crust or two of prayer,
And had not a vestment that was whole—
Ah! how much worse could a beggar fare?"
—*S. S. Times.*

299. "Isn't that lovely?" asked a young girl, holding up a large and most elaborately embroidered table-mat for the admiration of a friend.

"It is very pretty indeed," said the lady. "It must have taken you a long time to embroider it."

"Indeed, it did!" was the almost triumphant reply. "Why, do you know I kept an exact account of the time I spent on that cloth, and it aggregated nearly four weeks, allowing eight hours to each day!"

Later in the conversation, the fact was developed that this young lady had given up a class of little girls in the primary department of a mission Sunday-school because she "simply had no time in which to prepare the lesson."—*The Dayspring.*

300. Sentiment is not life; and many approve sentiments who never attempt to follow them. "I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." This is a beautiful sentiment; but suppose we thus translate it, "I had rather be a hodcarrier to build a church for God, than to act as architect to build a palace for myself." The sentiment is none the less beautiful, but it jars upon the nerves because it is so practical. Let your Christianity be a matter of life, and not of dreams and fancies.—*The Lookout.*

301. We are told that in the prairies of South America there grows a flower that always inclines in the same direction. The traveler may lose his way while crossing one of these prairies, and he may have neither compass nor chart by which to steer his course; but, turning to this lowly flower, he will find a guide on which he can implicitly rely; for no matter how heavily the rains may fall, or how violently the winds may blow, its leaves and petals invariably droop toward the north. If, whilst we live, we subserve a purpose analogous to that of this humble flower, we shall not have lived in vain. If we live to God, if we turn to him in faith and love and prayer and service—as the prairie flower turns toward the north—some, seeing our good works, our comely life, will be led to glorify our Father who is in heaven.—*F. E. Marsh.*

302. A converted cowboy gives this as his idea of what religion is: "Lots of folks that would really like to do right think that servin' the Lord means shoutin' themselves hoarse praisin' his name. Now, I'll tell you how I look at that. I'm workin' for Jim here. Now, if I'd sit around the house here, tellin' what a good fellow Jim is, and singin' songs to him, and gettin' up in the night to serenade him, I'd be doin' just like what lots of Christians do, but I wouldn't suit Jim, and I'd get fired mighty quick. But when I buckle on my straps and hustle among the hills and see that Jim's herd is all right, and not sufferin' for water and feed, or bein' off the range and branded by cow thieves, then I'm servin' Jim as he wants to be served."

303. One of our brethren now present is a fireman; and, as he lives at the fire-station, he is always on duty. I asked him if he was not off duty during certain hours of every day; but he said, "No; I am never off duty." He is on duty when he goes to bed, he is on duty while he is eating his breakfast, he is on duty if he walks down the street. Any time the bell may ring the alarm, he must be in his place and hasten to the fire. So is there never a moment in the life of a Christian when he is not "on duty" and should not be ready to obey any call that comes from God for his service.—*Spurgeon.*

304. A good suggestion is made in an unidentified clipping. It is this: "On the night of consecration meeting, instead of the members assembling for prayer at roll-call, they shall each visit some non-church-goer and bring him to church. Wouldn't that delight the preacher's heart? It would be well pleasing also to the Lord Jesus. It would be practical consecration. One thing is sure: As long as a minister speaks to empty pews there is work for the Endeavor Society. Let some society that is not afraid of 'innovations,' try this scheme."

305. It is to be feared that many of our protestations of consecration really mean nothing, because we mean that we will do for God what we like to do, and what is pleasant to do, and nothing more. Some one likens such consecration to a horse that he once possessed: "I had a horse once that was a trifling horse—one of those high-bred blooded horses; but he would not work at anything in the world except a red-striped buggy. Hitch him to a wagon and he would not pull a hen off a roost; he was no good at all. But hitch him to a red-striped buggy, he would just trot it off at a three-minute gait. How like many members of the church! Hitch them to a prayer-meeting, and, bless your soul! they won't budge; hitch them to a family prayer, and they won't work at all; but Sunday morning hitch them to a red-striped buggy, and they will go down the road lickityspindle!"

306. Sometimes even the brute creation shames us by their faithfulness. Henry Ward Beecher once, when about

to take a ride, said to the man who brought the horse: "That is a fine-looking animal; is he as good as he looks?" The man replied: "Mr. Beecher, that is the best horse in our stable. He will work in any place you put him, and he can do anything any horse can." The great preacher eyed him for a moment with increased admiration, and then humorously remarked: "I wish to goodness he was a member of our church."

307. It is remarkable how little we give to God in comparison with what we waste on self. A pastor spent thirty minutes urging a lady of his church to give him a contribution for Foreign Missions. Finally, a check was handed him for two dollars. Looking at it, he glanced up, and in subdued but earnest tones said: "A check from a hand wearing five hundred dollars' worth of diamonds should be larger than this if the wearer belongs to Christ." The check was made larger, but even then not large compared with the diamonds.

308. A little girl, watching a regiment of soldiers marching down the street, turned to her mother as the last section of the band went past, and asked with a note of impatience in her voice, "Mamma, what are soldiers for if they can't play?" The child had lost sight of, or really had never understood, the fact that the real business of the soldier is not to make a part of an attractive spectacular performance. In our very laudable desire to make the church attractive, we often make a similar mistake. The real business of the church is to save souls and not to furnish an attraction that will draw "the best people in town" into its charmed circle.—*The Lookout.*

309. "See that Jesus gets it all," was the dying wish of a little girl who had saved forty-eight cents to give to the mission school. How different with false consecration!

310. In 1478 a solemn deed was drawn up, signed, sealed and recorded, in which Louis XI. conveyed to the Virgin Mary the whole country of Boulogne, France, but reserved to himself, for his own use, all the revenues thereof. He deluded himself with the idea that he had done a generous and pious thing by the Virgin, when

he had done nothing. This king has a long line of followers to-day, who professedly give all to God, but in reality give him nothing. If vengeance should be exercised, the fate of Ananias would fall upon many. If we are the principal, devoted to God, he has a right to expect his interest from time to time.

311. Travelers tell us of a tree in tropical countries, the inner parts of which are sometimes eaten out by ants, while the bark and leaves remain apparently as fresh as ever and it is not till the tornado comes and sweeps it down that its weakness is discovered. But the storm did not make the tree weak; it only revealed how weak it was, and its feebleness was the result of the gnawing of insects through a long course of time. In like manner, if we let our characters be honeycombed by constant neglect of common duty, or by daily indulgence in secret sin, or by habitually yielding to some temptation, we can not expect anything else than ruin when the testing hour shall come.—*Treasury.* Some little difficulty arises in a church, and persons stumble and fall. But the difficulty was not the cause, it was only the occasion of their fall. Their lives for some time past had been a preparation for just such a calamity.

312. We all have a test point about us somewhere. In many instances that test point is the pocket-book. An old preacher once offered the following prayer in a prayer-meeting: "Lord, help us to trust thee with our souls." "Amen," was responded by many voices. "Lord, help us to trust thee with our bodies." "Amen," was responded with as much warmth as ever. "Lord, help us to trust thee with our money;" but to this petition the "Amen" was not forthcoming. Is it not strange that when religion touches some men's pockets, it cools their ardor at once, and seals their lips?

313. A little boy had declared that he loved his mother "with all his strength" and he was asked to explain what he meant by "with all his strength." After some little time spent in reflection, he said: "Well, I'll tell you; you see, we live way up here on the fourth floor of this

tenement and there's no elevator, and the coal is kept way down in the basement. Mother's dreadfully busy all the time, and she isn't very strong, and so I see to it that the coal-hod is never empty. I lug all the coal up four long flights of stairs all by myself, and it's a pretty big hod. It takes all my strength to get it up here. Now, isn't that loving my mother with all my strength?" Dear, helpful little boy. One must search long to find a clearer, sweeter definition of the way in which a boy could love his mother "with all his strength."—*J. L. Harbour.*

314. Love does not stop at any sacrifice. Mothers have, when lost in storms, stripped themselves of garments and died, to keep their children warm. That was consecration. In that way every mother would fulfill the unspoken vow to nourish her child.

315. Dannecker, the German sculptor, spent eight years in producing a face of Christ; and at last wrought out one in which the emotions of love and sorrow were so perfectly blended that beholders wept as they looked upon it. Subsequently, being solicited to employ his great talent on a statue of Venus, he replied, "After gazing so long into the face of Christ, think you that I can now turn my attention to a heathen goddess?" Here is the true secret of weanedness from worldly idols, "the expulsive power of a new affection."

"I have heard the voice of Jesus,
Tell me not of aught beside;
I have seen the face of Jesus,
All my soul is satisfied."

—*A. J. Gordon.*

316. The celebrated scholar and theologian, Dr. Tholuck, of Halle, when he had been a university professor nearly fifty years, said: "From the age of seventeen I have always asked myself, 'What is the chief end of a man's life?' I could never persuade myself that the acquisition of knowledge was this end. Just then God brought me into contact with a venerable saint who lived in fellowship with Christ, and from that time I have had but one passion, and that is Christ, and Christ alone.

Every one out of Christ I look upon as a fortress which I must storm and win. I was in my eighteenth year when the Lord gave me my first convert. He was an artillery officer, a Jew, a wild creature without rest; but soon he became such a true follower of Christ that he put me to shame. And when I look back upon the thousands of youths whose hearts have opened under my influence, I can only say, 'The Lord hath done it.' In working thus to save souls, my life has been one of joy rather than toil."

317. Plato, of Constantinople, was of a noble family, and a great favorite with the emperor and the members of his court. He had a large fortune, and brilliant prospects opened to him. Putting aside the love of pleasure and wealth and the lure of ambition, and freeing all his slaves, he put off his worldly garments and had his flowing hair shorn off. He went to Theoctistus, the abbot of the monastery of Symbols, and offered himself, saying, "Father, I give thee all—mind, body, will; use thy servant as it pleases thee." He was accepted on these conditions. His obedience was tested in every way. He was made to grind corn, carry water, and do the most menial service, in striking contrast with his former life. He did all obediently and cheerfully, and soon won promotion. He died in 794, and is enrolled among the saints of the Greek Church.—*Foster.*

318. It is said of Henry of Bavaria that at one time, becoming weary of court life, he determined to enter a monastery. When he presented himself to Prior Richard, the faithful monk gave him the strict rules of the order. The king listened eagerly and enthusiastically expressed pleasure at the prospect of such complete consecration. Then the prior insisted that obedience, implicit and uninquisitive, was the first requisite of sainthood. The monarch promised to follow his will in every detail. "Then go back to your throne and do your duty in the station God assigned you," was the prior's word to him. The king took up his scepter again, and from then until he died

his people said of him, "King Henry has learned to govern by learning to obey."—*The Treasury.*

319. It is to be feared the judgment day will reveal many solemn vows shamefully broken. How many Christians have done similarly to the heathen of whom the old legend tells us? In a great storm at sea, he vowed to Jupiter that if he came safe to land with his vessel he would give a sacrifice of a hecatomb—a hundred oxen. The storm ceaseth, and anon he remembereth his vow and bethinketh himself that a hecatomb was a large offering. The storm is over; peradventure seven oxen will satisfy the god. Another tempest coming upon him, he renews his pledge of seven oxen. But, being again delivered, he thinketh that one ox is a great sacrifice and will be sufficient to express his gratitude. On further meditation, the less costly offering of a sheep commends itself to him. It is a sacrifice and will do—a sheep is enough. But, at last, being set ashore, he thought a sheep was too much and proposed to carry to the altar only a few dates. On the way he eats up the dates and has only the stones to lay upon the altar.

320. A correspondent for one of our religious periodcals tells of a pastor's dream, in which an angel appeared who showed him a list of the names of his flock with figures against each name, the figures in turn being preceded by the arithmetical plus or minus sign. It was explained to him that members who were an accession of strength to the church were marked with the plus quantity, while those who were a loss to the aggregate influence and usefulness were marked with the minus sign. The sum total of the one class was deducted from the sum total of the other, and the result was a cipher. It is to be feared that such is the condition of many of the churches of Christendom everywhere.

321. God demands our all. And he has a right to it. Yet we often try to put him off with a pittance. Talmage asks this question: "Suppose you had a commercial agent in Charleston or San Francisco or Chicago, and you were

paying him promptly his salary, and you found out, after awhile, that, notwithstanding he had drawn the salary, he had given nine-tenths of all the time to some other commercial establishment. Why, your indignation would know no bounds. And yet that is just the way we have treated the Lord."

322. A gentleman in New York recently said to another, "Is Mr. L—— a Christian?" He replied, "Well, yes; Godward he is all right, but manward he is just a little twisted." We are afraid the "little twist" is more or less to be seen in us all. Alas! twists of temper, twists of inconsistency, social twists, business twists, home twists! May God set us *upright* and give us in our daily life a straight backbone, so that we may walk upright among our fellow-men on our way to heaven!

323. The slightest deflection from duty, or God's truth, is extremely dangerous. Small at first, it may at last mean the difference between heaven and hell. A Cunarder put out from England to New York. It was well equipped, but in putting up a stove in the pilot box a nail was driven too near the compass. The ship's officer, deceived by that distracted compass, put the ship two hundred miles off her right course, and suddenly the man on the lookout cried, "Land ho!" and the ship was halted within a few yards of her demolition on Nantucket shoals. A sixpenny nail came near wrecking a Cunarder.

324. A visitor, going into the studio of a great painter, found on his easel some very fine gems, brilliant and sparkling. Asking why he kept them there, the painter replied: "I keep them there to tone up my eyes. When I am working in pigments, insensibly the sense of color becomes weakened. By having these pure colors before me to refresh my eyes, it is brought up again, just as the musician by his tuning-fork brings his strings up to the concert pitch." So do we need daily to have before us the example of the blessed Christ, that we may keep our consciences quickened and our hearts alive to the nature and necessity of true holiness.

325. It may not be on the mountain's height,
Or over the stormy sea;
It may not be at the battle's front
My Lord will have need of me;
But if by a still small voice He calls
To paths that I do not know,
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in thine,
I'll go where you want me to go.

Perhaps to-day there are loving words
Which Jesus would have me speak;
There may be now in the paths of sin,
Some wand'rer whom I should seek.
O Saviour, if thou wilt be my guide,
Tho' dark and rugged the way,
My voice shall echo thy message sweet,
I'll say what you want me to say.

There's surely somewhere a lowly place,
In earth's harvest-fields so wide,
Where I may labor through life's short day
For Jesus the crucified.
So, trusting my all to thy tender care,
And knowing thou lovest me,
I'll do thy will with a heart sincere,
I'll be what you want me to be.

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord,
Over mountain, or plain, or sea;
I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord,
I'll be what you want me to be.

—*Mary Brown.*

326. "Go forward to help make Jesus king of the whole earth." Pass this message from one organization to another. As our Leader and Commander looks at us, can he see that we are all stepping forward? During the war in Ashante the chief officer of the Scotch Guards, when reviewing this splendid regiment, asked who among them would volunteer for the Ashante expedition. Those who decided to do so were asked to step one pace forward. Expecting a response from one or two only, the officer turned his back. When he looked again he saw the regiment precisely as he had seen it before, all in unbroken line. "What!" said he; "the Scotch Guards, and no volunteers?" Another officer replied: "They have all stepped

forward and volunteered." Consider what it would mean if every member of our great church should in this coming year take but one step forward!—*Over Land and Sea.*

327. Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of thy love;
Take my feet and let them be
Swift and beautiful for thee.

Take my voice and let me sing
Always, only, for my King;
Take my lips and let them be
Filled with messages from thee.

Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as thou shalt choose.

Take my will and make it thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is thine own;
It shall be thy royal throne.

Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure store;
Take myself, and I will be,
Ever, only, all for thee.

—*Frances R. Havergal.*

328. For the right against the wrong,
For the weak against the strong,
For the poor who've waited long,
For the brighter age to be.

For the faith against tradition,
For the truth 'gainst superstition,
For the hope whose glad fruition
Our waiting eyes shall see.

—*Christian Evangelist.*

ENVIRONMENT.

329. The environment of the flower is moisture, sunlight, air, soil. It might have a sickly existence without a sufficient quantity of these elements, but not a single one can be entirely lacking. The flower is entirely dependent on its environment. The things that supply its life must come to it: it can not go to them. A vessel of water might sit very near, and yet furnish no visible moisture to the roots of the plant.

330. If man was as dependent upon his environment as the plant, there could be no such thing as human responsibility. A colored man, when charged with stealing a saddle, declared "there were just so many saddles foreordained to be stolen, and if yours is one of that number I am not to blame." "However that may be," replied the owner, "if that saddle is not returned before sundown, you will be arrested." "Well," says he, "there are a certain number of saddles foreordained to be returned, and if yours is one of the number, and I think it is, your saddle will be brought home by sundown," and it was. Fate did not interfere with his power to will and to do.

331. Ingersoll says religion is all a question of geography; that if we had been born in Turkey we would have been Mohammedans, and would have believed the story that Mohammed went to heaven and saw an angel so broad between the eyes that it would take a smart camel three hundred days to make the journey. It does not seem to have occurred to him that he was a striking contradiction of his own statement, and that, born in a Christian land and son of a minister, he should have been a devoted follower of Christ. Robert Owen was not an irresponsible creature of circumstances when he became the champion of infidelity in a Christian land, nor was his son, Robert Dale Owen, when he went to the opposite extreme and become a Spiritualist. Man has power to choose and change his environment. He is not

like the lily, stationary until transplanted by force. He transplants himself to distant countries, or in the same locality so changes his surroundings, habits and associates that he lives in a new world. While he is what his environments make him, he also makes his environments.

332. Professor Drummond shows how a change in the surroundings of an animal will even change the structure of its body. Hunter changed the environment of a sea-gull by keeping it in captivity, so that it could only secure a grain diet. The effect was to modify the stomach of a bird normally adapted to a fish diet, until in time it came to resemble in structure the gizzard of an ordinary grain-feeder, such as the pigeon. Holmgren, again, reversed this experiment by feeding pigeons for a lengthened period on a meat diet, with the result that the gizzard became transformed into the carnivorous stomach. Alfred Russel Wallace mentions the case of a Brazilian parrot which changes its colors from green to red or yellow, when fed on the fat of certain fishes. Not only changes of food, but changes in surrounding organisms, and, in the case of marine animals, even changes of pressure, of light, and of many other circumstances, are known to exert a powerful influence upon living organisms. Man largely chooses his own surroundings, physical, mental and spiritual, but they all have their influence in moulding his character.

333. The word "environ" occurs only once in the Bible. "O Lord, what shall I say, when Israel turneth their backs before their enemies! For the Canaanites and all the inhabitants of the land shall hear of it, and shall environ us round, and cut off our name from the earth" (Josh. vii. 8, 9). Here the environment was the result of the conduct of Israel. When the Canaanites should hear that they turned their backs to their enemies, they would environ them. It is so with the enemies of the soul. When they learn that the Christian is dissatisfied with Christianity, they hasten to surround him with the influences of unbelief. His environments ruin him, but

he invited them. When a man is offered a bribe, there may have been something in his conduct to indicate that he was susceptible to a bribe. Instead of praying not to be led into temptation, he has invited temptation and paved the way to his own ruin. In Christ is the only safety, the only spiritual life.

334. Christ is the environment of the Christian. He is our life (Col. iii. 3, 4). He himself has said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life" (John xiv. 6). He is the bread of life. (John vi. 35). He is the cleansing fountain (Zech. xiii. 1). He is the "Sun of righteousness," "the light of the world." He is moisture to the spiritual plant. The Lord has promised: "I will be as the dew unto Israel; he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon" (Hos. xiv. 5). Lebanon was a mountain, and it was said to have roots because it was firm and immovable. Christ is such a root to the Christian. He is the foundation (I. Cor. iii. 11); believers are the building. He is the head; the church is his body.

He is our hope, our refuge, our strength, our Passover. He is "made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." Christ is "Peace for the troubled and freedom for slaves." By every figure he is represented to be vital to Christian life.

335. **He is a path, if any be misled;**
He is a robe, if any naked be;
If any chance to hunger, he is bread;
If any be a bondman, he is free;
If any be but weak, how strong is he!
To dead men life he is, to sick men health,
To blind men sight, and to the needy wealth;
A pleasure without loss, a treasure without stealth.

—*Giles Fletcher.*

If there be any other relationship existing between Christ and his people, it is briefly comprehended in these words of the apostle Paul, "Christ is all and in all" (Col. iii. 11), or that other declaration, "Ye are complete in him" (Col. ii. 10). Christ is all in all to Christians. They are complete in him.

GIVING.

336. Therefore, (as ye abound in everything, in faith, and utterance, and knowledge, and in all diligence, and in your love to us,) *see* that ye abound in this grace also.—II. Cor. viii. 7.

Upon the first *day* of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as *God* hath prospered him, that there be no gatherings when I come.—I. Cor. xvi. 2.

It is more blessed to give than to receive.—Acts xx. 35.

Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, *so let him give;* not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver.—II. Cor. ix. 7.

This word "cheerful," in the last quotation, is a translation of the Greek *hilaros,* in which we can readily recognize our word "hilarious." God loves a hilarious giver.

337. Give until you feel it, and then give until you don't feel it.—*Mary Lyon.*

338. There are four methods of giving in common use: The go-as-you-please method—taking a collection—is really the lack of a method. A collection is what people would rather give than be bothered, and leads to the time when people would rather be bothered than give at all. When a collection is taken up for missions, enthusiasm for missions is taken down. The missionary offering should be the culmination of the year's work.

The please-as-you-go method—giving enough to be respectable—is the most common one. Most business men give enough to maintain good standing with their fellow-members. As the standing with men becomes more assured, the giving becomes less so. The liberality naturally diminishes as the social recognition increases.

The giving a part of what is laid by—the method of cheap emotional appeal—is uncertain in its present effect for good, and certain in its future effect for evil. The people who have given because of your passionate appeal will afterward feel that they were trapped, and will harden themselves against you in the future. If you depend on impulse to-day, you may depend on repulse to-morrow. And then the appeal to emotion is not sure

for even once. The people may give as they feel, and yet not give until they feel.

The laying by a part to give—the deep devotional method—is commended by practical wisdom as by Scripture precedent. If there were no authority for any method, the obligation to have the best one would be sufficient. That is not deficient in theory which is efficient in practice.—*J. E. Pounds.*

339. Unsystematic giving is sure to mean giving beneath our privilege. If you feel that you can't give a tenth, are you willing to set apart a lesser amount, which can be used to no other purpose than for the Lord's work? Giving God what we *happen* to have to spare is a poor way. You set apart a definite amount every week for your board; weren't you afraid to bind yourself to that? You obligate yourself to give to your landlord so much a month for the house you live in; wouldn't you be safer in telling him that you will give him whatever you can spare, instead of making a definite promise?—*Lookout.*

340. "Prove me," etc. One has often heard these words quoted as inducements to earnest prayer, but what was the "herewith" by which God was to be proved? Not prayer, but bringing the whole tithe into the storehouse. Emptying pockets, not bending knees, is the way to prove God. If we will give all we can, and do all we can, then, and not till then, we can take this, his own word, to him, and ask him to be as good as his word. Then, and not till then, has he pledged himself to prosper our planting, to curb every kind of destroyer, locust, caterpillar or blight, and to make our toil fruitful, so that the world will recognize how fair a heritage they have who love God, and offer all their works to him.—*Alexander McLaren, D. D.*

341. The law exacting tithes has passed away, but the principle upon which it was founded remains. Love is eternal. God loved, God gave, and if we love, we give. We are not left without information as to our duty in the new covenant. "Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store as God hath pros-

pered him, that there be no gatherings when I come" (I. Cor. xvi. 2). The richness of a Christian's faith and love will indicate what he ought to do. In the present enforced manner of living some can not give a tenth. Others there are who might give all their income and not give enough. It is not necessary always for a man to have as many acres or dollars when he dies as he has now.

342. In a certain place in Japan, the owner and relatives of a certain house prospered greatly. Year by year those persons, on the second day of the new year, assembled and worshiped the god Kannin Daimiyo-jin-san—the meaning of the name in English is the great, bright god of self-restraint. After engaging in worship, the head of the house opened the Kannin-bapo (self-restraint box), and distributed, to the needy, money enough to enable them to live in comfort for a time. The money in the box was the annual accumulation of his offerings to his god. Outsiders, learning of the prosperity, worship and large giving to the needy which characterized this family, were astonished, and presented themselves to inquire into the matter. The master of the house, in reply, gave the following account of the practice of his household: "From ancient times, my family has believed in and worshiped 'the great, bright god of self-restraint.' We have also made a box, and called it 'the self-restraint box,' for the reception of the firstfruits and other percentages, all of which are offered to our god. As to percentages, this is our mode of proceeding: If I would buy a dollar garment, I manage, by self-restraint and economy, to get it for eighty cents, and the remaining twenty cents I drop into the self-restraint box; or, if I would give a five-dollar feast to my friends, I exercise self-restraint and economy, and give it for four, dropping the remaining dollar into the box; or, if I determine to build a house that shall cost one hundred dollars, I exercise self-restraint and economy, and build it for eighty, putting the remaining twenty dollars into the box as an offering to Kannin Daimiyo-jin-san (the great, bright god of self-

restraint). In proportion to my annual outlays, the sum in this box is large or small. This year my outlays have been large; hence, by the practice of the virtues named, the amount in 'the self-restraint box' is great. Yet, notwithstanding this, we are living in comfort, peace and happiness."—*Missionary Herald.*

343. "My son," said the father, "it would be better if you ate that meat yourself and gave Fido some of the scraps which are left." The boy protested, but the father was obdurate. At the conclusion of the meal the boy took out to Fido a plate heaped with scraps of the roast. "Here, Fido," said the boy, "I wanted to make you an offering, but here is only a collection."—*Exchange.*

344. At a missionary meeting held among the negroes in the West Indies, these three resolutions were agreed upon: 1. We will all give something. 2. We will all give as God has enabled us. 3. We will all give willingly. As soon as the meeting was over, a leading negro took his seat at the table, with pen and ink, to put down what each came to give. Many came forward and gave, some more and some less. Amongst those that came was a rich old negro, almost as rich as all the others put together, and threw down upon the table a small silver coin. "Take dat back again," said the negro that received the money. "Dat may be according to de first resolution, but it is not according to de second." The rich man accordingly took it up, and hobbled back to his seat again in a great rage. One after another came forward, and as almost all gave more than himself, he was fairly ashamed of himself, and again threw down a piece of money on the table, saying, "Dare! take dat!" It was a valuable piece of gold; but it was given so ill-temperedly that the negro answered again, "No! dat won't do yet! It may be according to de first and second resolutions, but it is not according to de last;" and he was obliged to take up his coin again. Still angry at himself and all the rest, he sat a long time, till nearly all the rest were gone, and then came up to the table, and with a smile on his face, and very willingly, gave a large sum to the treasurer.

"Very well," said the negro, "dat will do; dat according to all de resolutions."—*Peloubet.*

345. A gentleman took a trip to Europe. When the fact that he was to go abroad became known among his friends, they came to see him in great numbers, each one with a commission for him to execute. A lady wanted him to buy her a real Paris bonnet; a scientific friend wanted a microscope, and so on with all who came to see him. When they had gone away, he looked over the list and found, to his dismay, that if he made all these purchases, he would have no money with which to meet the expense of the trip. Of all the number, only one had brought the money with which to purchase what he wanted.

When the man returned, his friends gathered round him eager to see what he had brought back. To their surprise, they found that he had made but one of the purchases he had been asked to make.

"One day, as I sat upon the deck, looking over your lists, a breeze came and blew them all away except this one," he explained.

"But how could that be?" some one questioned.

"Ah!" was the reply, "his order was weighted down. It had the silver wrapped up in it."

Do you see the point? Real, prevailing prayer must have your very best offering of self and substance wrapped up in it. When you pray for the relief of the poor, is your prayer anything more than words? When you somewhat peremptorily instruct the Lord to convert the heathen, is there any silver wrapped up in your prayer?—*The Lookout.*

346. I met a fellow-man the other day, who was very severe on another who had failed to pay a debt due him, and who puffed up as he said, with a good deal of fervor, "I pay as I go." This suggested some questions, and I began to fire them at him.

"How much did you pay the preacher last year?" "Nothing, 'cause I don't owe him anything." "What did you contribute to missionary work during the year?" "Not

a cent, it is none of my business." "What did you give to charity in 1898?" "Nothing; I believe in charity beginning at home." "What have you contributed to the support of disabled soldiers?" "Not a dime. Let the state care for them." "What taxes did you pay on money you have loaned out?" "Not a penny. That's none of the Government's concern." "Did you help that cripple begging in our community the other day?" "No. Let all such go to the free hospital." "Did you ever contribute to the support of a free hospital?" "No. It is no home of mine, and I don't ask shelter from any of them." "Did you offer to help the poor widow who lived near you, and whom you know to be in want?" "No, for the poorhouse is the place for all such." "Did you help nurse that neighbor who suffered such long and painful illness?" "No. Doctors and nurses are paid for that work." "Did you welcome the stranger you saw in church last Sunday?" "No. Let the ushers attend to that." "Did you ever give a word of cheer to a discouraged brother man?" "No. Don't ever bother with such folks." "Did you ever speak a word of sympathy to a sorrowing soul?" "Never did, and never expect to." "Did you ever offer a hand to a fallen fellow-man?" "No, my hands are busy at work." "And yet you say you pay as you go!"

Hopelessly insolvent! Criminally in debt! Many times a bankrupt! Selfish spendthrift! Faithless to a high and sacred trust! Cowardly dodger of duty! False to God and man! Miserable miser! Repent! Ask for mercy, or soon you will stand in the presence of a Judge, and be pronounced an eternal bankrupt.—*Selected.*

347. A son of one of the chiefs of Burdwan was converted by a tract. He went 250 miles; a missionary's wife taught him to read. In forty-eight hours he could read the tract through. He took a basketful of tracts, and with much difficulty preached the gospel in his own home. He was a man of influence; the people flocked to hear him, and in one year 1,500 natives were baptized in Arracan as members of the church. All this through one little tract! That tract cost one cent. Whose cent was it? Per-

haps it was the mite of some little girl; perhaps the well-earned offering of some little boy. Yet what a blessing it has been!

348. The *Missionary Herald* tells of a Scotch woman whose practice it was to give a penny a day for missions, to whom a visitor gave a sixpence to procure some meat, on learning that she had not lately enjoyed that luxury. She thought to herself, "I have long done very well on my porridge; so I will give the sixpence also to God."

The fact came to the knowledge of a missionary secretary, who narrated it at a missionary breakfast. The host and his guests were profoundly impressed by it, the host himself saying that he had never denied himself a chop for the cause of God. He therefore instantly subscribed £500 additional, and others of the party followed his example, till over £1,000 was raised before they separated.

It is probable that this good woman's sixpence was larger in the sight of God than the £1,000 contributed by these rich people; for she gave of her poverty, and they out of their abundance. This is a good illustration of the power of example. There is nothing so fruitful as self-sacrifice.

349. One morning, as Harry and his parents were sitting at the breakfast table, Harry seemed for awhile engaged in a brown study. Presently he exclaimed: "Father, I have made up my mind not to eat any more salt mackerel."

"Ah! What has brought you to that conclusion?" asked his father, with a look of earnest inquiry.

"Because," continued Harry, "my Sunday-school teacher said that we ought to give up something so that we might have money to put in the missionary box."

"Well, but what has induced my boy to choose salt mackerel as the thing he will give up?" asked his father.

"Why," answered Harry, "because mackerel don't come very often; and I don't like them very much, anyhow."—*Exchange.*

350. It is not generally known, perhaps, that Charles Darwin was both a contributor to Christian missions and an honorary member of one mission society. As a result of

his wide travel and close observation, he wrote: "The lesson of the missionary is the enchanter's wand. Human sacrifices, the power of an idolatrous priesthood, infanticide, profligacy unparalleled elsewhere, bloody wars where neither women nor children were spared—all these have been abolished by Christianity."

Though Darwin thus wrote of Tahiti, he believed that the wretched Tierra del Fuegans were too low to be lifted to a higher state; and when Bishop Stirling convinced him, by the logic of facts, that even they had been raised "out of the dunghill" by the gospel, Darwin became a subscriber to South American missions.—*Exchange.*

351. In a recent periodical, a minister gives the account of a good man in one of his charges who regularly gave every Sunday five dollars for the support of the church. A poor widow, also a member of the same church, supported herself and six children by washing. She was as regular as the rich man in making her offering of five cents per week, which was all she could spare from her scant earnings. One day the rich man came to the minister and said that the poor woman ought not to pay anything, and that he would pay the five cents for her every week. The pastor called to tell her of the offer, which he did in a considerate manner. Tears came to the woman's eyes as she replied: "Do they want to take from me the comfort I experience in giving to the Lord? Think how much I owe to him. My health is good, my children keep well, and I receive so many blessings that I feel I could not live if I did not make my little offering to Jesus each week."

352. At a dinner party in Baltimore many years ago, at which were present among the guests George Peabody and Johns Hopkins, some one inquired, "Which did you enjoy most, Mr. Peabody, making your money or giving it away?" "Well," replied Mr. Peabody, slowly, and Johns Hopkins was observed to be deeply interested in the answer, "I enjoyed making money. I think it is a great pleasure to make money. And when the idea was first suggested to me that I give money away, it did

not please me at all. In fact, it distressed me. But I thought the matter over and concluded I would try it on a small scale. So I built the first of the model tenement-houses in London. It was a hard pull. But after it was done I went around among the poor people living in the rooms so clean and comfortable, and I had quite a new feeling. I enjoyed it very much. So I gave some more and the feeling increased. And now I can truly say that, much as I enjoyed making my money, I enjoyed giving it away a great deal better."

353. How few of us ever think of thanking God for our mercies in such a practical way as is related in the following instance: Some time ago a woman living in the country in Germany brought to her minister thirty marks ($7.50) for the work of missions, saying as she laid down her offering before him, "In former years I have been obliged to pay a doctor's bill of this amount. This year there has been no sickness in my family, which enables me to give so much to the Lord." At another time she brought a donation of twelve marks ($3), saying, "Many of the farmers have recently been visited by a cyclone, but we have been spared. So I bring you this donation for missions as a thank-offering."

354. A traveler, standing outside Cologne Cathedral, expressed his admiration of its beauty. "Yes," said a laborer, who was near, "it's a fine building, and took us many a year to finish." "Took *you!*" exclaimed the tourist. "Why, what have *you* to do with it?" "I mixed the mortar, sir," was the modest yet proud reply. The laborer had a right to feel that he had a share in the grand work. In the same way, by his consecrated service, every one can help in the work of building up human society into a holy temple in the Lord.—*The Quiver.*

355. It is told of John Wesley that when he bestowed a gift or rendered any one a service he lifted his hat as though he were receiving instead of conferring an obligation.—*Christian Family.*

356. A certain New Yorker, whose income permits the gratification of his generous impulses, wanted to send a

substantial gift to an old friend, a clergyman, whose small parish in a distant community vouchsafed him more of love and reverence than salary, says the New York *Times*. "I am going to send B—— $100," the New Yorker announced to his wife one day in December.

"Are you?" she said. "I'm glad." Then after a minute she asked: "How will you send it?"

"By check, of course," was the reply. "How else could I send it?"

But the wife demurred. "It seems a little too—too sordid, doesn't it, for a man like Mr. B——? Let me manage, may I?" and the husband consented.

On Christmas morning a registered express package was delivered at the little Western parsonage to Mrs. B——. She opened it wonderingly and found a little flat box. Going further, a mat of silk paper was removed and a dainty booklet of Christmas remembrance was disclosed. This was taken out and admired and the card beneath it read for the givers. Something still showed under a second mat of paper, and, when that had been put aside, there, fitted neatly in the bottom of the box, were five tiny silken bags, each tied close with a little bow of ribbon. Each contained a $20 gold piece. This was the wife of the New Yorker's delicate way of eliminating the check element.

357. One of John Wesley's associates, named Samuel Bradburn, was much esteemed as a good preacher and an excellent man. At a time when he was in straitened circumstances, Wesley sent him five £1 notes, with this letter:

"Dear Sammy:—Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

"Yours affectionately, John Wesley."

The reply was equally happy:

"Rev. and Dear Sir:—I have often been struck with the beauty of the passage of Scripture quoted in your letter, but I must confess that I never saw such useful expository notes upon it before. I am, reverend and dear sir, your obedient and grateful servant, S. Bradburn."

358. The fact that a man belongs to the church is presumptive evidence that he believes in the church and is heartily in favor of its aims. He knows that it takes money to support the church, and if he refuses to help he is more inconsistent than an infidel. The unbeliever says, "The Bible is a lie," and that "it is impossible for a lie to have a civilizing influence." Belief he regards as a superstition, and so he refuses to sustain the preaching of the Word that would produce faith. He is consistent in his decision. But with a member of the church who refuses to pay, the case is altogether different. He claims to believe in God and to rejoice in the truth. He prays that the gospel may have success, and yet in his own life pursues a course which, if followed by all, would certainly and suddenly destroy the church. What better is such a member than Ananias and Sapphira? They professed to give all, and kept back a part. Thus they lied to the Holy Spirit. What does he do who professes to believe in Christ, and acknowledges that all he has belongs to God, and yet turns every dollar of God's money to satisfy his own selfish wants? Does he not profess to give all, and give nothing?

359. There was a widow of small means, yet of noble liberality. But, unexpectedly, a legacy was left her, and she was wealthy. But to a cause to which, in her comparative poverty, she had delighted to give five dollars, she now proffered twenty-five cents. When asked why such a strange change, and in her present circumstances, at last she candidly replied: "Ah! when, day by day, I looked to God for my bread, I had enough and to spare. Now I have to look to my ample income, and I am all the time haunted with the fear of losing it and coming to want. I had the guinea heart when I had the shilling means; now I have the guinea means and the shilling heart."

360. The man who thanked God that religion was free, that he had been a member of the church twenty years and it had never cost him but twenty-five cents, no doubt paid all his religion was worth to him. With larger faith and love he would have thanked God that he had been

prospered so that he could pay much to advance His cause.

361. A miser once insisted that he was a proportionate giver. He explained afterward that he gave in proportion to the amount of religion he possessed!

362. God despises not the widow's mite, but he does despise the miser's mite.—*Moore.*

363. "I have seen Bro. Bruggetts grow from a poor young man to a middle-aged millionaire," said the aged minister, "and it has not changed him one bit. When he first entered my church he established the habit of putting a quarter in the plate every Sunday, and, though he has since grown rich, he puts in his twenty-five cents." —*Indianapolis Journal.*

364. Among the stories told in fishermen's huts is a legend about seven brothers who possessed the singular faculty of being able to take out their hearts and lay them away with their other valuables when they slept. There are people who make a good deal of noise in church, who seem to get in a similar fix every time the collection basket is passed around, or a collection is being taken up for the advancement of God's kingdom.

365. How often we give God that which we do not miss, and flatter ourselves that we give largely. Gifts must be measured by what is left, as well as by what is parted with. "I must contribute my mite," said a wealthy man to an appeal for a contribution to help on the work of the Lord. "Do you mean the mite which the widow in the temple gave?" asked the solicitor. "If so, I will be content with half of it. How much are you worth?" "One hundred thousand dollars." "The widow's mite, you know, was all that she had; give me your check for fifty thousand dollars, which, by the widow's standard, is only one-half of your mite, and I will not ask for more."

366. We heard a story not long since that will illustrate the spirit of giving that dominates the great body of Christians. On the day appointed for a special offering from the church, a lady dressed in silk sat up near the

front of the church, and listened very attentively to the sermon. She was wealthy; had all of this world's goods necessary for her comfort and enjoyment. When the appeal for a liberal offering was made by the minister, and the contribution basket was passed, she dropped a silver dollar into it with a $50 thud, and then joined heartily with the congregation in the singing of that old but beautiful hymn, "Oh, How I Love Jesus." The week before she had spent fifty dollars for a sideboard to put in her dining-room, when she already had three in the same room. Now, suppose next Christmas her husband would go down town, buy himself a $50 overcoat or suit of clothes, and get a $1 hat and then go home, present it to her with a smile, and sing, "Oh, how I love you, Lucy Ann," do you think she would believe he meant it? The trouble is, we don't love God.—*The Messenger.*

367. "My dear brudders an' sisters," remarked the venerable pastor of the only colored church in town, as he carefully cleared the broad table in front of him so that every nickel, cent and button laid upon it would stand out in startling distinctness, "dere is some of de folks in dis ch'ch gives accawdin' to deir means, an' some accawdin' to deir meanness. Le's not have any of de secon' class heah dis mawnin'!" After which the procession commenced, and everybody reached for his bottom dime.—*Selected.*

368. A well-known English solicitor of charities called at the castle of a nobleman, more noted for withholding than for giving. The time was late evening, and it was very desirable that the solicitor be entertained at the castle for the night. But, to his surprise, the solicitor was courteously informed that the castle was full, with the exception of a haunted chamber. Not wishing to offer that to his guest, he was compelled to decline entertaining him for the night, and presumed that in this way he had effectually disposed of the solicitor's mission. But he was mistaken in this. The solicitor very promptly assured him that he would cheerfully accept the hospitality of the haunted chamber for the night, and was accordingly

assigned to it. Of course, he slept comfortably and had no vision. But at breakfast the next morning, being questioned by his host as to the experiences of the night, the solicitor cleverly humored the ghostly whim by assuring his host and fellow-guests that he had indeed seen a vision; had, without doubt, been visited by a veritable ghost. As he lay upon his back in bed, meditating upon his work, he was startled by the accustomed apparition. But, not in the least disconcerted, the solicitor calmly extended his collection-book toward the specter, who, or which, instantly vanished. And thus, or similarly, much of the boldest and noisiest piety vanishes on the presentation of the collection-book.—*Dr. Hall.*

369. An old Methodist preacher once offered the following prayer in a prayer-meeting: "Lord, help us to trust thee with our souls." "Amen!" was responded by many voices. "Lord, help us to trust thee with our bodies." "Amen!" was responded with as much warmth as ever. "Lord, help us to trust thee with our money;" but to this petition the "Amen" was not forthcoming. Is it not strange that when religion touches some men's pockets it cools their ardor at once, and seals their lips?

370. A Yorkshire Socialist, explaining to a friend the principles of socialism, remarked that all possessions should be shared equally. "If you had two horses," said the friend, "would you give me one?" "Of course," replied the Socialist. "And if you had two cows, would you do the same?" "Of course I should." "Well, supposing now," said the friend, slowly, "you had two pigs, would you give me one of them?" "Eh! tha's gettin' ower near home," said the other, slyly; "tha knaws I've got two pigs."—*Answers.*

371. A young carpenter used to frequently say to himself and others: "If I were only rich I would show people how to give." One night he dreamed he had a pyramid of silver dollars, all new, bright and beautiful. A voice said: "Now let us see your generosity." So he arose and went to the pile to get some money for charity, but the pyramid was so perfect he could not bear to break it.

He went around it, but found no place where he could obtain a dollar without spoiling the heap. So he decided that the pyramid should not be broken. Then he awoke to see that if he was not generous while he was poor, he never would be should he become rich.

372. "If I had heaps of yellow corn
And fields of waving wheat,
I'd quickly send a cargo where
They've not enough to eat.
I'd load a ship myself alone,
With grain of every kind,
And make my harvest offering
The best that I could find.
Or if I had just money, why,
That, too, would do much good,
For it should go to India
To buy the children food."

'Twas little Rob who said these words,
So generous and so bold.
What he would do when he was rich,
He very often told.
But, oh, this same dear little boy,
When he had dimes to spend,
Bought something for himself alone—
Had none to give or lend.
But I think if Rob expects
To be a generous man,
He'd better practice when he's small
By giving what he can.
—*Sunday-school Evangelist.*

373. There is a profound lesson in the story of the little girl who had two sixpences given her, one to put in the contribution box and one to spend for her own gratification. On her way to her home she lost one of the sixpences, and on reaching home, with an unhesitating promptitude she declared it was "the Lord's sixpence" she had lost, and that therefore she could give nothing to missions, while she still had her own sixpence for her own private use. Let the sixpences represent hundreds or thousands of dollars, and there is frequently the same kind of management. If we are unfortunate in our business enterprises, it is the Lord's money that is lost, while our individual portion is not cut down.

374. A conscientious giver to the Lord's work had promised twenty-five dollars to a particular cause, but before it was paid met with heavy loss. Meeting the collector shortly after, he told him he would have to reduce his subscription to fifteen dollars. However, when he gave the check it was for the original amount. The collector thought it possible there had been a slip of the pen, and said: "Do you mean this for twenty-five dollars?" "Yes," he replied. "My wife and I talked it over a little and we have concluded it best to bear the loss ourselves, *and not charge it to the Lord.*" There is in this a moral. If this spirit were general, it would make all our Christian enterprises "panic-proof."

375. If you don't love to go to church, go till you learn to love it. If you dislike to give to the church, give till you enjoy it. If you are not interested in reading the Bible, make a study of it until it becomes pleasant. If you do not enjoy praying, talk with God confidingly till you love to commune with him.—*Golden Rule.*

376. If covetousness is our besetting sin, we must not wait till we feel like giving. We would become hopeless misers in such delay. The surest cure is to give; give from a sense of duty; though the money sticks to your fingers, give till you learn to part with it freely.

377. An Irishman, in walking over a plank sidewalk, dropped a nickel, which rolled into a crack. He continued on his way, grumbling audibly. Early the next day a friend discovered the Irishman in the act of deliberately dropping one dollar in the same crack. Desiring to learn why Pat should throw away money, he inquired his reasons. "It was this way," said Pat. "It's yesterday I was passin' this way, when I lost a nickel down that hole. Now, I reasoned that it wasn't worth while to pull up that sidewalk for a nickel; but last night a scheme struck me, and I am dropping down the dollar to make it worth me while."—*Lookout.*

378. It sometimes takes heroic measures to suppress avarice when we find it arising in our bosoms. Canon

Farrar tells of a case that came under his observation: "A gentleman, at the beginning of his fortune, had made up his mind that he would always give a tenth of it to God. It happened to him, as it has happened to thousands who have made this rule, that God continually blessed and prospered him in his worldly concerns; but as his riches grew ever greater, the fatal temptations to hoard his acquisitions increased also, and as the tenth began more and more to represent a large sum, he felt inclined to shirk the sacrifice. Despising himself for his own traitorous meanness, he said to himself, 'Henceforth to the end of your life you shall give a seventh and not a tenth.' And so he punished his own transitory pusillanimity by forcing himself to make perpetually a larger sacrifice."

379. A lady who refused to give, after hearing a charity sermon, had her pocket picked as she was leaving church. On making the discovery, she said, "The parson could not find the way to my pocket, but the devil did."—*Baxendale.*

380. A certain man found, when the contribution basket was passed, that he could not give even the smallest amount without grudging, so he summoned up all his courage and threw in pocket-book and all, exclaiming: "There, Dame Nature, squirm!"

381. In a colored congregation objections had been made to the frequency of appeals for money. But the preacher said, "Breddren, I nebber knew a church to die ob too much gibben, and when I find such a one I 'low to climb ober de moss-cobered roof, and by de pale light ob de moon I will write on de topmost shingle, 'Blessed am de dead dat die in de Lord.'"

382. I have known several churches to die because they gave too little, but never one because it gave too much. A few years ago a minister in California reported through the State paper that the church at C—— would dispense with preaching on account of the stringency of the times. The printer changed "stringency" to "stingency," and it

was considered such a slight mistake that it never was corrected.

383. A good man was once taught a valuable lesson by his now sainted wife. On a certain Sunday, after this man had given his children a cent apiece to carry to the Sunday-school for their weekly offerings, his wife called the children aside and gave each a dime instead of a penny. Then she very tenderly explained and apologized to her husband, saying: "If our children are to be trained to give the smallest possible sum to the cause of religion, when they grow up they will be penny Christians, if Christians at all."—*Baxendale.*

384. As the widow's oil increased, not in the vessel, but by pouring out; as here the barley bread multiplied, not in the whole loaf, but by breaking and distributing; and as the grain bringeth increase, not when it lieth on a heap in the garner, but when scattered upon the land, so spiritual graces are best improved, not by keeping them together, but by distributing them abroad.—*Sanderson.*

385. Churches thrive in their spiritual life when they most distribute to others the gospel God has given to them. A certain church, being in debt, voted to turn all its contributions into that channel till the debt was paid. But the contributions grew smaller, and the debt did not. Afterwards they gave to all objects of benevolence, and they prospered themselves financially. A missionary church, giving most and doing most for the heathen, is most prosperous at home in all spiritual usefulness. Individuals will find the same rule holding true. They gain spiritual life by imparting it. They gain clearer views of truth by teaching others. They grow richer in all that is best in life by giving freely of the money God gives them.—*Peloubet.*

386. There are thousands of men in our churches who, notwithstanding all that has been said of Christian stewardship, do not comprehend the alphabet of this doctrine. When Oliver Cromwell visited Yorkminster Cathedral, in

England, his attention was drawn to twelve statues of the apostles, in silver, which stood near the ceiling of one of the apartments. Looking upon them for a moment, he said, "Who are those fellows standing yonder?" On being informed, he exclaimed, "Take them down and let them go about doing good." Accordingly they were melted down and put into his treasury. So let a right sentiment of Christian stewardship once obtain and many a wealthy professor, as he surveyed his splendid establishment, would be constrained to convert his extravagant decorations and costly plate into money for the Lord's treasury, thus sending them forth on the sublime errand of doing good.—*Fish's "Primitive Piety Revived."*

387. There is truth and instruction in the inscription on an Italian tombstone: "What I gave away, I saved; what I spent, I used; what I kept, I lost." "Giving to the Lord," says one, "is but transporting our goods to a higher floor."—*Henry T. Williams.*

388. A lady visited New York City, and saw on the sidewalk a ragged, cold and hungry little girl, gazing wistfully at some of the cakes in a shop window. She stopped, and, taking the little one by the hand, led her into the store. Though she was aware that bread might be better for the cold child than cake, yet, desiring to gratify the shivering and forlorn one, she bought and gave her the cake she wanted. She then took her to another place, where she procured for her a shawl and other articles of comfort. The grateful little creature looked the lady full in the face, and, with artless simplicity, said, "Are you God's wife?" Oh, that is what the church claims to be—Christ's bride. May our actions be such that people can see the relationship and likeness without being told.

389. In the old schools of philosophy it was usual for the pupils to bring a present to their teacher at the commencement of each term. On one of the occasions when the disciples of Socrates one by one were going up with their gifts, a poor youth hung back. But when all the others had presented their gifts, he flung himself at the

feet of the sage, and cried, "O Socrates, I give thee myself." And this is the gift which the Lord Jesus asks of you. Give him your heart—yourself.—*Pulpit Treasury.*

390. Is thy cruse of comfort failing?
Rise, and share it with another,
And through all the years of famine
It shall serve thee and thy brother.
Love divine will fill thy storehouse,
Or thy handful still renew.
Scanty fare for one will often
Make a royal feast for two.

Numb and weary on the mountains,
Wouldst thou sleep amidst the snow?
Chafe that frozen form beside thee,
And together both shall glow.
Art thou stricken in life's battle?
Many wounded round thee moan;
Lavish on their wounds thy balsams,
And that balm shall heal thine own.

For the heart grows rich in giving:
All its wealth is living grain;
Seeds which mildew in the garner,
Scattered, fill with gold the plain.
Is thy burden hard and heavy?
Do thy steps drag wearily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden;
God will bear both it and thee.

Is the heart a well left empty?
None but God its void can fill;
Nothing but a ceaseless fountain
Can its ceaseless longings still.
Is the heart a living power?
Self-entwined, its strength sinks low;
It can only live in loving,
And by serving love will grow.

—*Mrs. Charles.*

Less is sometimes larger than more. A half may be bigger than the whole. This is a principle that runs alike through the kingdoms of nature and of grace. One inspired proverb declares:

"There is that scattereth, and increaseth yet more;
And there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth only to want." —*S. S. Times.*

HELPFULNESS.

391. "Is your father at home?" I asked a small child on our village doctor's doorstep. "No," he said; "he's away." "Where do you think I could find him?" "Well," he said, with a considering air, "you've got to look for some place where people are sick or hurt, or something like that. I don't know where he is, but he's helping somewhere." And I turned away with this little sermon in my heart. If you want to find the Lord Jesus you've got to set out on a path of helping somewhere, or lifting somebody's burden, and lo! straightway one like unto the Son of man will be found at your side. We can not always find him whom our soul loveth, in worship or in ordinances or in sacraments or in still meditation; we can never find him in selfish idleness or in worldliness or in self-indulgence; but, on the contrary, like the little one's father, he is sure to be found "helping somewhere."—*Kind Words.*

392. "Give him a lift! Don't kneel in prayer,
Nor moralize with his despair;
The man is down, and his great need
Is ready help—not prayer and creed.

"One grain of aid just now is more
To him than tons of saintly lore;
Pray if you must in your full heart;
But give him a lift—give him a start.

"The world is full of good advice,
Of prayer and praise, and preaching nice,
But the generous souls who aid mankind
Are scarce as gold and hard to find.

"Give like a Christian—speak in deeds,
A noble life's the best of creeds,
And he shall wear a royal crown
Who gives 'em a lift when they are down."

393. A young man had fallen through the ice, and was holding on to the edge in the agony of a death struggle. They pushed a plank toward him, but the end of it was covered with ice, and again and again his fingers slipped.

"For mercy's sake," he cried, "don't give me the frozen side!"

394. In a Western city not long ago a gentleman was surprised to recognize the face of a person who was hawking shoestrings on a street corner as that of one of his regimental comrades in the war. He went up to the man, greeted him warmly, and assured him of his sympathy. He was much grieved, he said, to see an old soldier in such a case. When he had expressed himself at some length in this manner, he was suddenly interrupted by his former acquaintance. "I am much obliged for your pity," he remarked drily, "but how many pairs of shoestrings will you buy?"

395. A testimony given at a Salvation Army meeting is suggestive: "I don't want no preaching," said a sick woman to me when I went to see her one morning. "I ain't much of a hand to preach." said I, "but I can make a cup of tea with anybody," and with that I crossed over to the stove, started the fire and made her one. Then I put on some oatmeal for her three little children's breakfast (her husband had gone off early to his work, and couldn't attend to things), and while it was cooking I tidied them up so nicely that they didn't know themselves. Not one word did I say to that woman about her soul, but now she comes to our meetings regular, and our captain says she was converted, not by theology, but by my *scrubology.*"

396. There are many to criticise and many to offer advice in this world, but how few real helpers. The New York *Sun* tells of a recent incident on the streets of that great city, where a horse drawing a cartload of coal, stalled. A great crowd gathered about, and many were the words of advice spoken to the driver. One advised whipping, another tying a cloth over the horse's eyes, blowing in his ear, and such things. Just then two sailors came along, and one of them called out, "Ay, mate; but here's a craft on a reef." "Over with her, then." Both seized a wheel for a lift, the driver clucked for the horse to go ahead, and away went the load as easily as you please. They were

the only two in the whole crowd who had not advised the driver how to do it.

397. With great trouble, a small body of men were busy hoisting a heavy log to the top of the blockhouse that was being repaired after an assault in one of the campaigns of the war of American independence.

As the log swung to and fro, the voice of a little man was heard encouraging the workers with a "Heave away! There she goes! Heave ho!"

By and by there rode past an officer in plain clothes, who asked the little man why he did not help the others.

"Sir," was the pompous reply, "I am a corporal."

"Indeed," said the other, "I did not know that; I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal."

Dismounting without further ado, the officer lent a willing hand till the job was done. Then, wiping the honest sweat from off his brow, he turned to the little man and remarked:

"The next time, Mr. Corporal, you have a bit of work like that in hand, and too few men to do it, send for the commander-in-chief, and I'll come again and assist you."

With which offer and rebuke General Washington left the astounded corporal to his own reflections.—*Little Folks.*

398. An English paper relates an instance of kindness performed under peculiar circumstances: Amongst a lot of things put up at auction was "a pretty pair of crutches." In the crowd was a poor crippled boy, and the crutches were just the thing for him. He was the first to bid for them. An elderly, well-dressed man bid against him. There were cries of "Shame, shame!" in the crowd. The boy bid again and so did the old gentleman. The boy bid all he had, but the old gentleman outbid him once more, and the poor little lad turned away with tears in his eyes. The crutches were knocked down to the elderly man, who, to the surprise of all, took them to the poor little cripple and made him a present of them. The crowd was now as enthusiastic in their praise as they had been with their abuse, but the old gentleman heard nothing of it;

he had disappeared even before the little boy could thank him. To judge by a part is often to misjudge the whole.

399. A poor old man lay sick in a tumbledown shanty. There came along a man with big glasses, who described all the poor man's symptoms after one look through his wise spectacles. The sage gave the sick man a lecture on nutrition. He described clearly the constant waste of the tissues of the body requiring as constant a supply. Then came along a man whose heart was so tender that the mere sight of the poor man's emaciated features made him tremble, and he wept all the time the poor man was telling his story. In fact, he went away with his handkerchief to his eyes, and he could not enjoy his dinner for thought of the poor man starving, and his warm fire made him feel uncomfortable when he remembered the holes in the poor man's shanty. Then came along a man who was filled with indignation at the pitiable sight. He declared that the possibility of such a thing was a standing disgrace to our civilization. He declared that there was a screw loose somewhere. Then came along a man who was poor, also, but rich in love. He shared his living with the starving man. He got some rude boards and patched the roof and walls. And the sick man got well—not by knowledge, not by sympathy, not by law, but by love.

400. Hearts about us are hungering for brotherly kindness more than any mere gift we can bestow upon them—and none is so poor that he can not speak a word of kindness to the suffering. During the famine that brought great suffering to the poor of Russia, thousands of whom were reduced to the verge of starvation, Count Tolstoi made every effort in his power to better the condition of these unfortunates. One day the good poet passed a beggar on the street corner. Stretching out gaunt hands, the miserable creature asked for alms. Tolstoi felt in all his pockets for a coin to bestow upon him. He turned the pockets inside out, but to no purpose. Taking the beggar's hand in both of his, he said kindly, "Do not be angry with me, brother; I have nothing with me." The gaunt face lighted up; the man lifted his blood-shot eyes;

his blue lips parted in a smile. "But you called me brother—that was a great gift."—*Sermon Illustrator*

401. The secret of a bright life is to have brightness in the heart. The explanation of much of our pessimism is a poor, darkened heart. Some one has expressed this in a fable: "A cold firebrand and a burning lamp started out one day to see what they could find. The firebrand came back and wrote in its journal that the whole world was dark. It did not find a place, wherever it went, in which there was light. Everywhere there was darkness. The lamp, when it came back, wrote in its journal, 'Wherever I went it was light.' What was the difference? The lamp carried light with it, and when it went abroad it illumined everything about it. The dead firebrand carried no light, and it found none where it went."

402. There is power in tenderness. A tear will melt a heart that a sledge-hammer can not break. Francis Murphy, the great temperance advocate, lay, a hardened criminal, in one of the jails of Maine. Appeals to honor, manhood, self-respect touched him not. But his little boy was admitted to his cell, and, while a tear fell upon his cheek, said, "Father, we are very lonely at home without you." His heart was touched, and a very useful man was saved for God and the world.

403. Few men in this generation had such influence over the criminals of London as the late Earl of Shaftesbury. He always labored in hope. One man went to him after his release from prison, to seek his counsel. Years afterward, when redeemed to God and humanity, he was asked when his reformation began. "With my talk with the Earl," he replied. "What did the Earl say?" "It was not so much anything he said: but he took my hand in his, and said, 'Jack, we'll make a man of you yet.' It was the touch that did it."

404. I do not believe any man ever yet genuinely, humbly, thoroughly gave himself to Christ without some other finding Christ through him.—*Phillips Brooks.*

405. There are unsaved souls all about us longing for help toward a better life. Why do we not speak an encouraging word to them? A lady became impressed with the desire to speak with her neighbor, a woman of wealth and refinement, not a Christian. One morning she felt that she must go to her friend, and frankly tell her about her long-cherished interest in her soul. She knelt and prayed for strength, and then she went and told her just what was in her heart. Think how that message, brought in such fear and trembling, was received! The answer was, "Oh, I have wondered this long time why you never spoke to me. I have longed for your help, and I am so glad you have come. Will you not, please, pray with me?" That woman, her husband and two daughters soon came into the church—*Sermon Illustrator.*

406. A poor fellow in Exeter Hall signed the temperance pledge some years ago. He was a prize-fighter, a miserable, debauched, degraded, ignorant creature. A gentleman stood by his side, a builder in London, employing some hundreds of men, and he said to him—what did he say? "Stick to it?" No! "I hope you will stick to it, my friend?" No! "It will be a good thing for you if you stick to it?" No! He said this—"Where do you sleep to-night?" "Where I slept last night." "And where is that?" "In the streets." "No, you won't; you have signed this pledge, and you belong to this society, and you are going home with me."—*J. B. Gough.*

407. A traveler found his path through a precipitous ravine blocked by an immense rock, which, with the greatest effort of his strength, he could not move. He sat down helpless in despair. Others came along the same road, and each, in his turn, drawing together, they besought Heaven to aid them. But no voice replied; no angel appeared to roll away the stone. And, then, as if inspired, one asked: "May we not succeed together where we failed alone?" Before their united strength the barrier yielded and left the way open. The journey is life; the rock is human misery.—*Lammenais.*

408. A man came into my study the other day from one of the vacant churches on Murray Hill, and said: "I wish you would recommend a minister for our church." I said: "I can recommend a dozen." He seemed rather bluffed at that; thought that was a large number, and said: "Won't you suggest a name?" And I went on suggesting one name after another. I suggested one man, and he said: "I understand that man has not got a very strong voice." I suggested another. "Well, I understand that man wears a black cravat in the pulpit." Another man. "Well, I understand he is not a very good reader." And another man. "Well, I understand that man has a very stiff and formal delivery." Finally he said: "Well, what we want in our church is a minister who will draw." "Oh, no, my Christian friend, what you want is a church which will hold. You haven't got it. Twenty congregations passed through your church in the last twenty years, and they have passed through because you have not had a church which would hold. You want a church which will hold the people when they get into it. The minister can not hold. Success depends not half so much upon the minister as upon you, the church.'"—*Dr. Henry Van Dyke.*

409. Among the mountains of Switzerland, where the difficulties and dangers of travel are great, they have a way of binding a group of travelers together. Before they commence the slippery and perilous ascent, a strong cord is bound around the waist of each, and all are then bound together; so that every one helps the other, and if a brother slips, they help him up again. The bond of love that binds the members of the family together is a blessed tie. So also is that which unites citizens of a nation and all the children of God in one bond.

410. "Can't I live a Christian out of the church?" asks some one. Yes, just as easily as you can make a fire with one stick. Look at that wood fire. There must be three or four sticks to make a good fire. Now, take those blazing sticks out of the stove, and put them singly on the ground and see how quickly they are black and dead.

411. Why do we wait till ears are deaf
Before we speak our kindly word,
And only utter loving praise
When not a whisper can be heard?

Why do we wait till hands are laid
Close-folded, pulseless, ere we place
Within them roses sweet and rare,
And lilies in their flawless grace?

Why do we wait till lips are sealed
To light and love in death's deep trance,
Dear wistful eyes—before we bend
Above them with impassioned glance?

Why do we wait till hearts are still,
To tell them all the love in ours,
And give them such late meed of praise,
And lay above them fragrant flowers?

How oft, we, careless, wait till life's
Sweet opportunities are past,
And break our "alabaster box
Of ointment" at the very last!

Oh, let us heed the living friend
Who walks with us life's common ways,
Watching our eyes for a look of love,
And hungering for a word of praise!

—*British Weekly.*

412. An old mariner said that though his vessel remained in port but a day, he always dropped her anchor or tied up at a pier. Deposit your church letter if you would not be driven by the wind and tossed upon uncertain waters. You can always get a "clearing" when you wish to move. The church is an inn for a night's lodging as well as a home for a permanent residence.—*Ram's Horn.*

413. A pastor dreamed that his church was a stage-coach at the foot of a hill, up which, in the absence of horse-power, it fell to his lot to drag it. Some of his officers and members bade him be of good cheer, for they would all help. He should guide the tongue, some of them would turn the wheels, others push, and so together they should get it up the hill. For awhile the heavy coach moved slowly but surely up. After a time, however, its

weight seemed to increase, till the pastor, bringing the vehicle to a stand on the first ridge, and turning the tongue to prevent its slipping down, ran to see what was the matter. All the helpers, tired of turning wheels and pushing, had jumped into the coach and were sitting inside!

414. In one of the most ingenious of his essays, Addison draws some queer conclusions from his aphorism, "Every worthless man is a dead man." Arguing existence only from usefulness, he finds the greater portion of the world quite uninhabited. Some men are born at twenty years of age, some at thirty, some at threescore, and some not more than an hour before they die. Some, indeed, die before they are born. If we agree with Addison that those alone are truly living that are faithfully engaged in some service for men, would not our census methods require extensive modifications? Were the witty essayist made superintendent of the Census Bureau, we fear the population of many a metropolis might shrink below that of some quiet country town, where men are honest, patriotic, industrious and conscientious. In sooth, it is an interesting question for each of us how old we should prove to be, were our age enrolled in such a census enumeration as is here suggested.—*Golden Rule.*

415. In giving an example of love to one's neighbor, Jesus does not command us to hold a prayer-meeting in his behalf, however good and needful such a work might be; nor does he advise the sending of a Bible or a hymn-book, however commendable a gift of this nature should be considered; but the neighborly love is shown by caring for the wounded man by the wayside. The church is daily passing by on the other side and failing to relieve the distressed. The children of the poor are asking for bread, and the church is giving them an invitation to the monthly social; they are asking for an egg, and are told that the regular prayer-meeting is held on Wednesday evening. Like the disciples of old, the church is saying, "Send them away;" but Jesus would say, as he said to the disciples, "Give ye them to eat."—*F. A. Morgan.*

416. I was once crossing the Atlantic from New York to Liverpool, and after leaving New York I soon noticed that the ship was not making her usual time. I counted the revolutions of the screw and found that these were at least ten behind what they should be. A look into the engine-room revealed nothing that indicated weakness. But I was not satisfied. I asked an officer what was the matter. He replied by pointing to one of the three pistons. Said he: "That piston nearest to you is a dummy. It is moving up and down just like the other two, but it is not only useless, but worse than useless, for it is indebted to the two live pistons for even the life it shows. They not only have to drive the ship, but have to pull the dummy piston along while doing it." And so I think it is with some men. They not only do nothing themselves, but the live, active, progressive workers who are driving the ship of progress have literally to draw the dummy men after them, or else the dummies would never get on at all. Let us make no mistake in this matter. It often happens that the very little activity shown by faultfinders is due wholly to the great activity of the real workers. The real workers are not only carrying the whole load of the work, but they are carrying also the men who will not work, and who really try to hinder the hard workers by faultfinding.—*W. T. Moore, in World's Congress Addresses.*

417. It is said that once, when Sir Michael Costa was having a rehearsal, with a vast array of performers and hundreds of voices, as the mighty chorus rang out with thunder of the organ, and roll of drums, and ringing horns, and cymbals clashing, some man who played the piccolo far away up in some corner, said within himself, "In all this din it matters not what I do:" and so he ceased to play. Suddenly the great conductor stopped, flung up his hands, and all was still—and then he cried aloud, "Where is the piccolo!" The quick ear missed it, and all was spoiled because it failed to take its part. O my soul, do thy part with all thy might! Little thou mayst be, insignificant and hidden,

and yet God seeks thy praise. He listens for it, and all the great music of his universe is made richer and sweeter because thou givest him thanks. "Bless the Lord, O my soul."—*Mark Guy Pearse.*

418. It is difficult to say what is important and what is insignificant. Alexander Maclaren recently used the forcible illustration that in the steam-engine the tiny rivet is just as important as the piston. The engine would be helpless without either. So in the church of God the humblest member may be as important and necessary in the sight of God as the most distinguished and famous.

419. Often we are unable to do some great thing, when we are able to help some one else that can and will do it. Shall we not share in the rewards resulting from such kindness? A lad on his way to school passed a door-step on which sat a lame and invalid child. The passing boy said to him, "Why don't you go to school?" "Oh, I am lame and can not walk to school." "Get on my back," said the well boy, "and I will carry you to school." And so he did that day and for many days until the invalid was fairly started on the road to an education. Who was the well boy? I don't know. Who was the invalid? It was Robert Hall, the rapt pulpit orator of all Christendom.—*Talmage.*

420. A pale little lad in a west-bound train glanced wistfully at a seat where a mother and her merry children were eating lunch. The tears gathered in his eyes, though he tried to keep them back. A passenger came and stood beside him.

"What's the trouble?" he asked. "Have you no lunch?"

"Yes, I have a little left, and I'm not so awful hungry."

"What is it, then? Tell me; perhaps I can help you."

"It's—it's so lonely, and there's such a lot of them over there, and—they've got their mother."

The young man glanced at the black band on the boy's hat. "Ah," he said gently; "and you've lost yours."

"Yes, and I'm going to my uncle; but I've never seen him. A kind lady, the doctor's wife, who put up my

lunch, hung this card to my neck. She told me to show it to the ladies on the car, and they would be kind to me; but I didn't show it to any one yet. You may read it if you like."

The young man raised the card and read the name and address of the boy. Below were the words:

"And whosoever shall give drink unto one of these little ones, a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, He shall in no wise lose his reward."

The reader brushed his hand across his eyes and was silent for a moment. Then, "I'll come back very soon," he said, and made his way to the mother and her children.

And presently George felt a pair of loving arms about him, and a woman's voice, half sobbing, calling him a poor, dear little fellow, begging him to come with her to her children. And for the rest of the journey, at least, motherless George had no lack of "mothering."—*New York Tribune.*

421. A story of a bright-eyed, barefooted, shabby little fellow is told by *Forward.* He was working his way through a crowded car, offering his papers in every direction, in a way that showed him well used to the business, and of a temperament not easily daunted.

The train started while he was making change, and the conductor, passing him, laughed.

"Caught this time, Joe!" he said. You'll have to run to Fourteenth Street."

"Don't care," laughed Joe, in return. "I can sell all the way back again."

A white-haired old gentleman seemed interested in the boy, and questioned him concerning his way of living and his earnings. There was a younger brother to be supported, it appeared. "Jimmy" was lame, and "couldn't earn much hisself."

"Ah, I see. That makes it hard; you could do better alone."

The shabby little figure was erect in a moment, and the denial was prompt and somewhat indignant.

"No, I couldn't! Jim's somebody to go home to; he's lots of help. What would be the good of havin' luck, if nobody was glad? or of gettin' things, if there was nobody to divide with?"

"Fourteenth Street!" called the conductor, and as the newsboy plunged out into the gathering dusk, the old gentleman remarked to nobody in particular, "I've heard many a poorer sermon than that!"

422. Every student of history remembers Captain Perry's dispatch after the battle of Lake Erie, a sentence true and yet glowing: "We have met the enemy and they are ours." Every one remembers the great and significant result of the fight, but few, perhaps, have heard of one humble worker who served his country just as truly there as if he had been on deck amid shot and shell, earning glory as well as the reward of a good conscience. Just as the ships were going into action, the mate of the "Lawrence" said to Wilson Mays, who was ill and unfit for service: "Go below, Mays; you are too weak to be here." "I can do something, sir," was the stout reply. "What can you do?" "I can sound the pump, sir, and let a strong man go to the guns." Then he sat down by the pump, and thus released for active service a man who had more muscle. And when the fight was over, there he was found, with a bullet through the heart.

423. You can not set the world right, or the times, but you can do something for the truth; and all you can do will certainly tell if the work you do is for the Master, who gives you your share, and so the burden of responsibility is lifted off. This assurance makes peace, satisfaction and repose possible even in the partial work done upon earth. Go to the man who is carving a stone for a building; ask him where that stone is going, to what part of the temple, and how he is going to get it into place? He points you to the builder's plans. This is only one stone of many. So, when men shall ask how and where is your little achievement going into God's plan, point them to your Master, who keeps the plans,

and then go on doing your little service as faithfully as if the whole temple were yours to build.—*Phillips Brooks.*

424. Frances Ridley Havergal says: "Suppose an angel were sent down some morning to tell us that he was commissioned to take all our work under his charge that day. What a holiday it would seem as we went about our business with the angel beside us! What a day of privilege and progress! How we should thank God for the extraordinary relief his kindness had sent!" Not an angel, but God himself, stands beside us each day waiting to give us wisdom and skill and strength.

HEREDITY.

425. The heredity of form and features and the heredity of mental traits and character are unquestioned. The heredity of disease and diseased tendencies may also be observed in every community. Recently it has been shown that criminality, pauperism, insanity, epilepsy and other allied tendencies are transmitted, and can be cultivated and grown with as much certainty as plants or animals are bred and changed. Inebriety belongs to the same class, and has been recognized as hereditary for ages.—*T. D. Crothers.*

426. The above author claims that 40 per cent. of all inebriates inherit their inebriety directly from their parents, and that in 20 per cent. of the cases the inebriety may be traced to the grandparents, more frequently on the mother's than on the father's side, the heredity passing over one generation and appearing in the next. In one case the son of an excellent clergyman, whose training and life had been above reproach, suddenly began to use spirits at the age of twenty-eight, and he died ten years later an inebriate. This was the exact history of his grandfather, whom he resembled closely. In another case a divinity student, who had about finished his studies and had been a temperate, model man, coming from an excellent family, all at once became intemperate, ran away to

sea as a common sailor, and died a low drunkard some years after. His grandfather, a merchant, had done the same, only at a later period of life.

427. A well-to-do farmer of my acquaintance was astounded, when coming into his house one day, to find his wife intoxicated. He found, upon investigation, that she had inherited the taste for liquor from her father, who, for many years, had drank heavily every day. In spite of all efforts to restrain it, her appetite grew to be insatiable. All efforts on the part of the husband to keep her from securing liquor were also in vain. And the most approved cures failed in her case. As a last resort, to keep her from getting drunk away from home, the husband bought whisky at wholesale and dealt it out to her as sparingly as he could, but it took two and a half gallons each week, and when this would not satisfy her she added the use of opium and finally died from an overdose. I have been informed that all her brothers and sisters were afflicted with the same dread disease, and it could only be accounted for by heredity.

428. A sad story, illustrating the law of heredity, is told in the Isle of Wight, England. A bright little girl joined a juvenile temperance society, and was very earnest in getting her young friends to join. But her crowning achievement on which she had set her heart was getting her father to sign the pledge. He was a confirmed tippler, but he loved his child, and to please her he signed. The man went away and broke the pledge, but the little maid would not be discouraged, and in a few weeks she induced him to sign again, and this time he kept it. When this child grew to be a girl of seventeen she was one day invited to tea by some of her friends, who thought her a fanatic on the subject of temperance, and had concocted a plan to have a joke on her. When the first cup of tea was passed round and she had tasted it she burst into laughter, which was almost maniacal. They asked her how she liked it. She said, "Very much." "Do you know what was in it?" they asked. "No," she answered, "but whatever it was I will have some more." They had put

rum in the tea, and the girl took some more, and that night she was carried home drunk, and from that night she could never be kept from drink. She wandered away to Portsmouth, and there she ultimately died, an outcast on the street.

429. Norman Kerr states that in one household, with a drunken father, two girls were hysterical, and the third was an imbecile. Of the sons, the eldest was an epileptic, the second died suddenly of alcoholic apoplexy, and the third was an idiot. In another family, burdened with the hereditary curse, the eldest daughter committed suicide, the second lost her reason and became demented, the youngest was an incarnation of hysteria, the eldest son killed himself with drink, and the youngest was a confirmed sot.

430. The father of thirteen children said to an eminent physician: "Doctor, how is it that all my children died in decline when young? None of them reached more than twenty. My wife was not unhealthy, and see what a stout man I am." The doctor informed him that drink had destroyed the beginnings of life, so that he had transmitted a corrupt type to his children. This is nature's law, and when it is violated she exacts a fearful penalty.

431. The worst dipsomaniac we have seen was the son of a man whose boast was that "he never drank enough to feel it."—*J. M. Buckley.*

432. I heard John B. Gough say: "My father was a moderate drinker all his life, but his son could no more drink moderately than you could explode a powder magazine moderately or fire a gun off gradually." Probably the moderate drinking of the father had much to do with the drunkenness of the son.

433. "I have drank whisky every day for thirty-five years," remarked a gentleman of sixty, rather proudly, "and I don't see but I have as good a constitution as the average man of my age; I never was drunk in my life." He was telling the truth, but to learn the whole truth you would have to study his children. The oldest, a young

lady, had perfect health; the second, a young man, was of a remarkably nervous and excitable temperament, as different from his phlegmatic father as possible; the third, a young lady of seventeen, was epileptic and always had very poor health. Did the father's whisky-drinking have anything to do with these facts? The instance may be duplicated in almost every community. Think over the families of your acquaintance in which the father has long been a moderate drinker, and observe the facts as to the health of the children. The superintendent of a hospital for children at Berne, Switzerland, has found by careful observation that only 45 per cent. of those whose parents used intoxicating liquors habitually had good constitutions, while 82 per cent. of the children of temperate parents had sound bodies. Of the children of inebriates only 6 per cent. were healthy. Can any man "drink and take the consequences," or must his children take the consequences?

434. Victor Hugo says there is not a vice, a pleasure, a sin, indulged by the parent that is not transmitted to the child. The children of opium-eaters are often born with a paralyzed will and with strong tendencies to evil. The effect of strong drink often shows itself in the inherited appetite to the third and fourth generations. Many of our social wrecks are the harvest of ancestral sowing.

435. Heredity is as true of good qualities as it is of bad. All the traits of character we have were born with us, but for their education or subordination we are largely responsible. The sections of the kaleidoscope are always the same. No new beauties are introduced. Yet new pictures are constantly being presented to the eye. Every turn of the instrument brings a combination of beautiful colors and symmetrical forms that never existed before and never will again. This illustrates in part the composition of man. He is born with a multitude of dormant powers, an endless variety of talents. But, unlike the mover of the kaleidoscope, he is responsible for the arrangement and presentation of these forces.

436. Guiteau was born with a bad disposition. He was an unwelcome child, his body weakened by the violence done it, his nervous system depraved and excited, and his mind stamped with the reckless disregard for human life that his mother had felt for her helpless, unborn babe. Yet there was a time in his history when this dormant demon could have been held in check and not allowed to drive him to insanity. But he gave himself up to crankism. He threw out every beautiful piece from the kaleidoscope of his mind and left those that were dark and murderous to allure him on to ruin.

437. Henry Wilson, Vice-President at one time of the United States, is a noble instance of abstinence from intoxicants. His father and family were drunkards. God opened his eyes. He changed his name. He refused to taste any intoxicant. John Quincy Adams once asked him to drink. "That," said he, "was my crucial moment. I told him to excuse me; that my parents were drunkards, and if I tasted it I would be gone." John Quincy Adams sent it from the table, and praised him for abstaining. It saved him, and he climbed to the position of power and influence.

438. It should be remembered that heredity is not identical with fatality. There may be a strong bent in one direction, but a thousand instances show that it can be counteracted and reversed by a stronger will. Brindley, one of our modern engineers, was born in the atmosphere of strong drink. George Stephenson had no early advantages in parentage or training. Faraday was the son of a rough blacksmith. The elder Brunel was the child of a poor French peasant. Nevertheless, all of these men attained distinction.—*Lorimer.*

439. Lord, I find the genealogy of my Saviour strangely checkered with four remarkable changes in four immediate generations:

1. Roboam begat Abia; that is, a bad father begat a bad son.

2. Abia begat Asa; that is, a bad father, a good son.

3. Asa begat Josaphat; that is, a good father, a good son.

4. Josaphat begat Joram; that is, a good father, a bad son.

I see, Lord, from hence, that my father's piety can not be entailed; that is bad news for me. But I see also that actual implicity is not always hereditary; that is good news for my son.—*Thomas Fuller.*

440. There is nothing you can not overcome.
Say not thy evil instinct is inherited,
Or that some trait inborn makes thy whole life forborne,
And calls for punishment that is not merited.

Back of thy parents and grandparents lies
The great Eternal Will; that, too, is thine
Inheritance—strong, beautiful, divine;
Sure lever of success for one who tries.

Pry up thy fault with this great lever—will—
However deeply bedded in propensity;
However firmly set, I tell thee firmer yet
Is that great power that comes from truth's immensity.

There is no noble height thou canst not climb;
All triumphs may be thine in time's futurity;
It, whatsoe'er thy fault, thou dost not faint or halt,
But lean upon the staff of God's security.

Earth has no claim the soul can not contest.
Know thyself part of the supernal Source,
And naught can stand before thy spirit's force;
The soul's divine inheritance is best.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

441. Heredity is a mean refuge. A man who is old enough and sane enough to realize the consequences of his deeds and to be responsible for them ought to take the blame of his misdemeanors. To say that he inherits a craving for alcohol or vice, and therefore must indulge in it, is a babyish way of shifting responsibility. He who does evil deliberately and intentionally does it by his own will, and not by his ancestors'. That it may be more difficult for him to overcome certain tendencies because of heredity may be admitted without conceding the point that one is under all the greater obligation to strive to overcome them.

He who pleads his faulty upbringing as a reason for continuing complacently in his faults has yet to learn what manhood means and manliness strives for.—*S. S. Times.*

INFIDELITY.

442. It is related of Napoleon, that, when Marshal Durve, an avowed infidel, was once telling a very improbable story, giving his opinion that it was true, the emperor quietly remarked, "There are some men who are capable of believing everything but the Bible." That would be a good definition of an infidel, one who can not believe the Bible, but can believe any theory opposed to it, and that, too, on the most slender evidence.

443. A keen student of human nature gives this definition of an agnostic: "An agnostic is a man who loudly declares that he knows nothing, and gets mad and abuses you if you tell him that you believe him. He says that he doesn't know anything, but really believes he knows everything."

444. Professor Huxley invented the word "agnostic." He found himself a member of the Metaphysical Society. Most of the members were "ists" of one sort or another; he was, mentally, without a rag or a covering. These friends of his had reached a certain gnosis, or knowledge, which he had failed to reach. He chose as his label, "Agnostic"—one who does not know. It soon came to mean that what the agnostic does not know he can not know, and what he can not and does not know is beyond knowledge.—*O P. Gifford, D. D.*

445. It can safely be said that a free thinker is one who is free not to think. The remark seems paradoxical, it is true, but an analysis will readily demonstrate its correctness. To put the case a little differently, the free thinker is one who is free to think without thinking at all—who only thinks that he is thinking.

446. In Tit. ii. 10 "fidelity" is represented as opposed to theft, or purloining. In harmony with this text, it may

be truly said that *in*fidelity is theft. It does not, however, stop at theft. It is the source of all other crimes. It is the germ whence spring the rankest weeds of vice. It opposes in every subtle form the joys and hopes of all the earth. Professing to be the advocate of "liberty, love and law," it would forever bind upon us the shackles of the grave, turn love to lust, and sink into nothingness the foundation of all law, human and divine. It would pluck from his lofty throne the Sun of righteousness, and wrap the state in the gloomy robes of darkness and despair. It struggles hard to overthrow the only power that would immortalize the state by inspiring individuals with a noble hope. Party prejudice, civil strifes and all other enemies are nothing compared with this common foe, this monster which would blot out human responsibility, drain the character of strength, and seal the eternal doom of nations.

447. When Renaud first went as senator to Paris he engaged a room at a hotel and paid a month's rent—150 francs—in advance. The proprietor asked if he would have a receipt. "It is not necessary," replied Renaud; "God has witnessed the payment." "Do you believe in God?" sneered the host. "Most assuredly!" replied Renaud; "don't you?" "Not I, monsieur." "Ah," said the senator, "I will take a receipt, if you please."

448. Infidels have, many of them, acknowledged the degrading influence of unbelief. Some of them have not allowed it to be talked in the presence of their children. Voltaire did not allow his servants to hear it. One day when D'Alembert and Condorcet were dining with him, they proposed to converse of atheism; but Voltaire stopped them at once, until the servants had retired. Lord Barrington once asked Collins, the infidel writer, how it was, that, though he seemed to have very little religion himself, he took so much care that his servants should attend regularly at church. His reply was, that he did it to prevent their robbing or murdering him.

449. Ethan Allen had taught his daughter the principles of unbelief, but at her bedside, just before her death,

a conversation ensued which has been transposed into verse:

"The damps of death are coming fast,
My father, o'er my brow;
The past, with all its scenes, are fled,
And I must turn me now
To that dim future, which in vain
My eyes seek to descry;
Tell me, my father, in this hour,
In whose belief to die.
My father, shall I look above,
Amid the gathering gloom,
To Him whose promises of love
Extend beyond the tomb,
Or curse the Being who has blessed
This checkered life of mine?
Must I embrace my mother's faith,
Or die, my sire, in thine?"
The frown upon that warrior's brow
Passed like a cloud away,
And tears coursed down the rugged cheeks
That flowed not till that day.
"Not, not in mine," with choking voice,
The skeptic made reply,
"But in thy mother's holy faith,
My daughter, mayst thou die."

450. A recent church paper shows the insufficiency of some of the recent "liberal views" of religion, by imagining a man inquiring about the road to a certain place. He is pointed to the old turnpike and told: "It has always been considered the best and safest way; but recently some enterprising citizens have opened up this newer route. The new road leads through some beautiful scenery. I confess it has some dark passages in it; and then, too, it has never been surveyed clear through to the end; and we have never known of any one who traveled it that reached the end in safety—but then it is much the better of the two." "Excuse me," says the traveler, "but I want to be sure, and so I will take the old turnpike." The old religion that has safely landed so many in heaven is the religion that we all should choose.

451. When Lord Chesterfield was at Brussels he was invited to dine with Voltaire. In the course of the even-

ing the conversation turned on the affairs of England. "I think, my lord," said one of the guests, "that the Parliament of England consists of five or six hundred of the best informed men of the kingdom." "True, sir," replied he, "they are generally supposed to be so." "What, then, can be the reason they tolerate so great an absurdity as the Christian religion?" "I suppose," answered Chesterfield, "it is because they have not been able to substitute anything better in its stead. When they can, I do not doubt but in their wisdom they will readily adopt it."

452. A man may deny God, but, plunged into sudden and great peril, he involuntarily prays. We had a man on the great lakes about Michigan, who was one of the greatest blasphemers and blatant professed atheists in all that district; yet, as surely as the vessel on which he sailed was involved in the danger of shipwreck, he was the first man to hug the mast and cry to God to deliver him. There was a latent instinct in the human soul, even in the soul of the worst of men, that prayer is the remedy for such evils as these.—*Pierson.*

453. An infidel lecturer addressed an audience with great earnestness, denying God and immortality, and uttering the most horrid blasphemies. When he was done, a man of middle age arose, and said: "My friends, I have a word to speak to you to-night. I am not about to refute any of the arguments of the orator. I shall not criticise his style. I shall say nothing of what I believe to be the blasphemies he has uttered, but I shall simply relate to you a fact, and, after I have done that, you shall draw your own conclusions. Yesterday I walked by the side of yonder river; I saw on its floods a young man in a boat; the boat was unmanageable; it was going fast toward the rapids. He could not use the oars, and I saw that he was not capable of bringing the boat to the shore. I saw that young man wring his hands in agony. By and by he gave up the attempt to save his life, kneeled down, and cried with desperate earnestness, 'O God, save my soul. If my body can not be saved, save my soul!' I heard him confess he had been a blasphemer. I heard him vow that if his

life were spared he would never be such again. I heard him implore the mercy of heaven for Jesus Christ's sake, and earnestly plead that he might be washed in his blood. These arms saved that young man from the flood. I plunged in, brought the boat to shore, and saved his life. That same young man has just now addressed you, and cursed his Maker. What say you to this, sirs?" The speaker sat down. A shudder ran through the young man himself, and the audience saw that while it was a fine thing to act the bravado against almighty God on dry land, when danger was distant, it was not the same near the verge of the grave.—*Foster's Cyclopedia.*

454. Many infidels have recanted when they came to die. In fact, this became so common that their fellow infidels took measures to prevent it, and when one of their number was thought to be dying, surrounded his bed and tried to encourage him to be a man and hold on to the end. Baxendale tells of a lady who had been a prominent lecturer among the infidel classes, who came to her death-bed. Being much disturbed in her mind, her friends gathered about her and exhorted her to "hold on to the last." "Yes, I have no objection to holding on," said the dying woman, "but will you tell me *what I am to hold on by?*" These words so deeply impressed a skeptic standing by that he was led to renounce the delusion of infidelity and become a Christian.

455. People's feelings are frequently very different when they are really dying from those experienced when they only suppose themselves dying. Nelson says: "A man mocked at holy things. He became seriously diseased and supposed himself sinking into the death slumber. He was not frightened. His fortitude and composure were his pride and the boast of his friends. The undaunted firmness with which he could enter futurity was spoken of exultingly. It was a mistake. He was not in the condition of dissolution. His soul never had been on the line between two worlds. After this he was taken ill again. He supposed, as before, that he was entering the next state, and he really was; but his soul seemed to feel in

a different atmosphere. The horrors of these scenes have been often described and are often seen. I need not endeavor to picture such a departure here."

456. Some time after writing part of his "Age of Reason," Thomas Paine was seized with a dangerous fever and did not expect to live. In his preface of Part II. he says that when he had but little hope of surviving, he congratulated himself most sincerely on having written the former part of the "Age of Reason," and that he "knew, therefore, by experience, the conscientious trial of his own principles." But remember, he had only thought he was dying. He recovered, and when he came to die in reality, he had a very different experience, and said if the devil ever had any agency in any work, he had it in his writing that book. His biographer, in order to excuse the blunders Paine made in his criticisms on the Bible, says that at "the time he wrote the first part of the work he was without a Bible, neither could he procure one." Paine acknowledged the same thing. Ignorance was a poor excuse, but it was the most charitable that could be made.

457. When Franklin was in Paris, among the infidels and scoffers of that day, he was ridiculed for loving the Bible. He determined to find out how many had read the Book at which they scoffed. He informed one of the learned societies, of which he was a member, that he had come across a story in pastoral life in ancient times that appeared to him very beautiful, but he would like the judgment of the society upon it. On the evening appointed, Franklin had a reader of finely modulated voice to read to them the Book of Rruth. They were in ecstasies over it, and one after another rose to express gratification and admiration and the desire that the manuscript should be printed. "It is printed," said Franklin, "and it is part of the Bible."

458. The infamy of propagating a system so degrading has been confessed by unbelievers themselves. Sheridan, the noted infidel, said, in a speech on the French Revolution, in the House of Commons: "Although no man can

command his conviction, I have ever considered a deliberate disposition to make proselytes to infidelity as an unaccountable depravity. Whoever attempts to pluck the belief or the prejudice on this subject, style it which he will, from the bosom of one man, woman or child, commits a brutal outrage, the motives for which I have never been able to trace or conceive." That was a noble confession. Unbelief is a misfortune, and if it has overtaken one man, that is no reason why he should undertake to bring the same misery to all others. His only consistency is in silence.

459. If there were no other charge against infidelity, this would be enough to condemn it. It is worthless. It gives nothing in return for what it takes away. It is a hopeless negation. Robert Owen, the world-renowned infidel, visited Alexander Campbell at Bethany. They went to the family burying-ground. Mr. Owen, addressing himself to Mr. Campbell, said: "There is one advantage I have over the Christian. I am not afraid to die. Most Christians have fear in death; but if some few items of my business were settled, I should be perfectly willing to die at any moment." "Well," answered Mr. Campbell, "you say you have no fear in death; have you any hope in death?" After a solemn pause—"No," said Mr. Owen. "Then," rejoined Mr. Campbell, pointing to an ox standing near, "you are on a level with that brute. He has fed until he is satisfied, and stands in the shade, whisking off the flies, and has neither hope nor fear in death."

460. A man can not shirk the responsibility of believing something. If he disbelieves in the divine origin of Christianity, he must believe in its human origin; and which belief requires the more credulous mind? A man who should doubt whether there is such a city as Rome would imply his belief in (what most would account a moral impossibility) the possibility of such multitudes of independent witnesses having concurred in a fabrication. So, as T. Ragg says, "the unbeliever must believe in a thousand anomalies which he can not reconcile with reason; in contradictions and impossibilities without number; in effects which are greater than their causes, and in the great-

est of effects being produced without a cause: and all this that he may escape from the sound and natural conclusions of reason; that he may close his eyes to the light which beams everywhere upon him, from satellite and planet and sun and system, reflected in the voiceless but soul-speaking eyes of millions of intelligent creatures; that he may shut his ears to the voices that are ever and anon rising up with the sound of nature's harmonies, in the hum of insects, the songs of birds, the murmur of restless waters, the wild roaring of thunders and tempests, and the thousand thousand articulations of intelligent creatures, *'There is a God who created all things'."*

461. I once read a debate between a noted infidel, Joseph Barker, and Jonas Hartzell, a Christian minister. Barker had been a preacher and editor, and his opponent frequently quoted statements he had made when a professed Christian. Barker was a most beautiful writer, and I was constantly impressed that a man who could write such glorious things in favor of Christianity could not be sincere when he opposed it. And I learned afterwards that my surmises were well founded. About 1870 he renounced his infidelity, and preached as a minister till his death. He labored with an earnestness and energy bordering on desperation to counteract the influence he had exerted while an infidel; and his excessive labors with pen and tongue, in the pulpit and on the platform, are said to have hastened his death. He was constantly receiving letters from infidels in this and other countries, complaining that he had led them into infidelity, and now had forsaken them. All these letters he endeavored to answer, rising early and sitting up late, that, if possible, he might bring the writers back to the truth. He said what first opened his eyes, and led him first to consider the whole subject anew, was the gross immorality and licentiousness to which he saw infidelity led its disciples. And he added that he had never known an infidel who hated and opposed the Bible who was not an immoral man; thus reminding us of Wilmot, the infidel, who, when dying, laid his hand

upon the Bible, and solemnly, and with unwonted energy, said, "The only objection against this book is a bad life."

462. One of the most popular infidel books is entitled "Crimes of Preachers," by Colonel Billings. One of the accusations mentioned in the book was that a certain prominent minister wrote his own puffs. Well, maybe that is a crime. Colonel Billings ought to know what crime is, for, after being accused of every principal crime known to man, he is now serving a life sentence in the Iowa Penitentiary for murder. After killing an innocent man, he put a revolver in the hands of the corpse and pretended that his victim had tried to murder him, and, failing to do that, committed suicide. He showed a ball sticking fast in the ring of his suspenders, and holes in his clothing and a bruise on his back as his proof. It was proven that he cut the holes, hammered the bullet into his suspender ring, and bruised his back before he went on his murderous errand, as a basis for his attack upon his victim.

463. When the microscopic search of skepticism, which has hunted the heavens and sounded the seas to disprove the existence of a creator, has turned its attention to human society, and found a place on this planet ten miles square where a decent man can live in decency, comfort and security, supporting and educating his children unspoiled and unpolluted; a place where age is reverenced, infancy protected, manhood respected, womanhood honored and human life held in due regard—when skeptics can find such a place ten miles square on this globe where the gospel of Christ has not gone and cleared the way, and laid the foundation, and made decency and security possible, it will then be in order for the skeptical literati to move thither and there ventilate their views.—*Jas. Russell Lowell.*

464. Liberals undertook to exemplify their principles a few years ago in Missouri. They founded a town and named it Liberal. They were so extremely "liberal" that churches were not to be allowed. In their boom literature they boasted that it was "the only town of its size in the United States without a priest, a preacher, church, saloon,

God, Jesus, hell or devil." But Eld. Clark Braden wrote up an account for the *Post-Dispatch* showing that there was little else than hell and devil there; that it was a den of iniquity; that its hotels were brothels and virtue almost unknown. The account was so terrible that they had Braden arrested for criminal libel, and sued him and the *Post-Dispatch* for $25,000 damages. After the prosecution had presented all its evidence, the case was submitted to the jury without any rebutting evidence by the defendant, and he was acquitted by the jury. The civil suit for damages was dismissed by demand of the plaintiffs, who paid all the costs. Liberal was a failure, and even lifelong unbelievers who had moved there for its advantages, left in disgust. One of them struck the keynote when he said: "An infidel surrounded by Christians may spout his infidelity and the community may be able to stand it. But it will never do to establish a society with infidelity as its basis."

465. Are you beginning to tremble for the safety of your Bible? Do you fear that the "critics" are about to utterly destroy it? Have you concluded that these scholarly destructionists are multiplying so that their name is legion? The destructive critics are few, but noisy. They remind us of a story we heard awhile ago. A man came to a hotel-keeper and asked him if he would buy two carloads of frog legs.

"Two carloads!" exclaimed the astonished landlord. "Why, I could not use them in twenty years."

"Well, will you buy half a carload?"

"No."

"Twenty or thirty bushels?"

"No."

"Twenty or thirty dozen?"

"No."

"Two dozen?"

"Yes."

A few days later the man returned with three pairs of legs.

"Is that all?" said the landlord.

"Yes; the fact is that I live near a pond, and the frogs made so much noise that I thought there were millions of them; but I dragged the pond with a seine, drained it, and raked it, and there were only three frogs in the whole thing."

You have already made your application.—*Epworth Herald.*

INTEMPERANCE.

466. Sir Benjamin Richardson defines alcohol, "The devil in solution." Sir William Lawson describes the aim of temperance societies, "to exhibit this devil in dissolution."

467. An eminent English clergyman, Rev. J. W. Horsley, says: "My experience as a prison chaplain makes me look upon crime simply as condensed alcohol."

468. Rev. E. E. Hale, of Boston, thus strikingly comments on the relation between human misery and intemperance: "I like to put myself on record as saying that all the poverty, all the crime, and all the vice which attract public attention in Boston among what we call the poorer classes, may be ascribed to the free use of intoxicating liquors. I have said a hundred times, and I say it again, that if anybody will take charge of all the poverty and crime which results from drunkenness, the South Congregational Church, of which I have the honor to be the minister, will alone take charge of all the rest of the poverty which needs 'outdoor relief' in the city of Boston."

469. Judge White, of Pittsburg, is quoted as saying, three years ago: "After fifteen years on the bench I believe that four-fifths of all crimes committed are the result, directly or indirectly, of the use of intoxicating liquors. Much of it is due to beer. It follows that three-fourths of the expense to the State for prosecution of criminals is attributable to the same cause." Judge White is not accustomed to make careless utterances.—*N. Y. Advocate.*

470. The liquor traffic costs every year more than our whole civil service, our army, our navy, our Congress, in-

cluding the River and Harbor and the Pension Bills, our wasteful local governments, and all national, State, county and local debts, besides all the schools in the country. In fact, this country pays more for liquor than for every function of every kind of government. How is a question of that size to be put aside with a sneer?—*New York Tribune.*

471. A manufacturer in Belgium marked seven hundred five-franc pieces before paying his workmen. Two days after, the keepers of adjacent grogshops, at his request, handed him all such pieces as had been given them. They returned more than three hundred, showing that each workman had spent more than half his wages at the public house in less than two days.

472. A young man entered a village tavern and asked for liquor. "No," said the landlord; "you had *delirium tremens* once, and I can not sell you any more." He steps aside for a couple of younger men, who are politely given the wine they wish. Then the first one steps up to the landlord and says: "Six years ago at their age I stood where those young men are now. My prospects were fair. Now, at the age of twenty-eight, I am a wreck in body and mind. You led me to drink. In this room I formed the habit that has been my ruin. Now sell me a few glasses, for I shall soon be out of the way; there is no hope for me; but they can be saved. Do sell it to me and let me die, and the world will be rid of me; but, for heaven's sake, sell no more to them!"

473. "Twenty years ago it was often true that a young man who drank beer or wine, or even whisky in moderation, might be advanced to places of greater trust and responsibility," says a Chicago paper. "It is now scarcely possible. The habit is simply fatal to success. There is not a single reputable business house in Chicago where an employe who uses intoxicants of any sort has anything like an even chance for promotion. The taking of a single glass of beer, may, and often does, mean losing the chance of a lifetime. Brainy boys and young men, teetotalers from principle, are plenty enough to fill all the places in the line of promotion."

474. A patient was arguing with his doctor on the necessity of his taking a stimulant. "But, doctor, I must have some kind of a stimulant; I am cold and it warms me." "Precisely," came the doctor's answer; "see here, this stick is cold," taking up a stick of wood from the box beside the hearth, and tossing it into the fire. "Now it is warm, but is the stick benefited?" The man watched the wood first send out little puffs of smoke and then burst into a flame, and replied, "Of course not; it's burning." "And so are you when you warm yourself with alcohol; you are literally burning up the delicate tissues of your stomach and brain."

475. Dr. Norman Kerr says: "A few years ago I instituted an inquiry to expose the falsity of the statement that sixty thousand drunkards died every year in the United Kingdom. I had not long pursued my inquiry before it was made clear to me that there was very little exaggeration in the statement, and at the Social Science Congress I was compelled to admit that at least one hundred and twenty thousand annually lost their lives through alcoholic excess."

476. Once in thirty years the people of the United States drink the full value of all their property. Three millions of wage-earners walk the streets empty-handed while one thousand million of dollars of the people's money goes yearly to satisfy the rum king. Lately a procession of eighteen thousand men walked the streets of Chicago, bearing a banner with the inscription: "Our children cry for bread." Then they went to a grove, settled down, and drank fourteen hundred kegs of beer. Silver agitates the people from sea to sea, though the entire coined money is less than $500,000,000. Tax tariff is a problem, though it amounts to less than $300,000,000; the great pension question amounts to less than $150,000,000, but the nation's liquor bill is $1,000,000,000.—*F. D. Power, Secretary Congressional Temperance Society.*

477. How much of a terror is the church actually to the organized and intrenched devilism of human society? How efficiently is this power applied to public life, when what

was said by a politician in one city is true in most: "I would rather have one saloon on my side than a dozen churches"?

478. Some one has strikingly said that the man who drinks has to go to the bar four times; first, before the bar of the saloon; second, before the bar of the court; third, behind the bars of the jail; fourth, before the bar of God.

479. A writer in *Sabbath Reading* tells of a saloon-keeper who had abandoned the traffic in alcohol, after having been several years engaged in it; whenever the subject of his selling liquor was referred to, he was observed to feel deep regret and sorrow. A friend, one day, inquired the cause. "I will tell you," said he, opening his account-book. "Here are forty-four names of men who have been my customers, most of them for years. Thirty-two of these men, to my certain knowledge, now lie in the drunkard's grave, ten of the remaining twelve are now living confirmed sots." What a fearful record to meet on the judgment day! Could any gain compensate for such a harvest? And what will your harvest be?

480. If we would only consider, there is no occupation in this life that is not affected by the terrible curse of intemperance. A hatter was once solicited for funds to help in pushing the temperance cause. He replied he was not interested in the matter, as neither he nor any of his family ever tasted liquor. But the solicitor said: "Whatever makes men content to wear old, worn-out hats does your craft an injury?" "Yes." "What has more influence than liquor in emptying their pockets, and not only that, but injuring their self-respect to such an extent that they are willing to wear old clothes?" "Nothing," said the man, hastily. "Here is some money for your cause. I am beaten."

481. High license is selling the right to murder and debauch at a high price. Low license is selling it out at a low price. Free liquor is giving this right free of charge. Prohibition is the refusing to consider any of the devil's propositions.—*Tennessee Methodist.*

482. Counterfeiters and horsethieves do not show their trade upon our streets in vast parade as do saloon-keepers, but if they should be licensed to carry on their trade and liquor dealers should be deprived of license, then the conditions would be reversed and horsethieves would parade with equestrian pomp, and liquor dealers would be slinking bootleggers.—*J. S. Hughes.*

483. An English gentleman who had a garden of fine flowers, found that the refuse from a chemical manufactory, coming down upon them, injured them. An application to the courts promptly brought relief, by ordering the chemical works to prevent the refuse from draining down upon the garden. Some time after, a saloon opened up within a few blocks of his home, and he saw evidences that his boys were being drawn there and injured in body and soul. "But when I remonstrated and tried to remove this nuisance, my lawyer shook his head and said: 'The law of the land enables you to protect your *flowers,* but it gives you no power to remove the greater curse of the gin-shops from your *boys.*'"

484. The plan of licensing the whisky curse is such insanity that it appears an absurdity if applied to anything else in life. Speaking of allowing it and then seeking to overcome its effects, some one uses this striking picture: "On the main street of a certain town, a citizen tied a mad dog with a long tether. Many of the passersby were bitten; some were dying. The citizens in consultation said: 'We must found a hospital, and fit it out with the most approved apparatus for the cure of hydrophobia.' So the hospital was built and kept full. A plain man suggested, 'Why build a hospital? better kill the dog!' 'Kill the dog!' exclaimed one of the taxpayers, 'don't you know, sir, that that man pays well to keep that dog there?' Now, the dog is liquor and the town is America."

485. Everybody had heard that the great elephant was loose, and several families whose gardens he had torn up and whose boys he had trampled upon were certain of it. There was great excitement, and the town held a meeting to decide what should be done. They did not want to ex-

terminate him; in fact, many of them did not believe that they could exterminate him, for he was a pretty big elephant. Besides, he was useful in his place in India and in story-books. "Our best plan is to try and regulate him," said an enthusiastic speaker. "Let us build toll-gates all along the route we find he is going to take, and make him pay." "Yes, but that leaves him roaming 'round," shrieked an old woman, "and I don't want my boy killed." "Keep your boy away from him. That's your business. Why, madam, don't you know that an elephant's hide and tusks are valuable for mechanical and surgical purposes and that he is useful in India? Besides, there's the revenue to pay for any boys who are trampled to death." "That's the plan. Regulate him! Regulate him!" shouted the crowd. So they appointed a great many committees, and drafted constitutions and by-laws, and circulated petitions, and by the time the elephant had killed several more boys and trampled down a number of gardens, they had erected very comfortable toll-houses for the gate-keepers and gates for the elephant; and then they waited in great satisfaction to see the animal regulated. Slowly the great feet trampled onward, slowly the great proboscis appeared in view, and, with a sniff of contempt, the elephant lifted the gate from off its hinges and walked off with it, while the crowd started after him in dismay. "Well!" exclaimed the keeper, catching his breath, "we haven't made much money so far, but the regulatin' plan would have been first-rate if the elephant hadn't been a leetle stronger than the obstruction."

486. The experience of all temperance people who have been swallowed by high license is like

> **"The daring young lady of Niger**
> **Who went to ride on a tiger,**
> **They returned from the ride**
> **With the lady inside,**
> **And a smile on the face of the tiger."**

487. In some cases license lessens the number of drinking-places. But what of that, if it does not limit the supply or consumption of liquor? "If all the liquor was

in one large cask, what difference would it make whether that cask was tapped in one, two or ten places, so the liquor was all drawn out and drank? High license proposes to draw all the liquor the people will buy, but it proposes to have a few less taps—that's all."

488. How license saves the boy is illustrated in the following dialogue:

Mother—Our boy is out late nights.
Father—Well, we must tax the saloons $50.
M.—Husband, I believe John drinks.
F.—We must put up that tax to $100.
M.—My dear husband, our boy is being ruined.
F.—Try 'em awhile at $200.
M.—Oh, my God! my boy came home drunk.
F.—Well, well, we *must* make it $300.
M.—Just think, William, *our* boy is in jail.
F.—I'll fix those saloons. Tax 'em $400.
M.—My poor child is a confirmed drunkard.
F.—Up with that tax, and make it $500.
M.—Our once noble boy is a wreck.
F.—Now I will stop 'em; make it $600.
M.—We carry our poor boy to a drunkard's grave to-day.
F.—Well, I declare. We *must* regulate this traffic; we ought to have made that tax $1,000.

489. Chaplain McCabe tells the story of a drinking man, who, being in a saloon late at night, heard the wife of the saloon-keeper say to her husband, "Send that fellow home; it is late." "No, never mind," replied her husband; "he is shingling our roof for us." This idea lodged in the mind of the drunkard, and he did not return to the saloon for six months. When passing the saloon-keeper on the street, the latter said, "Why don't you come round to my place any more?" "Thank you for your kind hospitality," replied the former victim; "I have been shingling my own roof lately."

490. In the memorial service for Frances Willard, Canon Wilberforce referred to an incident of his experience in America: "I can remember, when I was in Philadelphia, a single sentence of hers being repeated to me which made

a great impression on my mind. It was during the liquor war in Texas, and, whether consciously or unconsciously, she almost repeated the very language of one of her opponents. He said: 'We are bound to win. We have the drinking men on our side; we have the foreigner on our side; we have the money on our side—and money is a power, and don't you forget it!' A few days after she was there speaking, and she ended her oration with somewhat similar words, 'We are bound to win. We have the sober men on our side; we have the women on our side; we have God on our side, and God is a power, and don't you forget it!'"

THE LORD'S DAY.

491. "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day," says the apostle John in Rev. i. 10. The word there rendered "Lord's" only occurs twice in the Bible. In I. Cor. xi. 20 we read of "the Lord's supper." And as the Lord's supper was not a Jewish Passover, or any other Old Testament ordinance, but the supper that Christ instituted, so we understand that the Lord's day of Rev. i. 10 was not the Sabbath, or any other Old Testament day passed off under a new name, but the day that Christ instituted. It is the day He arose from the dead (Luke xxiv. 21), the day He ascended, the day his church was established (the day of Pentecost), the day contributions were made (I. Cor. xvi. 2), the day his disciples met for worship, broke bread, and listened to preaching (Acts xx. 7).

492. On Lord's Day morning, as you see the glorious sun rising from the tomb of night, remember that on this day the Sun of righteousness arose with healing in his wings. Think not of the little trials that annoy you, the little shadows that flit across your path, but think, "Oh, what a night was that which wrapt the heathen world in gloom! And we would now be shuddering under the darkness of that gloom, but for the glorious ordinances that we observe to-day in memory of our risen Lord." Let not the words or works of enemies drive devotion from your souls and keep you at your homes, but remember that Christ has conquered

the great enemy of souls, the Captain of the hosts of sin, the enemy in comparison with whom all others shrink into insignificance. Think not of your own tired bodies. Give not way to that languid, listless feeling, resulting from a relaxed system after the strain of a week of slavery. But remember what you owe to Him to-day who breaks the fetters of sin and frees you from a bondage worse than physical; a bondage of body, soul and spirit; a bondage which but for his efforts would have been unbroken, eternal.

493. The Lord's Day, without the Lord's Supper, is the rose without the fragrance, the honeycomb from which the sweetness has been extracted, the setting without the gem.—*Mark Collis, at Cincinnati Convention.*

494. "Till He come!" Oh, let the words
Linger on the trembling chords.
Let the little while between,
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that "Till He come."

When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast?
Hush! be every murmur dumb;
It is only "Till He come."

Clouds and conflicts round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death and darkness and the tomb
Only whisper, "Till He come."

See, the feast of love is spread!
Drink the wine and break the bread;
Sweet memorials! till the Lord
Calls us 'round his heavenly board;
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only—"Till He come."

—*Rev. E. H. Bickersteth.*

495. We are like a schoolboy learning to write. The beautiful page and the perfect copy are before him. He

starts out hopefully on the first line. The next is a little poorer and the next poorer still, and with all the blots and thumbmarks he has made a page which he is glad to leave, for he has copied his own mistakes. The next page is a repetition of the same experience, except that, on the whole, improvement has been made. By the worship on Lord's Day new resolutions are made. We begin anew to copy the perfect pattern. Do away with the Lord's Day, and we will have no such starting-points. We will have one long page blotted by sin, soiled by tears, and the writing growing poorer all the way, as we write further and further from the pattern and copy our own mistakes. Thank God for the favorable opportunity to turn a new leaf!

496. When the American army, under the command of General Washington, lay camped in the environs of Morristown, N. J., the Lord's Supper was to be administered in the Presbyterian Church of that village. In a morning of the previous week the General visited the house of the Rev. Dr. Jones, then pastor of that church, and thus accosted him: "Doctor, I understand that the Lord's Supper is to be celebrated with you next Sunday; I would learn if it accords with the canons of your church to admit communicants of another denomination?" The Doctor rejoined, "Most certainly; ours is not the Presbyterian table, General, *but the Lord's Table;* and hence we give the Lord's invitation to all his followers, of whatever name."—*Walter Baxendale.*

497. In a sermon in 1882 Mr. Spurgeon said: "When we, first of all, began to break bread on every first day of the week, I heard some say that they thought that the coming so often to the table might take away the impressiveness of the holy feast. Well, I have scarcely missed a Sabbath now these twenty years, and I never was so impressed with the solemnity and sweetness of the Master's Supper as I am now. I feel it to be fresher every time. When it was once a month I had not half the enjoyment in it, and I think that where friends have the communion once a quarter or once a year, as in some churches, they

really do not give the ordinance a fair opportunity to edify them. They do not fairly test the value of an ordinance which they so grossly neglect, as it seems to me."

498. Passing a farmhouse one evening, a boy stopped and looked upon a pear-tree on which were seven sweet, ripe, luscious pears. While longing for a pear, the farmer came out and said to the lad, "What do you want?" "Why, sir, I should like one of those pears." The good farmer pulled off the seventh, sixth, fifth, fourth, third and second pears, and gave the six to the boy, leaving only one for himself. Without even "Thank you," the boy passed on, waited until the farmer went to bed, then sneaked back and *stole the last pear.* Now, certainly that was a mean boy. The Lord has given us seven beautiful days. The seventh, sixth, fifth, fourth, third and second we use for our own interests, but the first day is the Lord's Day. The man who is idle on that day steals the *last pear.* It is not a day of rest, but a day of service. *A work-day for the Lord.* If I need absolute rest, I should not take it on Lord's Day, but use my own time. The first day is a commemorative day, not a day to be kept. *Sabbath* means rest, and there is none of the moral or even legal element in the Lord's Day. It's just as great a wrong to be idle on Lord's Day as it is to engage in any secular employment. Let the Lord's Day be a day's work for the Lord. If you must take absolute rest for a few hours, don't steal the Lord's hours.—*J. V. Coombs.*

499. When Gladstone visited Naples, the authorities, wishing to show him special honor, arranged an excursion to visit Pompeii, and, without consulting him, chose Sunday for the trip. The papers announced that Gladstone and his party would go by special steamer on Sunday to an excavation at Pompeii, and this was telegraphed to all countries. But when the hour came this truly great man was found in his regular place with the people of God, and he did not visit Pompeii until Tuesday.

500. On a recent visit to Venice, that city prepared an elaborate performance at one of the principal theaters for

Emperor William of Germany. The performance was set for Sunday evening. When the Emperor was informed of what had been done and was asked to honor the assembly with his presence, he replied, "Since I have become Emperor I have made it a principle of my life never to attend any place of amusement on the Lord's Day." King Humbert followed the Emperor's example. As both Emperor and King were expected, the theater was crowded from floor to ceiling, but the royal box was empty. The brilliant gathering learned a lesson on the duty of keeping holy the Lord's Day."

501. Disagreeable Sundays sift churches as honestly as the test of lapping water sifted the ten thousand troops under Gideon. Those who really want to go to God's house on a wet or wintry Sunday confess that all the trash of skeptics, from Renan down to Ingersoll, does not inspire such misgivings for Christianity as are awakened by the spectacle of delinquent Christians in bad weather.—*Cuyler.*

502. **"No pelting rain can make us stay**
When we have tickets for the play;
But let one drop the pavement smirch,
And it's too wet to go to church."

503. Take church-going and store-going. Every morning the man is at his business; nothing keeps him from it but the grip of some disease which will not let him out of the house. He may feel inert, but he goes. He may have a headache, but off he starts; and when he is there how interested he is—how absorbed, how alert, how devoted! That is store-going. And now take the same man, and look at his church-going. What a contrast! I have a headache; I do not think I will go to church. It rains hard, and it is so cold; I will not venture out. I feel tired; I will stay at home and rest. And often, when he goes, how he lolls about and looks around and lets his mind wander. Yes, you say, but one is business to which we must attend; we will lose our place or our money; and the other is—well, what is it? Is it not an important thing? Is it not God's business? Is it not a very holy, a very solemn, a very urgent affair? Does not the welfare of the

soul depend very much upon it? Can it be neglected with impunity?—*Clinton Locke, D. D.*

504. A missionary who went among the Mosquito Indians says that when he tried to gather the people together to show them a better way of living, he was met with the question, "How much pay will we get?" These Indians ought to come to the United States and meet some of their near relations. While perhaps no one ever actually asks what we will pay him for coming to church, there is a striking parallel between these people and the man who is willing to come and listen to the gospel message if you will offer sufficient inducements to him for doing so. It is true that "those church people" may be spending a good deal of time and money trying to save his soul, but woe to them if they haven't music sufficiently attractive or a social atmosphere pleasing enough to pay him for the favor of his presence!—*The Lookout.*

505. "Look at my grain," said a scoffing farmer to a clergyman neighbor. "I plowed on Sunday; I planted on Sunday; I harrowed on Sunday; I harvested on Sunday; and I never had a better crop. What do you say to that?" "I only say," said the minister, "that the Lord doesn't settle all his acounts on the first of October."—*Sunday-school Times.*

506. There is one value growing out of a proper observance of Sunday that is worth especial attention by "growing" people, and we should all be counted in that class. The rush of week-day life in this day is so great that with many the better side of their nature never has a chance. They do not let that better side come to the surface or go out into the sunlight for airing and growth. There is nothing so sad as the blighting of character by a violation of God's laws; not the doing of positive wrong so much as the neglecting of positive good. Has it ever occurred to the young people who go bicycling for pleasure on Sunday that they are in danger of committing spiritual suicide? They are shutting off the influences that should feed that "better side" of their nature. Sunday is a time for cleaner clothes; it is a time for higher thinking;

it should be a time for the best of efforts to do good; it should be a time for the very best reading. Indeed, it is the God-given time for brushing off the week's dust and grime, for a bath in intellectual and spiritual life. What a loss when Sunday is wasted! It is numbered with gentle days, the grace of which will never come back to you when once they are gone. Get into the Sunday atmosphere; get out of the world's atmosphere for one day. Sometimes the day becomes so pure that it seems as though the angels had brushed off the dust from the clouds in the sky.—*Our Young Folks.*

507. If our enemies offered us open opposition, we could defend ourselves by showing the superiority of the truth. If they cast us into prison, or led us to execution, our faithfulness unto death would be an unanswerable argument in favor of our religion. But when the devil appeals to our love of ease, and says, "You need rest instead of worship;" when he attacks us with a picnic, a balloon ascension, a baseball game, or a free Sunday night concert, we are apt to be disarmed, and fall an easy prey through non-resistance.

508. Recently a large party of railroad conductors made a trip to a Southern city. They arrived on Saturday evening. On the following morning one of the conductors, noticing that a member of the party, a friend of his, was dressing with more than usual care, asked him:

"Are you going with us on the excursion?"

"No," was the reply. "It is Sunday, and I happen to like to go to church on Sundays." To another questioner he made practically the same reply.

This brought on a discussion in which, eventually, a majority of the members of the party engaged; and finally, when the conductor who preferred to go to church started on his way, he found himself one of a company of some two hundred men, who had all been influenced by his quiet example.

We lately read of a young lady who quite as nobly "stood by her colors" at a summer resort. A college graduate, she possessed not only fine musical and schol-

arly accomplishments, but bright talents, wealth and personal beauty. Naturally her social influence was unquestioned. When Sunday came, a large party of boarders planned a horseback excursion, not doubting that she would join them.

"Why, no," she replied, when appealed to, "I am going to church."

In vain the thoughtless company pleaded vacation liberty, disparaged the "stuffy little country church," and protested that the "sleepy old minister" was "no preacher." She reproved them in her sweet way, suggested that the "city boarders" might help to wake up the poor old minister and his people, and then went to church as she had intended. The horseback party departed with only a fraction of its expected number.

Before the season closed, the little church had a Sunday crowd of strangers, and not only the Christian young lady, but several of her friends, sang in the choir and had classes in the Sunday-school. These incidents invite two reflections. There is no better mark of sterling character than the moral independence that foregoes a popular pleasure for duty's sake—the conscientious frankness that fearlessly refuses to "go with the crowd." Stand alone on a high principle, and the crowd will be more likely to come your way.—*Youth's Companion.*

MISSIONS.

509. Dr. Duff was in the General Assembly at Edinburgh, in 1867. After having been in India twenty-five years, he had returned to visit his brethren and awaken a deeper interest in behalf of missions; but how different from the sprightly youth that had left them a quarter of a century before, so wasted and worn, but with the light of immortality in his eye and the fire of Pentecost in his heart! The General Assembly had money, but they could not get men, and his theme was the getting of men. He spoke an hour and a half, and then fainted. He was removed, and, being revived, said: "Where was I? Yes,

I was making my plea for India for men. Let me go back that I may finish my speech." "No! no! you are too weak," was the reply. "I must go back. They don't meet for a year, and then I'll be dead." So he was taken back, and never was such a sight seen as that which he presented in the General Assembly. Everybody rose on his entering in, and the old man stood before them with his hand on the rail, and spoke for another hour like a messenger from the eternal world, closing his speech with such terms as these. "Is it true, fathers and brothers of Scotland, that you have no more sons to go to India? If the Queen calls to recruit her army, there are many to respond, but when the Lord Jesus calls, how few! Is it true, Mr. Moderator, that Scotland has no sons for India? Well, then, let it be announced that there is one poor old man ready; and though his health is shattered, and his power not what it once was, that he will spend it, such as it is, and close his pilgrimage in India."

510. When the Massachusetts Legislature was discussing the propriety of granting an act of incorporation to a missionary society, one of the members remarked that it seemed to be an arrangement for *exporting religion,* when, in fact, we had none to spare. He was answered that religion was a commodity of which the more we exported the more we had left. The man who strives to shut up fire in order to preserve it, will soon find he has nothing left but ashes. We get the best fire by throwing it open, that others may share its warmth. We get the purest water for ourselves by allowing it to flow on and bless others.—*H. L. Hastings, D. D.*

511. The very soul of our religion is missionary, progressive, world-embracing: it would cease to exist if it ceased to be missionary, if it disregarded the parting words of its Founder, "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations," etc. The spirit of truth is the lifespring of all religion; and where it exists, it must manifest itself, it must plead, it must persuade, it must convince and convert. There may be times when silence is gold, and speech silver; but there are times, also, when silence is death and

speech life—the very life of Pentecost. Look at the religions in which the missionary spirit has been at work, and compare them with those in which any attempts to convince others by argument, to save souls, to bear witness to the truth, is treated with pity or scorn. *The former are alive; the latter are dying or dead.—Max Muller.*

512. An Ohio church treasurer objected to the pastor of the church contributing to the American Board. "You ought not to do it; it is not right. You ought to stop giving to missions, and preach for us on a small salary. We are heathen." That last sentence was a greater truth than he imagined and the preacher did not contradict him. But it was rather hard on the foreign heathen to be placed in the same class, for when they do come to the light they shame all other Christians by their liberal giving.

513. Some of you are saying in your hearts, "There are heathen enough at home: let us convert them before we go to China." That plea we all know, and I think it sounds more cheap and shameful every year to make the imperfection of our Christianity at home an excuse for not doing our work abroad! It is as shameless as it is shameful. It pleads for exemption and indulgence on the ground of its own neglect and sin. It is like the murderer of his father asking the judge to have pity on his orphanhood. Even those who make such a plea feel, I think, how unheroic it is.—*Phillips Brooks.*

514. Dr. Osborn, of Chicago, in a missionary sermon, related the following instructive incident: "One of our most honored bishops loves to tell the story that when, as a young man, he had charge of a parish loaded with debt, he preached and took a collection for Foreign Missions while the sheriff's flag was nailed to the front of the building, and his people thought him crazy. To-day that church is one of the strongest in the city, and a large and systematic giver to the evangelizing of the world." The man was not crazy any more than Noah or Abraham or Moses or David or Paul was crazy. He knew that God had said, "Them that honor me, I will honor," and he

believed that what God had promised he was able to perform. Churches that refuse to co-operate in spreading the gospel because they owe something on their building might well lay this case to heart. "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty." Such timid souls should remember that "God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, having sufficiency in everything, may abound unto every good work."

515. The Christian Church in Wabash, Ind., started to build a $25,000 house and got the walls up, roof on and fine windows in, and having expended $18,000, called off the workmen and sat down in a corner roughly partitioned off for meetings, the most discouraged church in Indiana. It called on L. L. Carpenter to preach and help them out of their plight. He said, "Yes, I will, on the one condition that the first collection I ask for shall be a *big* one for Foreign Missions, and that a good offering be made to mission work *once a month* regularly." "That will ruin us, Bro. C.," exclaimed the poor "charity-begin-at-home" church. "All right, if you won't trust God and his promises, you can get along without *me*." They finally made up their minds to trust God and *give*. So, Bro. Carpenter came and a big offering was made to *Foreign* Missions the first move. In two years their beautiful church was finished, out of debt, and a large increase of membership and activity, notwithstanding the fact that more money had gone out to the great field than they had ever dreamed of giving in their lives. It is the largest mission giver and the strongest church in Indiana to-day.—*The Truth,* 1889.

516. A well-known Episcopalian minister tells the following pretty good story: "A few years ago I was engaged as a missionary in the West, and one afternoon I alighted from the train at a small station, and, after walking a short way, I accosted an old farmer and told him the nature of my business. The old man seemed quite pleased, and ventured the information that he was an Episcopalian, and wanted me to hold a 'meetin'' at his house—a large,

roomy farmhouse—to which he at once conducted me. He showed me every kindness possible, and with his team drove all about the scattered neighborhood, informing the people of the service, which I was glad to hold. We had nearly a hundred out in the evening, and all seemed very interested and attentive, although I could see that few of them, if any, had ever attended such a service before. The next morning, as I was leaving, I thanked my host for his hospitality and asked him what parish he belonged to. 'Don't know nuthin' 'bout any parish,' was his answer. 'Well, what diocese do you belong to?' I inquired. 'There ain't nothin' of that sort in this part of the country that I have ever heard of,' he replied. 'But who confirmed you?' said I. 'Nobody,' he returned. 'But didn't you tell me you were an Episcopalian?' I asked him in astonishment. 'Oh, yes,' said the old man; 'I'll tell you how that is. Last spring I went down to New Orleans visitin', and while I was there I went ter church, and it happened ter be an Episcopalian one, and among other things I heard 'em say that they'd left undone them things they'd oughter done, and done them things they hadn't oughter done, and I said to myself, that's just my fix, too, and since then I've always considered myself an Episcopalian.' 'Well,' said I, as I shook the old man's hand, 'if your ideas of an Episcopalian are correct, we are the largest denomination in the world.'"—*Voice.* This illustrates the position of many in regard to the missionary cause. They claim to be missionary by virtue of what they have left undone. They are *o*-missionaries.

517. The story is told of Dr. Skinner securing a contribution to Foreign Missions by a peculiar plea of neighborliness. It was from a man who said: "I do not believe in Foreign Missions; I give only to Home Missions. I want what I give to benefit my neighbors." Dr. Skinner asked, "Whom do you regard as your neighbors?" "Why, those around me," was the reply. "Do you mean those whose land adjoins yours?" "Yes." "Well," said Dr. Skinner, "how much land do you own?" "About five hundred acres," was the reply. "How far down do you own

it?" was the next question. "Well, Doctor," said the man, "I don't know that I ever thought, but I suppose I am entitled to half way through." "Exactly," said Dr. Skinner, "that is what I thought, and I want this money for the Chinese, the men whose land adjoins yours at the bottom."

518. Unbelief is blind to ten thousand facts and evidences all around it. It does not see because it does not try to see. One is pretty apt to see what one wants to see. "I have been in India for many a year, and I never saw a native Christian the whole time." So spoke a colonel on board a steamer going to Bombay. Afterward the same colonel was telling of his hunting experience, and said that thirty tigers had fallen to his rifle. "Did I understand you to say thirty, colonel?" asked a missionary at the table. "Yes, sir, thirty," replied the officer. "Well, now, that is strange," said the missionary, "I have been in India twenty-five years, and I never saw a wild live tiger all the while." "Very likely not, sir," said the colonel, "but that is because you did not look for them." "Perhaps it is so," admitted the missionary, "but was not that the reason you never saw a native convert?"

519. The story of Pastor Louis Harms in Herrmansburg is a lasting tribute and proof as to the power of one man, in developing among his people a thorough consecration to missionary giving and serving. A disabled *candidat* came among his people one day and told them the story of the woes and wants of the heathen. The heart of Harms was deeply touched, and so were the hearts of his people. They were a poor and feeble folk; they had but little money, being most of them farmers and workingmen; but he said to himself and to them, "Why should we not help missions?" and this question soon prompted another, "Why should we not *project missions* of our own?" It was not long before the people began not only to offer money, but to offer themselves. One man gave his farm. The farmhouse was turned into a training-school, and then they actually began to educate missionaries from among themselves for the foreign field. Then a sailor proposed

that they should build their own vessel, and launch it, and own it, and man it, and make it the shuttle of communication between the missionaries and the church at home. They built the "Candace," and sent it with the missionaries to their fields. That church, while sending forth its scores of men and women to tell the story of the cross, multiplied until it numbered ten thousand members at home and became the largest church in the world; supplied all the wants of its workers, set up its own mission press and printed its own mission magazine, and thus was in itself a whole board of missions, with training-school, missionary treasury, missionary vessel, missionary helpers and workers, missionary magazine, and all the apparatus of a thoroughly well-organized and well-conducted missionary society.—*A. T. Pierson.*

520. On one of the New Hebrides, in the South Pacific, is the lonely grave of a Presbyterian missionary, the Rev. John Geddie. A marble slab bears the following inscription:

"When he came here,
There were no Christians;
When he went away,
There were no heathen."

521. Fifty years ago there was not an inhabitant of the Fiji Islands who was not a heathen. To-day there is not an avowed heathen there, and of all the persons inhabiting those islands, it has been stated by careful observers that nine-tenths of the number are in the habit of attending church with regularity on Sunday. How does that compare with the Sunday observance of the Christian men and women living in New York City?—*David H. Greer, D. D.,* 1889.

522. Not many decades ago Hawaii was worth nothing for commerce. It now purchases $6,000,000 of merchandise per annum and exports twice that value. This represents its American trade only. Sixty years back the people were the lowest of the low—cannibals. To-day Hawaii is more Christian than New England. Over 60 per cent. of the entire population may be found any Sunday in the

native churches. There is not a native who can not read and write. The ratio of attendance upon the public schools is larger than it is in Illinois. All this is the result of missionary effort. This one instance should suffice to convince all doubters of the possibility of reclaiming whole races within the limits of a single generation from the lowest depths of heathen degradation to heights of Christian intelligence and virtue.—*Sermon Illustrator,* 1894.

523. The *Indian Watchman* prints a long list of abuses which existed seventy years ago, but which have now been almost entirely swept away, and that mainly through the change which the teaching of the missionaries has produced. "Seventy years ago," it says, "the fires of suttee were publicly blazing all over India, in which the screaming and struggling widow, in many cases herself a mere child, was bound to the dead body of her husband, and with him burned to ashes. Seventy years ago infants were publicly thrown into the Ganges, as sacrifices to the goddess of the river. Seventy years ago the cars of Juggernaut were rolling over India, crushing hundreds of human victims annually beneath their wheels. Seventy years ago the swinging festivals attracted thousands to see the poor, writhing wretches, with iron hooks thrust through the muscles of their backs, swing in mid-air in honor of their gods. But now these tremendous evils are almost entirely abolished."

524. The history of the efforts of missionaries in Tahiti is a most wonderful one. For fifteen years there was not a convert. The London Missionary Society seriously debated recalling their missionaries, and giving their efforts to some other fields. After an earnest debate, it was decided to continue the work, and letters were sent to the missionaries telling them of the decision. Now notice a wonderful fact. A vessel sailed from London for Tahiti, and at the same time a vessel sailed from Tahiti for London, and they passed each other in mid-ocean, one containing letters to the missionaries, telling them to go on, notwithstanding the fruitless character of their labors, and the other, letters from the missionaries to the Society in

London, saying that a great revival had spread over Tahiti, that the idol temples were destroyed, and that the idol gods were surrendered, and those gods were on that vessel on their way to London, where they are now to be seen in the Missionary Society's museum. See how God challenged his people, and said to them, "While ye are calling I will answer."

525. Religion has always been the forerunner of advancing science. Canon Farrar thus calls attention to the debt of science to missions: "Is it nothing that through their labor in the translation of the Bible the philologist in his study may have before him the grammar and vocabulary of two hundred and fifty languages? Who created the science of anthropology? The missionaries. Who rendered possible the deeply important science of comparative religion? The missionaries. Who discovered the great chain of lakes in central Africa, on which will turn its future destiny? The missionaries. Who have been the chief explorers of Oceanica and America and Asia? The missionaries. Who discovered the famous Nestorian monument in Singar Fu? A missionary. Who discovered the still more famous Moabite stone? A missionary. Who discovered the Hittite inscriptions? A missionary.

526. With Foreign Missions it is often as it was in the time of the war of the rebellion, when many a man who was not fitted to go as a soldier had means to hire a substitute to go in his place. There are many business men in our churches who are in no way fit for work in the foreign mission field, but who by their business opportunities gather large sums of money by which they may easily send a missionary substitute to heathen lands to stand there in their place and preach the gospel of Christ. Certainly it is our duty to either go or send. The riches of the gospel which have so transformed our lives are a sacred trusteeship, and we shall not be held guiltless if we treat this wealth as our private property and let our brothers perish in darkness.—*Banks.*

527. A New Zealand girl was brought over to England to be educated. She became a true Christian. When she

was about to return, some of her playmates endeavored to dissuade her. They said, "Why do you go back to New Zealand now you are accustomed to England? You love its shady lanes and clover-fields. It suits your health. Besides, you may be shipwrecked on the ocean. You may be killed and eaten by your own people. Everybody will have forgotten you." "What!" she said; "do you think I could keep the good news to myself? Do you think that I could be content with having got pardon and peace and eternal life for myself, and not go and tell my dear father and mother how they can get it, too? I would go if I had to swim there!"

528. Abraham Bininger, a Swiss boy from Zurich, came with his parents to this country on the same brig that brought John Wesley. The father and mother of the lad both died on the voyage and were buried at sea, and he stepped alone from the gangway on to a strange continent, where there was not a single familiar face. This solitude of his childhood drove him closer to the Friend in whom religion had early taught him to trust. The orphaned condition of the gentle boy must have appealed strongly to the sympathy of Mr. Wesley, and it was probably the great preacher himself who took him from the ship to the Methodist orphan school in Georgia, where he was educated.

In his youth Bininger gave proof of singularly devout and tender feeling, and this character was intensified with added years. When he had grown to manhood, he asked to be sent to tell the story of the cross to the negroes of the island of St. Thomas, having heard of their great misery and degradation. When he arrived at the island, he learned that it was against the law for any person but a slave to preach to the slaves. It was the policy of the planters to keep the blacks in ignorance and superstition.

Shortly after this the governor of St. Thomas received a letter signed Abraham Bininger, in which the writer begged urgently to become a slave for the rest of his life, promising to serve as a slave faithfully, provided he could give his leisure time to preaching to his fellow-slaves. The

governor sent the letter to the King of Denmark, who was so touched by it that he sent an edict empowering Abraham Bininger to tell the story of the Messiah when and where he chose—to black or white, bond or free.—*Youth's Companion,* 1900.

529. Dr. Bonar once had a dream that the angels took his zeal and weighed it. It was full weight, plump 100. He was much pleased. But then they began to analyze it in various ways, and found 14 parts were selfishness; 15 parts sectarianism; 22 parts ambition; and but 3 parts pure love for man, and 4 parts love to God, etc. He was greatly concerned that but 7 parts in 100 were purely good.—*Moody.*

530. Sophia had been praying for twelve years to become a foreign missionary. One day she had so prayed, and the heavenly Father seemed to say: "Sophia, stop! Where were you born?"

"In Germany, Father."

"Where are you now?"

"In America, Father."

"Well, are you not a foreign missionary already?"

Then the Father said: "Who lives on the floor above you?"

"A family of Swedes."

"And above them?"

"Why, some Switzers."

"Who in the rear?"

"Italians."

"And a block away?"

"Some Chinese."

"And you have never said a word to these people about my Son! Do you think I will send you thousands of miles to the foreigners and heathen, when you never care enough about them at your own door to speak with them about their souls?"

Not a few need the lesson Sophia learned—"Beginning at Jerusalem." As the salt of the earth, sweeten the bit of it next to you; as the light of the world, conquer the darkness nearest you.—*The Watchman.*

531. "Father, I will not eat any more butter for a long time," said a Sunday-school scholar, "if you will give me some money to send to the heathen." The father said he would, and the little girl kept her promise. When the butter was being passed around the table without being offered to her, she thought of the heathen. Years passed and that scholar became a teacher in the Sunday-school, and the missionary fire that had been kindled in her heart by that little act of self-denial is still burning. Said she, "I think that one act of my life made me feel more interested for the heathen than all the missionary speeches I ever heard."

532. A missionary once told how he came to enter the mission field. "In coming home one night, driving across the vast prairie, I saw my little boy John hurrying to meet me. The grass was high on the prairie, and suddenly he dropped out of sight. I thought he was playing, and was simply hiding from me; but he did not appear as I expected he would. Just then the thought flashed across my mind, 'There's an old well there, and he's fallen in.' I hurried up to him, reached down in the well and lifted him out; and as he looked up in my face, what do you think he said? 'Oh, papa, why didn't you hurry?' Those words never left me. They kept ringing in my ears until God put a new and deeper meaning into them, and bade me think of souls without God and without hope in this world; and from that vast throng a pitiful, despairing, pleading cry rolled into my soul, 'Oh, why don't you hurry?'"

533. We sometimes congratulate ourselves on the rapidity with which the Bible is being printed and circulated. But a speaker before a recent gathering of the Bible Society, in London, calls attention to an appalling fact: "Think for a moment of China alone. Suppose you wish to put in the hands of every Chinese one copy of the word of God. Suppose that four millions of copies year after year could be printed in Chinese and distributed on Chinese soil. How long would it be before you had accomplished your task of placing one copy in the hands of every one

of these millions of God's creatures? Before you had issued the 380,000,000 copies required to meet their needs, ninety-five years would have rolled by, and would your task be accomplished then? No. During those ninety-five years three generations of mortal men would have passed away. The greater part of your books would have fallen into that swift decay which overtakes all earthly things, and your task, far from accomplished, would be hardly begun."

534. Afghanistan has six millions of population and no missionary; India one missionary to two hundred and seventy-five thousand; Persia one to three hundred thousand; Thibet one to two million. If forty thousand missionaries were sent to India, there would still be only one to every fifty thousand.—*Sermon Illustrator.*

535. In 1806, at a gathering of four students of Williams College under lee of a hay-stack, where they had taken refuge from a thunder-storm, one of the number, Samuel J. Mills, proposed that they attempt to send the gospel to the heathen, and said, "We can do it if we will." The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions grew out of this incident four years later. A monument commemorates the event of its origin through the simple beginning of the "hay-stack" prayer-meeting.

536. "I want you to spend fifteen minutes every day praying for Foreign Missions," said the pastor to some young people in his congregation; "but beware how you pray, for I warn you that it is a very costly experiment." "Costly?" they asked in surprise. "Ay, costly," he said. "When Carey began to pray for the conversion of the world, it cost him himself, and it cost those who prayed with him very much. Brainerd prayed for the dark-skinned savages, and after two years of blessed work it cost him his life. Two students in Mr. Moody's summer school began to pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth more servants into his harvest; and lo! it is going to cost our country over five thousand young men and women, who have, in answer to this prayer, pledged themselves to the

work. Be sure it's a dangerous thing to pray in earnest for this work; you will find that you can not pray and withhold your labor, or pray and withhold your money; nay, your life will no longer be your own when your prayers begin to be answered."

537. Love is the law by which human hearts are to be won for Christ. What an exposition of this law there is in that story of that missionary, David Cargill's conquest fifty years ago on the Fiji Islands. As savage cannibals with clubs advanced to meet him he spoke the only two or three words of their language which he had mastered, "My love to you! My love to you!" With this talismanic sentence, he won their attention, disarmed them of their weapons, and in half a century Fiji has become Christianized. Dr. McAll met the embittered and church-hating Communists of Paris with the only two phrases of French he had mastered, "I love you;" "God loves you." And behold what twenty-five years of such preaching wrought! Here is our refuge as believers, here is our weapon as warriors.—*Sermon Illustrator.*

538. It is a wise thing to win a soul, because of the rapidity with which soul-saving accumulates. Sow a seed in the ground and it will bear thirty; each of those will bear thirty; and each of those in turn thirty; so that in three generations you can almost count a million. It is impossible to estimate the result of the winning of one soul. The immediate outcome may be but a struggling blade or ear, but ultimately from the full corn in the ear, when sown again in other souls, will come harvests that shall shake like Lebanon.

There was a year in the little church at Blantyre when but one convert was welcomed to the Lord's table, but that lad was David Livingstone, and as he was sown in the soil of his much beloved Africa, he has become the seed-germ of that mighty ingathering of souls which is being garnered into the heavenly storehouse.

A young Sunday-school teacher, a poor seamstress, one Sunday gave to a rough street arab a shilling to induce him to go to Sunday-school. That boy, Amos Sutton, was

converted, went to work as a missionary among the Telugus, and after twenty-five years ten thousand converts were won in a single year.

There is no work so enormously productive of a good result as the turning of a sinner from the error of his ways and winning one soul for God.—*F. B. Meyer.*

539. The true missionary spirit was displayed by a brilliant Oxford student who was giving himself to the Wesleyan Missionary Society for African service. His tutor remonstrated: "You are going out to die in a year or two. It is madness." The young fellow, who did die after being on the field only a year, answered: "I think it is with African missions as with the building of a great bridge. You know how many stones have to be buried in the earth, all unseen, to be a foundation for the bridge. If Christ wants me to be one of the unseen stones lying in an African grave, I am content; certain as I am that the final result will be a Christian Africa."—*Sermon Illustrator.*

PASTORAL WORK.

540. In a general way, the model pastor may be described in as few words as was a certain New England woman. "Mary Ann Pratt. Think what a good woman should be; she was that." This was the inscription put upon her monument to commemorate her virtues. She was dead—and so, perhaps, is the model pastor, or he is laboring in some Utopian field far, far away. But it is well to have as many of his virtues as possible in the living and present pastor.

541. One who had spent a few days at a hotel, when he came to settle his bill, in order to get reduced rates, mentioned that he was a preacher. But the landlord said, "This is the first indication I have seen of it. I haven't heard you return thanks at the table, or engage in religious conversation. I haven't seen you read the Bible. I accompanied you to your room, and you did not pray before you retired. You ate like a sinner, slept like a sinner,

talked like a sinner, and you can pay like a sinner." If that minister had been a model, it would have been known that he was a Christian before he came to leave, and he would have paid his bill like he was a millionaire, even if it took the last dollar in his pocket. The true pastor is not a beggar. He need not refuse a favor because he is a minister, but he is not to ask it because he is a minister.

542. When a man has mastered his profession it has mastered him and left its indelible marks upon him. We read that Eleazar "arose, and smote the Philistines until his hand was weary, and his hand clave unto his sword" (II. Sam. xxiii. 10).

543. Abbott, the historian, tells us that one characteristic of the "Little Corporal" was that he never commanded the meanest soldier in his ranks to go where he himself was not willing to lead him. On one occasion he ordered his army to cross a river; but, seeing them hesitate to obey, up rode the emperor, and, spurring forward his horse, cried: "Soldiers, follow your general!" He was the first to plunge into the river and the first to reach the other side. Needless to say, his army to a man followed him, cheering as with one voice their plucky leader. So "when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep *follow* him: for they know his voice. And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him: for they know not the voice of strangers." The same is true of any real leader—he goes before.—*Junior.*

544. A gentleman, traveling in Syria, relates how he stopped to watch three shepherds who were at a well, watering their flocks. The three flocks were all mingled together at the watering-place. The traveler could see no difference between them, and he wondered how they would get them separated again without great trouble. But presently one of the shepherds stood forth and called out, "Men-ah!" the Arabic for "Follow me;" and, sure enough, thirty sheep immediately separated themselves from the indiscriminate mass and began to follow the shepherd up the hill. Then a second shepherd lifted the cry. "Men-ah!"

and a second flock separated themselves and started after him, while the rest of the sheep remained as unconcerned as if no one had spoken at all. The traveler was so astonished that, as he saw the third shepherd preparing to depart—laying his hand to his crook and beginning to gather a few dates fallen from a palm beneath which he had been resting—he stepped up to him and asked: "Would your sheep follow me if I called them?" The man shook his head. "Give me your shepherd's cloak and crook, and let me try," the traveler said. He even wound the shepherd's turban round his head, and, standing forth, began to cry, "Men-ah! Men-ah!" but no sheep stirred. They only blinked at him lazily in the sunshine. "Do they never follow any one but you?" asked the traveler. Only when a sheep is sick; then the silly creature follows any one," the shepherd said.

545. We hear the plea for trying to keep
"The Lambs of the Flock" in the fold,
And well we may; but what of the sheep?
Shall they be left out in the cold?

'Twas a sheep, not a lamb, that wandered away,
In the parable Jesus told,
A grown-up sheep that had gone far astray,
From ninety and nine in the fold.

Out in the wilderness, out in the cold,
'Twas a sheep the good shepherd sought,
And back to the flock, safe into the fold,
'Twas a sheep the good shepherd brought.

And why for the sheep should we earnestly long,
And as earnestly hope and pray?
Because there is danger, if they go wrong,
They will lead the young lambs astray.

For the lambs will follow the sheep, you know,
Wherever the sheep may stray;
If the sheep go wrong, it will not be long
Till the lambs are as wrong as they.

And so with the sheep we earnestly plead,
For the sake of the lambs to-day,
If lambs are lost, what a terrible cost
Some sheep may have to pay.

—*International Evangel.*

546. The winds blow fierce across the barren wild;
The storm-clouds gather darkly on our way;
'Tis cold! But, oh, that loving face, and mild,
Which goes before! there first the shadows stay;
And tempests reach Him first, our Shepherd there:
What He endures shall we complain to bear?

The night comes on—'tis dark! the stars are dim.
We can not see the way! But, oh, that form
Which goes before! the night comes first to Him
And darkness first is his—as was the storm!
Shall we shrink back, or tremble to go on,
Where He, our Shepherd, first for us hath gone?

The way is rough, and wearying steeps arise;
And thorns are there to wound our aching feet;
But, oh, those sacred footsteps, firm and wise,
Which go before! they first the roughness meet,
And briers reach them first! Oh, shall we dread
To bear his cross—to walk where He hath led?

The stream is reached—the river dark and cold;
The waters are high! But, oh, that mighty One
Who goes before!—the billows o'er Him rolled;
He crossed the waters first, and shall we shun
The final anguish which our Shepherd bore?
His hand shall guide us to the other shore!

He goes before! And so we may not look
Backward at all, but onward evermore;
Keeping in sight the blessed path He took,
Patient to bear each cross He meekly bore;
Trusting his wisdom in the darkest hour;
O'ercoming every trial through his power!

He goes before! a shield against the storm:
A shadow in the noonday—light at night;
In danger's hour, there is the Shepherd's form
But just beyond; though tears may dim our sight,
Oh, earthly flock, fear not for evermore!
Where-'er we walk, our Shepherd "goes before."

—*J. H. T.*

547. I asked my man if it was usual in Greece to give names to the sheep. He informed me that it was, and that the sheep obeyed the shepherd when he called them by their names. Passing by a flock of sheep, I asked a shepherd the same question which I put to my servant, and he gave me the same answer. I then bade him call

one of his sheep. He did so, and it instantly left its pasturage and its companions and ran up to the hand of the shepherd, with signs of pleasure and a prompt obedience. It is also true of the sheep in this country, that a stranger they will not follow, but will flee from him, for they know not the voice of strangers. The shepherd told me that many of his sheep were still wild; that they had not yet learned their names, but that by teaching they would all learn them.—*Rev. John Hartley.*

PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

(Matt. xiii. 46.)

548. A king once said to a particular favorite, "Ask what thou wilt, and I will give it thee!" He thought, "If I ask to be made general, I shall readily obtain it; if for half of the kingdom, he will give it to me. I will ask him for something to which all these things shall be added." So he said to the king, "Give me thy daughter to wife." This made him heir to all the wealth and glory of the father's kingdom.—*Foster.*

549. Gibbon says that a bag of shining leather filled with pearls fell into the hands of a private soldier when Galerius sacked the camp of the Persians. He carefully preserved the bag, but he threw away its contents. So, foolish men pass through life; they do not know when they come across the true riches, and even the pearl of great price itself is cast aside as a thing of little worth.—*Baxendale.*

550. One of the first diamonds found on the South Africa diamond fields was picked up by the child of a small farmer, as he was playing beside a brook near his father's cottage. Some months afterwards a peddler came to the cottage with a pack on his back. As he was displaying his wares, the peddler spied the stone on a shelf in the room. He took it up and examined it, and then asked the mother what she would take for it. She pointed to the child and said, laughing, "It belongs to that bairn,

not to me." The peddler then offered the boy a box of wooden soldiers, worth a few cents, in exchange for the stone, and the child gladly accepted the offer. That stone was a very precious jewel. The peddler took it to Capetown, where he sold it for a large sum to a jeweler. When the jeweler sent it to Europe to be sold, he obtained $125,000 for it, and it now adorns a royal neck. Neither the child nor its parents were wise enough to know its value. Similarly multitudes barter away, for a mess of pottage, the Pearl of great price which is within the reach of all.

551. A foreigner, coming to the United States, for convenient carriage invested all his means in a valuable diamond. On the vessel he amused the passengers one day by tossing up apples and catching them. His cleverness being appreciated and applauded, he took out his diamond and began to toss it high in air, but the passengers said: "Don't do that. We like to see you toss the apples, but to toss the diamond is too dangerous." "Oh," said he, "I'm not afraid!" and he tossed it up again and again and caught it easily. But he ventured once too often. There was a lurch of the ship, he missed the diamond; it fell upon the deck of the vessel, and rolled off into the sea and was lost forever.—*W. A. Foster.*

552. Rev. Homer S. Thrall was one of the pioneers of Methodism in Texas. In company with a number of itinerants, who were on the way to conference, he stopped to spend the night with an old farmer. It was the custom then to settle the bill at night, so that they might rise about three o'clock in the morning and ride a good way before breakfast, and lay by in the heat of the day. Dr. Thrall, acting as spokesman of the party, after supper said to the old farmer, "We are a company of Methodist preachers going to conference. If you will get the family together, we will have prayers with you." After prayers one by one settled his bill. Dr. Thrall's turn came; he asked his bill. The old farmer replied, "Well, pa'son, I charged the rest twenty-five cents, but bein' as you prayed for us so good, I won't charge you but twenty cents." The brethren had

the laugh on Dr. Thrall. That old farmer was not by himself. He lived on a Texas prairie, but we have seen people very near akin to him who lived in cities. A nickel is their measure. They put a very low estimate on religion. We fear this penurious old farmer left some of his sort behind him in Texas. The Lord have mercy on them.—*Epworth Era.*

553. When Alexander the Great set forward upon his great exploits, before leaving Macedonia he divided among his captains and nobles all his property. On being rebuked by a friend for having, as he thought, acted so foolishly in parting with all his possessions, reserving nothing for himself, Alexander replied: "I have reserved for myself much more than I have given away: I have reserved for myself the *hope of universal monarchy;* and when, by the valor and help of these my captains and nobles, I shall be monarch of the world, the gifts I have parted with will come back to me with an increase of a thousand-fold."

554. A nobleman in the north of England once said to a gentleman who accompanied him in a walk: "These beautiful grounds, as far as your eye can reach; those majestic woods on the brow of the distant hills, and those extensive and valuable mines, belong to me; yonder powerful steam-engine obtains the produce of my mines, and those ships convey my wealth to other parts of the kingdom." "Well, my lord," replied the gentleman, "do you see yonder little hovel that seems but a speck in your estate? There dwells a poor woman who can say more than all this, for she can say, 'Christ is mine.'"

555. Cuyler says that when the richest man who has died in New York within his memory was on his dying-bed, he asked his attendants to sing for him. They sang the old, familiar revival hymn, "Come, ye sinners, poor and needy." The dying millionaire said to them, in a plaintive tone, "Yes, please sing that again for me. I am poor and needy." Ah! what could fifty millions of railway securities and bank stocks do for him on the verge of eternity? One verse out of the fourteenth chapter of John

could bring him more peace than all the mines of California multiplied by all the bonds in the national treasury.

556. On Jan. 10, 1860, the Pemberton mill, a large cotton factory at Lawrence, Mass., suddenly fell into ruins, burying the operatives in the debris. Some were rescued alive; others would have been, but a broken lantern set the ruins on fire and the rescuers were driven from their work. As they turned away, they distinctly heard some imprisoned girls who had been brought up in the Sunday-school singing the precious hymn of William Hunter's:

"My heavenly home is bright and fair."

And up from the flaming jaws of death there came the brave chorus:

"I'm going home to die no more."

557. That great traveler and naturalist, Humboldt, tells about seeing a granite mound, called "Mother's Rock," at the junction of two South American rivers. It was so called on account of a certain touching little bit of history which it commemorated. Three years previous to his visit, a hostile expedition to capture prisoners had been made among these Indians by the Spaniards. Among other prisoners taken was a woman who was surprised alone in a hut, her husband having gone off on a hunting expedition, accompanied by the children. After being carried to San Fernando, the desire to see her children induced her to attempt an escape. She fled repeatedly, but was as often caught and brought back and violently flogged, but without effect. It was then determined to send her to a distant station on the Rio Negro, whence it would be impossible for her to return. While the canoe was passing up the river, she flung herself into the stream, was thrown ashore by the waves and escaped into the woods, but she was again caught, brought back, and most cruelly beaten. She was taken to a distant station and closely confined, but, in spite of her wounds, she took advantage of a dark, stormy night to unfasten with her teeth the cords which bound her, and again fled in search of her

children. For many days and nights she wandered through a trackless forest, at that period of the year inundated, and swarming with venomous reptiles. She swam the swollen rivers; her flesh was torn with thorns and the spikes of the cactus; her only food for days was the large black ants that she caught; but over all obstacles her love conquered, and she reached her children.

558. Princess Eugenie, the sister of Oscar II. of Sweden, was a pious, self-sacrificing invalid. She spent her summers on the Isle of Gothland, and seeing that a house of shelter was much needed there for helpless old men and women, the princess quietly sold her diamonds and gave the money to build it. The next summer, when she visited the island, the house was ready for guests, and the people gave her an enthusiastic welcome. But one old man wept. On asking the cause of his grief, the princess was told that he was a hardened sinner, who had learned in that house to turn to God. No one had ever seen him weep until his tears flowed at the sight of the princess, whom he called "the savior of his soul." "In these tears I see my diamonds again," said the princess, as she took the old man's hand.—*Selected.*

559. Coleridge, the poet, in a letter written a fortnight before his death, addressed to his godchild, says: "On the eve of my departure, I declare to you that health is a great blessing; competence, obtained by honorable industry, a great blessing; and a great blessing it is to have kind, faithful and loving friends and relatives; but that the greatest blessing, as it is the most ennobling of all privileges, is to *be indeed a Christian.—Whitecross.*

560. An aged Christian minister said: "When I was a young man I knew everything; when I got to be thirty-five years of age in my ministry I had only a hundred doctrines of religion; when I got to be forty years of age I had only fifty doctrines of religion; when I got to be sixty years of age I had only ten doctrines of religion; and now I am dying at seventy-five years of age, and there is

only one thing I know, and that is, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."—*Talmage.*

561. Dr. Baldwin, who had a pastorate of forty-one years in Troy, says: "With another, I testify that, at thirty, after examining as best I could the philosophies and religions of the world, I said, 'Nothing is better than the gospel of Christ.' At forty, when burdens began to press heavily, and years seemed to hasten, I said, 'Nothing is so good as the gospel.' At fifty, when there were empty chairs in my home, and the mound-builders had done me service, I said, 'There is nothing to be compared with the gospel.' At sixty, when my second sight saw through the illusions and vanity of earthly things, I said, 'There is nothing but the gospel.' At seventy, amid many limitations and deprivations, I sing:

> "'Should all the forms which men devise
> Attack my faith with treacherous art,
> I'd call them vanity and lies,
> And bind the gospel to my heart.'"

562. A rich gentleman's wife died, and not long afterwards, their only child, a little boy, whom they both dearly loved, followed his mother to the grave. The gentleman never recovered from the shock of this double bereavement. After his death search was made for a will, but none could be found. At the sale of the house furniture an old domestic of the household was present for the purpose of buying a portrait of the little boy which was hanging on one of the walls. The servant had dearly loved the child when alive, and was now eager to secure the picture. It was sold to her where it hung, and on its being taken down the will was found fastened to the back of it, and when read it was discovered that the person who, at the sale of his effects, should purchase the picture of his much-loved son should have all his property. This is what God has said to us: if we honor and love his Son, he will make us inheritors of his kingdom.

563. A Detroit newspaper tells a story of an auction in one of the stores in that city. A pale, sad-faced woman, in a faded gown, stood in the crowd. The loud-voiced

auctioneer finally came to a lot of plain and somewhat worn furniture. It had belonged to the pale woman, and was being sold to satisfy the mortgage on it. One by one the articles were sold—the old bureau to one, the easy rocker to another, a bedstead to a third. Finally the auctioneer hauled out a child's high-chair. It was old and rickety, and as the auctioneer held it up everybody laughed —everybody except the pale-faced woman. A tear trickled down her cheek. The auctioneer saw it, and somehow a lump seemed to come up in his throat, and his gruff voice grew soft. He remembered a little high-chair at home, and how it had once filled his life with sunshine. It was empty now. The baby laugh, the two little hands that were once held out to greet "papa" from that high-chair, were gone forever. He saw the pale-faced woman's piteous look, and knew what it meant—knew that in her eye the little, rickety high-chair was more precious than if it had been made with gold and studded with diamonds. In imagination he could see the little dimpled cherub which it once held; could see the chubby little fist grasping the tin rattle-box and pounding the chair full of nicks; could see the little feet which had rubbed the paint off the legs; could hear the crowing and laughing in glee; and now—the little high-chair was empty. He knew there was an aching void in the pale-faced woman's heart: there was in his own. Many of you know what it is. The days may come and go, but you never get over it. There is no one to dress in the morning; no one to put to bed at night. The little playthings mock you and break your heart as you lay them away.

"Don't laugh," said the auctioneer, softly, as somebody facetiously offered ten cents; "many of you have empty high-chairs at home which money would not tempt you to part with." Then he handed the clerk some money out of his own pocket and remarked, "Sold to the lady over there." And so the pale-faced woman walked out with the little high-chair clasped in her arms, and tears streaming down her cheeks. The crowd stood back respectfully, and there wasn't anybody that felt like laughing.

564. A little girl was very ill. She asked: "Papa, does the doctor think I shall die?" With a very sad heart, her father said: "My darling, the doctor thinks you can not live." Then her pale face grew very sad. She thought of the dark grave, and her eyes filled with tears as she said: "Papa, the grave is very dark. Won't you go down with me into it?" With a bursting heart, her father told her he could not go with her till the Lord called him. "Papa, won't you let mamma go with me?" It almost broke her father's heart to tell her that, much as her mother loved her, she could not go with her either. The poor child turned her face to the wall, and wept. But she had been taught about Jesus, the Friend and Saviour of sinners, so she poured out her little heart to him with a child's full faith, and he who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," put his arms round her and comforted her. Soon she turned again to her father with her face all lighted up with joy, and said, "Papa, the grave is not dark now. Jesus will go with me."

POLITENESS.

565. It is said that Luther, when coming into a crowd of boys, would raise his hat; it was from the consciousness that he might be raising his hat to an incipient astronomer, inventor, theologian or discoverer. This was not only a mark of inbred politeness, but it gave evidence of a great soul and a noble heart. Such politeness is not fragrance wasted on the desert air. An ill-bred and crude spirit would disdain such condescension. It is related of George Washington, while President of the United States, that on a certain occasion, as he was walking in his garden at Mt. Vernon, accompanied by an English lord, a transient visitor, it so happened that Washington tipped his hat and politely bowed his head to a passing black servant, by way of responding to the courteousness of his polite and decorous servant. This seemed to shock the sensibilities of the courtly English lord, who abruptly exclaimed as though contaminated by the near presence

of a slave: "Why, sir, do you bow to your slaves—your inferiors!" On which Washington remarked by way of retort: "Sir, I do not allow my servants to be more polite than myself." This was a new revelation to the English lord, who had not learned the liberalizing influence of a free republic. More than once, in the days of slavery, while visiting in the South, we have been surprised, as well as pleased, to witness this same politeness exhibited toward slaves by intelligent and generous-hearted masters—a mark of true nobility of soul.—*Christian Leader.*

566. This is how the editor of a paper in Pekin, China, declines a manuscript:

"Illustrious brother of the sun and moon! Look upon thy slave who rolls at thy feet, who kisses the earth before thee and demands of thy charity permission to speak and live. We have read thy manuscript with delight. By the bones of our ancestors we declare that never have we encountered such a manuscript. Should we print it His Majesty, the emperor, would order us to take it as a criterion, and never again to print anything which was not to equal it. As that would not be possible before ten thousand years, all trembling we return thy manuscript, and beg thee ten thousand pardons. See—my hand is at my feet and I am the slave of thy servant."—*The Editor.*

567. The acme of politeness was reached by a mining superintendent, who posted a placard reading, "Please do not tumble down the shaft."—*Ex.*

PRAYER.

568. The child stretches out its arms and calls to its father and mother for help. And the parents love its call. That voice of dependence, desire, confidence, is music to their hearts. No parent, however tender and wise, would wish his child never to ask anything from him. It would be very unnatural for a child to say, "My father has arranged all for me; he will do his best, and I need never tell him a trouble or a wish." Every true parent loves to

hear his child asking comfort in trouble, protection in danger, and the supply of its wants. And God, who made a father's heart, represents himself as our Father, and teaches us as children to "call upon him in the day of trouble."—*Rev. Newman Hall.*

569. A king is sitting with his council, deliberating on high affairs of state involving the destiny of nations, when suddenly he hears the sorrowful cry of his little child, who has fallen down or been frightened by a wasp; he rises and runs to his relief, assuages his sorrows and relieves his fears. Is there anything unkingly here? Is it not most natural? Does it not elevate the monarch in your esteem? Why, then, do we think it dishonorable to the King of kings, our heavenly Father, to consider the small matters of his children? It is infinitely condescending, but is it not also superlatively natural?

570. Some one has beautifully defined prayer thus: "Prayer is helplessness casting itself upon power; it is misery seeking peace; it is unholiness embracing purity; it is hatred longing for love; prayer is corruption panting for immortality; it is the dove returning home; it is the eagle soaring heavenward; it is the prisoner pleading for release; it is the mariner steering for the haven amid the dangerous storm; it is the soul oppressed by the world escaping to the empyrean, bathing its ruffled plumage in the ethereal and the divine."

571. A Georgia evangelist tells of a pastor who had gone at night when the people were sleeping, and prayed before every home in his town where there was an unsaved one. When the revival came it swept his town like a prairie fire. God loves a faithful servant, and if he goes forth with weeping, bearing precious seed, he shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

572. A poor old woman who had exhausted her small supply of food, and did not know where the next was to come from, laid her case before God and was overheard by some idle, scoffing young men who were lounging at her window. Wishing to have some fun, they bought a loaf,

wrapped it well up in paper, contrived to drop it down the chimney, and then peeped in to see if she was startled. They were surprised, however, to find her first thanking God for the loaf and then preparing her humble meal. One of them, knocking at the door, said he had given the loaf, and received the answer, "The devil may have brought it, but I know the Lord sent it." The young men felt rebuked, and indeed realized that God had used them to supply the old woman's need.

573. It is the intensity of prayer, and not the number of words or the loudness of the tone, that prevails with God. When Christ's disciples failed to cast out a devil, they asked him, "Why could not we cast him out?" And he replied, "This kind cometh not out without prayer and fasting." This lesson the disciples probably often remembered afterwards. When Peter was imprisoned by Herod and guarded so carefully, "prayer was made without ceasing unto God for him." That does not simply mean without interruption. It means instant and earnest prayer was made. The same word is used in Luke xxii. 44, where it is said the Saviour, "being in an agony, prayed more earnestly." Are our prayers earnest when compared with his?

574. I am never in a meeting where a request is made that all join in repeating the Lord's Prayer that I do not feel that a word or two ought to be said in preparation for such a service. When the words of this prayer express the feelings of our heart, it is right for us to use them; certainly not otherwise. Jesus said, "After this manner therefore pray ye," not, "After this manner therefore *say* ye." Have you ever found yourself repeating the Lord's Prayer when your thoughts were elsewhere? It is not to be wondered at if you have. You may have been in a devotional frame of mind, and yet have been engaged on a train of thought widely diverse from that which the prayer follows. Suddenly the conductor rises and says abruptly, "Let us all repeat the Lord's Prayer." You have not had time to concentrate your thoughts, but you join with the rest. What have you done when you have fin-

ished? Nothing nearer to real praying than the Papist does when he counts his beads. His is a mechanical exercise of the fingers, yours of the lips.—*Mattie M. Boteler.*

575. "My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;
Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go."
—*Shakespeare.*

576. A man boasted that he had not omitted saying his prayers for seventy years, at night. It pleased God to suddenly convert him at that age, and then he would say with a changed tone and spirit, "I am the old man who said his prayers for seventy years and yet all that time never prayed at all."

577. It is related of John Wesley that on one occasion he was riding along a high road, when he saw a man kneeling by the roadside breaking stones. "Ah!" said the preacher, "I wish I could break the hearts of some who hear me preach as easily as you are breaking those stones." The man looked up and replied, "Did you ever try to break them on your knees?"

578. Hannah More said she must sometimes pray half an hour to get into the true spirit of prayer. Susanna Wesley, with her large household, spent hours daily in secret prayer. John Wesley prayed most in his busiest days. Cotton Mather says of John Eliot, missionary to the North American Indians: "If the burdens were heavy and discouragements pressed, then so much the more time did he spend in prayer." It is written of David Brainerd, that his prayers in the depths of the North American forests "were so intense that his garments were saturated with the sweat of his intercession."

579. If you strike all that is conventional, all that is formal, all that you do not care a rush whether you ever get or not, and all that you would not for the life of you know what to do with if you got it, out of your prayers, how much would there be left?—*Alexander Maclaren.*

580. Professor Finney tells how a lifeless prayer-meeting, before his conversion, nearly made him an atheist. He says: "This inconsistency, the fact that these Chris-

tians prayed so much and were not answered, was a sad stumbling-block to me. I knew not what to make of it." When he was asked if he did not desire their prayers, he said: "No; I am conscious that I am a sinner, but I do not see that it will do any good for you to pray for me, for you are continually asking, but you do not receive." He rightly concluded that the reason of their non-success was their non-compliance with the revealed conditions upon which God had promised to answer, and that they did not expect the things they prayed for.

581. All men desire salvation, but the desire must be so strong as to override every counter desire. I desire a certain piece of goods, but the merchant fixes the price, which happens to be more than I am willing to pay; then asks me if I want it, and I say, "No; I am not willing to pay that price." So in salvation. God fixes the conditions. I must so desire as to be willing to comply.—*J. W. Flint.*

582. There is a story of an Arab who said at night, "I will loose my camel and trust in God to find it." But a wiser one said, "*Tie* thy camel and trust in God." We can not really trust in God as we should until we have done ourselves everything which we ought to do to make things right and sure. Prayer and care should go together.—*Christian Safeguard.*

583. Men may pray from laziness, just as some would rather beg than work. "Faith without works is dead." It is only when we are willing to exert ourselves and do something to answer our own prayers that we show any worthiness to be answered. And there is frequently a positive unwillingness to have our prayers answered. We may say "Father" without having a filial spirit. We may say "Our Father," and have no disposition to treat his children as our brethren. We may pray "Thy kingdom come," and never show any evidence of a missionary spirit, not contributing one cent to hasten the time when the kingdom of heaven shall come to the millions who lie in heathen bondage. It is possible to say "Thy will be done," when we mean "*My* will be done," and when God's will is

just what we are unwilling to do. To *sincerely* pray "Thy will be done" requires an obedient spirit, willing to sacrifice that God's will may be done on earth.

584. Conceive an unforgiving man, with heart full of wrath against his neighbor, with a memory which treasures up the little wrongs and insults and provocations he fancies himself to have received from that neighbor; conceive such a man praying to God most high to forgive him his debts as he forgives his debtors. What, in the mouth of such a man, do these words mean? That you may fully understand their meaning, I will turn them into a prayer, which we will call *The Prayer of the Unforgiving Man:* "O God, I have sinned against thee many times; I have been often forgetful of thy goodness; I have broken thy laws; I have committed many secret sins. Deal with me, I beseech thee, O Lord, even as I deal with my neighbor. He hath not offended me one-hundredth part as much as I have offended thee, but I can not forgive him. He has been very ungrateful to me, though not an hundredth part as ungrateful as I have been to thee, yet I can not overlook such base ingratitude. Deal with me, O Lord, I beseech thee, as I have dealt with him. I remember and treasure up every little trifle which shows how ill he has behaved to me. Deal with me, I beseech, O Lord, as I deal with him." Can anything be more shocking and horrible than such a prayer? Yet this is just the prayer the unforgiving man offers up, every time he repeats the Lord's Prayer.—*Archbishop Augustus Hare.*

585. Several years ago scientists suggested that the patients of one single ward or hospital be made the objects of special prayer by the whole body of the faithful for three or five years, and at the end of that time the mortality rates compared with past rates and also with the rates of other hospitals during the same period. Of course, Christians could not accept such a test. It sounds too much like the tests Satan suggested in his temptations of Christ. It is the Christian's duty to pray for *all,* and to withdraw our sympathies and prayers from all others and confine them to one ward or hospital would be utterly un-Christian.

Millions of people could be bound by no such test, even for a day, to say nothing of keeping up such a course for years. They would be sure to pray for patients in the wrong wards. Besides, some of the patients in the wards for whom prayers were not being offered might pray for themselves, and who can say that those chiefly interested would not have as much influence with God as they who would accept such a test and pray for the patients of only one ward! No unbeliever would be convinced by any such test, and the faith of some weak Christians might be destroyed.

586. A great many foolish things were said about prayer when the world knelt at the bedside of the dying Garfield and prayed for his recovery. Many said: "It is impossible for Garfield to die; for there is a God in heaven who answereth prayer." One said: "Prayer is more potent than medicines. You ask for a prayer test. God here gives it. Whenever the nation gathered for prayer, Garfield got better; the bulletins of the doctors are a gauge of the prayers of the people." A lady, one of the noblest and best, said to Dr. Armitage: "The President will get well: of that I am as confident as if he were restored to-day." He asked her why she thought so, and said he hardly dared hope for such result. "Sir," said she, "the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord will raise him up. I have never exercised such faith for any one, and I am sure that millions are exercising the same faith. I have the witness that God will answer those prayers, and, if not, it seems to me that I shall lose confidence in all prayer." But when the martyr died, what a rebuke it was to such overconfidence and what occasion it gave to the skeptics to scoff and say, "As we told you, prayer has no force, Christians themselves being the judges." Nobody knew that it was best for Garfield to recover, and therefore no one had the right to unconditionally demand it of God. It was right to pray for it, but with the proviso, "Thy will, not mine, be done." His wound was necessarily mortal, and God does not answer prayer now by performing miracles.

587. Genuine miracles have only been wrought as an ocular demonstration of the commission of a divine messenger or teacher: they have in all instances been resorted to solely in personal attestation of sacred truth. . . . Just here, if anywhere, may doubtless be discovered the reason why miracles have not been perpetuated. There remains no longer any fresh revelation of God's will to man; no new dispensation or even agencies are to be established on the divine part; and therefore no such special credentials are issued from the court of heaven. Its ambassadors have only the common seal of the gospel—the fruits of their ministry.—*McClintock T. Strong, on Prayer.*

588. The lady who thought Garfield must recover because he was prayed for had lost her husband and had been left a widow with a family of little children. Why had not God heard her prayer and spared her husband? The fact is that God does not desire to prolong our earthly existence forever. Somebody's friends have to be dying all the time, and ours can not be always spared.

589. Men divinely empowered of God healed some sick as a sign of their divine mission, but that mission has sufficiently received the stamp of God's approval. No new miracles are needed for the confirmation of the Word. Some have been raised from the dead miraculously, but if prayer could raise every one who dies, death would be a farce and we would only die to rise again and rise to die again and again. As a proof that Jesus is the Christ, and as a foretaste of the joys that await us when all the sainted dead shall rise in glory and greet each other on the shores of time, the miracle of the resurrection has answered its purpose. But it never was intended that there should be such a reversal of the laws of nature as the resurrection of every one by the power of faith. If God had intended us to stay here forever, he would undoubtedly have adopted Ingersoll's suggestion, and "made health catching instead of disease."

590. Let us ask God for what we want, but leave the answer to his discretion. We must not dictate to him

nor challenge him to answer our prayers, nor demand him unconditionally to raise up this man or that. We have no right to restrict him to any one way of answering. He does not, like an overindulgent parent, grant every request. He may give us what we ask and he may make the want of it a blessing to the world. He did not remove Paul's affliction; but he did give Paul grace to bear it. If he granted every request, I would be afraid to pray, for "we know not how we ought to pray." Many a time we are able to see that if our prayer had been answered it would have been our ruin. We ask many things that our Father has not promised and which his wisdom must deny. He has not promised to answer all our prayers. "If any man ask according to his will, he heareth him."

591. I know not by what methods rare,
But this I know, God answers prayer.
I know not when he sends the word
That tells us fervent prayer is heard.
I know it cometh soon or late:
Therefore we need to pray and wait.
I know not if the blessing sought
Will come in just the guise I thought.
I leave my prayers with him alone
Whose will is wiser than my own.

—*Eliza M. Hickok.*

592. We may mistakenly try to appropriate to ourselves promises made only to others. Christ said to his apostles: "Whosoever shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea, and shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe that those things which he saith shall come to pass; he shall have whatsoever he saith. Therefore, I say unto you, What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them" (Mark xi. 23, 24). How often we have appropriated these last words to ourselves, when a reading of the connection would have shown that the promise was limited to Christ's apostles. The principle and duty of prayer remain, but He will only answer such as can be answered in his providence, for the best interests of all, without the miraculous suspension of the laws of nature.

593. Heaven only knows what rant men couch under Christ's modest and wonderful words, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name." Such abuse of a sweet Scripture promise is inconsiderate, rash and hurtful. "Ask whatsoever ye will," taken under this license and abuse, is an enormous selfishness, under which I may take it into my head to pray that God may give me a million dollars, that he will give me Vanderbilt's wealth, and, under pretense of Christ's promise, may break the Tenth Commandment all to shivers, as is done daily under the guise of prayer. And it is just as selfish to ask that God would increase my mental capacity, or spare me a dear friend, or give me success in my ministry—or a thousand other things—when they are asked from the purest selfishness and vainglory. God has nowhere bound himself to answer all our short-sighted and maudlin requests, but he has promised to grant what he sees for our real good, and not for our gratification. He will leave no craving for real good unsupplied.—*Selected.*

594. A delegation one day called on Mr. Lincoln to ask the appointment of a certain gentleman as commissioner to the Sandwich Islands. They presented their case as earnestly as possible, and, besides his fitness for the place, they urged that he was in broken health and a residence in that balmy climate would be of great benefit to him. The President closed the interview with the discouraging remark: "Gentlemen, I am sorry to say that there are eight other applicants for that place, and they are all sicker than your man."—*Rocky Mountain Advocate.* Their petitions could not all be granted.

595. Selfish demands on God, with no effort to conform our lives to his will, are sometimes granted that we may be rebuked by getting what we ought not to have. This might be illustrated by the story of the cross little boy on the train who was always crying for something he ought not to have. He was a great annoyance to the nurse, who could hardly keep him out of mischief. And, to make matters worse, whenever he cried for anything, the boy's

mother, who was busy reading a book, would, without looking up, say, "Mary, let him have it." Once he was crying for a wasp on the window and Mary struggling to keep him from it. But the mother said, "Mary, let him have it." So he took the wasp, but still he was not happy. His cries were much louder than before, and again his mother, without looking up to see what was the matter, said, "Mary, let him have it, I say." But Mary replied laconically, "Please, Ma'am, he's got it." It is severe discipline when prayers have to be answered in that way, but it has happened in many instances.

596. Agrippina implored the gods that she might live to see her infant Nero an emperor. And her life was an intrigue with that end in view. By her third marriage she became the wife of her uncle Claudius Cæsar, the emperor. She also saw her son married to Octavia, the daughter of the emperor. Then she poisoned her husband, the emperor, that Nero, her son, might be raised to the throne. Her prayer was answered. Her desperate intrigues succeeded, but the final result was that she was murdered by the son she had advanced to power.

597. The early history of Israel furnishes an illustration of the danger of dictating to God and demanding what he knows to be the wrong thing. They wanted a human king to rule over them, although God was their King. They said to Samuel, "Make us a king to judge us like all the nations." The Lord said unto Samuel, "Hearken unto the voice of the people in all that they say unto thee: . . . howbeit yet protest solemnly unto them, and shew them the manner of the king that shall reign over them" (I. Sam. viii. 7-9). It was all right to be dissatisfied with Samuel's corrupt sons. It was not criminal to *desire* a king, but they did wrong in *demanding* a king. They got their king, but they suffered the consequences. I have no doubt many prayers have been answered in that same way for the benefit of those who would not learn except by sad experience.

598. On board a vessel that sailed from an Eastern port was a sailor who made himself notorious for his blas-

phemy. He took delight in inventing new and fearful oaths. In a terrible storm that arose soon after leaving port, the captain, going down into the forecastle, found him on his knees praying. Taking him by the collar, he jerked him up, exclaiming, *"Say your prayers in fair weather."* Soon after, the sailor left the vessel. Four years later this captain came into the harbor of New York one Sabbath morning, and was invited by a friend to go and hear a famous sailor minister. On entering the door, it being late, the minister stopped in the midst of his sermon, and exclaimed, "Say your prayers in fair weather." Then he told the above story, concluding with, "I was that blaspheming sailor." That sentence had clung to him, and he began immediately to serve the Lord. Every reason impels us to give our hearts to God on the covenant of his love; and these reasons are stronger in the fair weather of youth and health. Then, not in the storm, in sickness, in danger, is the time to choose whom we will serve.—*Peloubet.*

599. A Christian gentleman says that "when a boy I was much helped by Bishop Hamline, who visited at a house where I was. Taking me aside, the Bishop said: 'When in trouble, my boy, kneel down and ask God's help; but never climb over the fence into the devil's ground and then kneel down and ask help. Pray from God's side of the fence.' Of that I have thought every day of my life since."

600. A little girl who suffered greatly during thunderstorms was told by her mother to pray when she felt alarmed. One day, at the close of a fearful storm, she came to her mother with the information that praying during the danger brought her no relief. "Then," said her mother, "try praying when the sun shines, and see if that will take away the fear." The child did so, and when another storm was raging, she said sweetly: "Praying while the sun shines is the best way, for I am not the least bit afraid now."

What a lesson we who are older might learn from this incident! How often do we stay away from our Master until the storms of life drive us to him for shelter and

protection? If we could only give our best, our brightest days to his service, we would have no cause to tremble when the dark hours come on.—*Lutheran Observer.*

601. Prayers may be wrongly addressed. They may be offered to men. A heavy sentence of condemnation was passed upon a minister when it was flatteringly said that his prayer was the most eloquent ever offered to a Boston congregation.

602. Prayers may be compared to letters by the mail. Certainly all the "pretence" prayers must go among the eternal strays. Like many letters which never reach their destination, many prayers have to be marked "missent," or with some other fatal brand, and consigned to oblivion. Sometimes prayers remain unanswered because they are not directed right—not addressed to God, but to the audience. Other prayers never "go through" because the address is illegible. They are too full of pomp and rhetorical flourish—"mere monologues of flowing prose." Other prayers get lost because they are "unmailable matter"—prayers whose answers might gratify *us,* but would fall like showers of daggers on our neighbors—and so are denied passage through the divine channels, as sharp-edged tools, corroding acids, explosives, and the like, are not allowed in the mails. No legally "stamped," sincerely directed and well-meaning prayer is ever lost. The answer may be delayed, but the prayer is "on file."—*Anon.*

603. It may be that your prayer is like a ship, which, when it goes on a long voyage, does not come home laden so soon; but when it does come home it has a richer freight. Mere "coasters" will bring your coals, or such like ordinary things; but they that go afar to Tarshish return with gold and ivory. Coasting prayers, such as we pray every day, bring us many necessaries; but there are great prayers which, like the old Spanish galleons, cross the main ocean, and are longer out of sight, but come home deep laden with a golden freight.—*Spurgeon.*

604. The prayer may be granted and the knowledge of the answer be slow to reach us. Dr. Adoniram Judson,

while laboring as a missionary, felt a strong desire to do something for the salvation of the children of Abraham. But his desire seemed not gratified; even to his last sickness, he lamented that all his efforts in behalf of the Jews had been a failure. He was departing from the world sad with that thought. Then, at last, a gleam of light thrilled his heart with grateful joy. Mrs. Judson, sitting by his side, while he was in a state of great languor, read to her husband one of Dr. Hague's letters from Constantinople. That letter contained some items of information that filled him with wonder. At a meeting of missionaries at Constantinople, Mr. Schauffler stated that a little book had been published in Germany giving an account of Dr. Judson's life and labors; that it had fallen into the hands of some Jews and had been the means of their conversion; that a Jew had translated it for a community of Jews on the borders of the Euxine, and that a message had arrived in Constantinople asking that a teacher might be sent to show them the way of life. The answer to all true prayer will come. In Judson's case the news of the answer came before he died, but his prayer was answered long before.—*A. T. Pierson.*

605. It was the above incident that brought from the lips of the dying Judson this testimony: "I never was deeply interested in any object, I never prayed sincerely and earnestly for anything, *but it came;* at some time, no matter at how distant a day; somehow, in some shape, probably the last I should have devised, it came."

606. **"In spite of many broken dreams,**
This have I truly learned to say:
The prayers I thought unanswered once,
Were answered in God's own best way."

607. Ejaculatory prayer is like the rope of a belfry—the bell is in one room, and the handle or end of the rope which sets it ringing in another. Perhaps the bell will not be heard in the apartment where the rope is, but it is heard in its own apartment. Moses laid hold of the rope and pulled it hard on the shore of the Red Sea, and though no one heard or knew anything of it in the lower chamber,

the bell rang loudly in the upper one till the whole place was moved, and the Lord said, "Wherefore criest thou unto me?" And "the Lord saved Israel that day out of the land of the Egyptians."—*Williams.*

608. One Christmas Eve a little boy hung his stocking in a window and asked the Lord to fill it. But in the morning it hung empty. A few days afterward a box came to him with some beautiful presents. Kind friends sent the gifts, and his teacher told him so.

"But," said he, "God told them to send the things."

"Did you ask him?"

"Why, yes, didn't you know I hung my stocking in the window?"

"But it wasn't filled," reasoned the teacher.

"Yes, but I waited for him in my heart, for I thought maybe his time was not as quick as ours."

The child had proved the truth of God's word. "Blessed are all they that wait; . . . they shall not be ashamed." *S. S. Illustrator.*

609. If the answer should be long delayed, it is no cause for discouragement. Delay is not denial. Delay in God's answer contributes to our growth by teaching us patiently to labor and to wait. We may be praying to-day for the payment of a note not due for years to come. At the proper time it will be paid with liberal interest.

"It may not be my time,
It may not be thy time,
And yet in His own time
The Lord will provide.

"It may not be my way,
It may not be thy way,
And yet in His own way
The Lord will provide."

610. We pray for health, and He gives us, it may be, a sickness that carries us into eternal life; we pray for necessary support for our persons and families, and He gives us more than we need; we beg for a removal of a present sadness, and He gives us that which makes us able

to bear twenty sadnesses, a cheerful spirit, a peaceful conscience, and a joy in God, as an antepast of eternal rejoicings in the kingdom of God.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

611. In his "Confessions" St. Augustine relates that when a young man, having expressed a purpose to visit Rome, his mother remonstrated, and prayed earnestly that he might be prevented from going, her reason being that she feared the effect upon the young man of the temptations and vices with which the great city abounded. He went, however, and during his stay there was converted to Christianity under the preaching of St. Ambrose. Augustine writes that the prayer was answered, though not in its outward form, but in its inward heart. What she really prayed for was that he might be saved from the ways of sin.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

612. Sometimes by unrecognized answer God makes reply to special prayer. You pray, and apparently nothing comes of it. But as the days go by, you find that surely something has come of it. The causes for your trouble have dissipated slowly, perhaps, but steadily and really. You have been answered, though at the time you knew it not.—*Wayland Hoyt, D. D.*

613. Divine wisdom and love often deny us what we ignorantly and foolishly ask. A few days ago I had a bottle of aconite in my hand. One of my little boys, for whom medicine bottles seem to have a peculiar fascination, pleaded with me very earnestly to give it to him. He did not know the deadly nature of the drug for which he asked. Because of my better knowledge I refused him. The child did not get what he asked for. Often I have gone to my heavenly Father, and I have pleaded with him for things which I never received, but which I can now see would have been as dangerous to my soul's life as that poison would have been to my little child.—*J. T. Bagley.*

614. Men are ever seeking good or goods by inheritance. God offers them to industry. They pray for results. God answers: "Get them by processes." Men want to vault at once into strength, influence, wealth, heaven. God says,

"Take the steps: creep, stand, walk, run, leap; the way that Abraham, Jesus and the disciples walked must be the way." Infinite power, joined with infinite love, can not help men but in specific ways—the lawful ways of an ordered universe. It is vain to attempt any other.—*Warren.*

615. The nestling eaglet looks up to the majestic flight of the soaring eagle through heaven, and says, "Oh that I could soar as bravely! Teach me, teach me, to fly!" And, as if in answer to the wish, the parent bird descends and *tears the soft nest in pieces,* forcing the restful brood forth to the sweeping winds. And though to the young bird it may seem almost cruel, yet it is just what it longed for—this is teaching it to fly!—*Wadsworth.*

616. "When you left your room this morning,
Did you think to pray?
In the name of Christ, our Saviour,
Did you sue for loving favor
As a shield to-day?

"When you met with great temptation,
Did you think to pray?
By His dying love and merit
Did you claim the Holy Spirit,
As your Guide and stay?

"When your heart was filled with anger,
Did you think to pray?
Did you plead for grace, my brother,
That you might forgive another
Who had crossed your way?

"When sore trials came upon you,
Did you think to pray?
When your soul was bowed in sorrow,
Balm of Gilead did you borrow
At the gates of day?"

617. Lazarus died and the Lord still tarried, but when he did come he brought a far more glorious answer to the weeping sisters than if he had come earlier. We are to have boldness to come to the throne of grace. In some way He will give relief, dissipate our sorrows and grant deliverance.

618. At the closing services of the great Christian Convention in Cincinnati, in his talk on the need of constant communion with God, C. P. Williamson used this illustration: "Every day during the sessions of this Convention, I have seen a man go up to the great organ. When I asked him what he was doing, he told me that when the organ was being used it had to be tuned every day. Christian," he said, "take that lesson to yourself. You need the hand of the Master to take you every day and put you in tune. God can not use you if you do not go to him every day and put yourself in his hands."

619. It is a good thing that our Endeavor pledge requires us to pray and read the Bible every day, for the soul not only requires a regular diet, but also demands that the food be fresh. Those who try to get religion enough on Sunday to last during the week, need to remember that when manna was kept over night it became filled with worms, yet manna was a bread from heaven. Heavenly bread must be freshly gathered every day.—*The Lookout.*

620. It is related that a servant having done good service for Alexander the Great, in a fit of gratitude the king desired him to go to the public treasury and claim any sum of money he thought fit. The man did so, but asked a sum so vast that the treasurer stood aghast. "Why, you would empty the treasury!" he exclaimed. The man's sole reply was, "Alexander promised." This plea he continued to urge till at last the treasurer, in despair, appealed to his sovereign. "Give him what he asks," was Alexander's command. "He treats me as a king in taking me at my word." The King of kings and Lord of lords, with infinite resources at his command, has given to his servants "exceeding great and precious promises." Let us honor him by taking him at his word.—*The Treasury.*

621. "My Father is rich in houses and lands,
He holdeth the wealth of the world in his hands."

He is rich to all that call upon him. Let us not neglect to call, not simply saying, "Lord! Lord!" but doing our Lord's commands.

622. "I once knew a young man," says a writer, "who, by an unfortunate combination of difficulties, found himself in financial straits without knowing which way to turn or what to do to escape adversity. It so happened that his father learned of his difficulty and sent him a few words by telegraph that put joy in his heart as soon as he received the message. All the telegram said was: 'Draw on me for what you need.' But every word was the same as gold to the needy son, because he knew his father, and knew that he would never send him such a message as that unless he meant it. And so with his father's word in his hand he set out for a bank at once, and proceeded to act upon it. How many heartaches and weary days it would save us if we would only receive our heavenly Father's words with the same faith."

623. The day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep
My weary spirit seeks repose in Thine.
Father, forgive my trespasses, and keep
This little life of mine.

With lovingkindness curtain thou my bed,
And cool, in rest, my burning pilgrim feet;
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head,
So shall my sleep be sweet.

At peace with the world, dear Lord, and thee,
No fears my soul's wavering faith can shake;
All's well, whichever side the grave for me
The morning light may break.

—*Author Unknown.*

PREACHING.

624. Don't preach too long. I should say, if you are earnest and interesting, that, whatever you are preaching about, you should preach about forty minutes. Some sermons remind me of the sailor who was told to pull a rope on board; he pulled and pulled until he was tired, and then declared that he believed the "end of this 'ere rope is cut off."—*Spurgeon.*

625. We recently came across in a rare book a "charge" of a Scotch minister to a young man about to be ordained, in which are some things worthy of being repeated and emphasized in this country and in these days. He calls preaching "the royal ordinance of the kingdom." "Here," he says, "put forth all thy knowledge, all thy wisdom, all thy strength of manhood, with all the gifts and graces of the divine nature. Take thy liberty, occupy thy commission; beat down the enemies of the Lord; wound and heal; break down and build up again. Be of no school; give heed to none of their rules and canons. Take thy liberty; be fettered by no times; accommodate no man's conveniency; spare no man's prejudice; yield to no man's inclinations, though those should scatter all thy friends, and rejoice all thy enemies. Preach the gospel: not the gospel of the last age, or of this age, but the everlasting gospel; not Christ crucified merely, but Christ risen; not Christ risen merely, but Christ present in the spirit, and Christ to be present again in person. Preach thy Lord in humiliation, and thy Lord in exaltation; and not Christ only, but the Father, the will of the Father. Keep not thy people banqueting, but bring them out to do battle for the glory of God and of his church: to which end thou shalt need to preach them the Holy Ghost, who is the strength of battle."—*Christian Uplook.*

626. "There is a great demand in these days," says the New York *Observer* (Presbyterian), "for practicality in the pulpit. 'Give us practical sermons!' is the popular cry. This now is all right, provided always that we do not narrow the term 'practical' down to the straitened limits of the particular bread-and-butter things in which we happen for the time to be interested. For the preaching at one juncture of a great doctrine of Christian truth is in its way as 'practical' as a patchwork of pulpit comment upon the minutiæ of every-day experience is at another. To go to the root of the whole matter, there is nothing more really practical for a man than for him to consider how to be saved, and such consideration of necessity involves the thought of certain abstract truths and relations. We

are unable, therefore, to approve the estimate of those who think that that is the only practical preaching which talks, not of visions of the skies, not of doctrines or creeds, but of duties and drudgeries, of marketings and merry-makings, of loaves and fishes, of habits and tempers, of speech and society. A Paul who has seen not only a Jesus, but also a truth of Jesus, which, under the guidance of the Spirit of God, he has systematized into a magnificently metaphysical theology, is as practical in his way as a James or a Jude, who are generally thought of as the apostles of right living and well-doing."

627. The superintendent of the Ohio State House at Columbus decided that the oil paintings which hang in the rotunda needed to be cleaned. He gave his force of janitors orders to that effect, and said no more about it. The janitors went to work as though they were going to scrub windows, and washed the priceless paintings with common soap and water, and it is feared that some of them, if not all, are badly damaged. Some people go about trying to restore people who have wandered from righteousness, with the same lack of skill and delicacy. We should all seek that spiritual wisdom and gentleness of love that will make us wise in restoring souls. David's grandest tribute to God is: "He restoreth my soul."—*Banks.*

628. A hardened criminal complained to the chaplain that so many people came to talk to him about religion, and asked him to keep them away. "What is the trouble?" the chaplain said. "Oh, they all tell me I am a hardened wretch and that if I don't repent I'll be lost. It's all true, but I don't like it that cold, and I won't have them coming here." Some days afterward a gray-haired old man came to the prison, asked to see the criminal, and was admitted. The chaplain listened, out of sight, and after a little heard the old man say, "The Lord Jesus came into the world to save just such sinners as we are." The man whose life had been one long sin, looked up into the saintly face and said, "What! do you, a clean man, class

yourself with such sinners as I?" The compassion touched him and he was saved.—*A. C. Morrow.*

629. The dear old lady who said that she liked "a preacher with the chill off" gave a broad hint to the clergy in general by which they should not be slow to profit. He who himself is warmed by the genial beams of the Sun of righteousness is sure to kindle a glow in others.—*The Evangel.*

630. A Yorkshire local preacher was once asked what a congregation should do which had a dry stick of a minister in the pulpit. He answered: "Clap on more fire in pews; you know dry sticks burn easily." If the pews are on fire, there will be a warmth in the spiritual temperature which can not fail to reach the pulpit. Demosthenes said that eloquence was as much in the ear as in the voice. The force and power of preaching depend largely on the audience.

631. Once upon a time the sultan had a very strange dream. He dreamed that written on the stars of heaven he saw the names of himself and all his kindred. And as he looked, one after another of the stars faded from sight, until only his own was left shining in the sky. When he awoke he told his vizier that he had had a wonderful dream, and bade him summon a man capable of interpreting it. So the vizier went to the school of the magicians and brought to the palace a man skilled in dream-lore, to whom the sultan told his midnight vision of the stars. When he had heard it, the wise man bowed his head in deep silence, and cried: "Oh, woeful dream! Alas that I must make known to the Ruler of the World the sorrow which heaven hath decreed shall come upon him! For know, O king, that thy dream signifies that thou shalt see all thy kindred die. Not one of them shall live to close thine eyes, or mourn for thee when thou art gone, or build for thee the mausoleum of a great king."

Then the sultan was angry, as well as filled with foreboding, and cried:

"Away with this prophet of evil, and off with his head, that he bring me no more ill-tidings! And send me an-

other magician, that I may see whether his interpretation of my dream agrees with this one."

So the unfortunate interpreter of dreams was hurried off to execution, and another from the school came and stood before the sultan, and listened to the telling of the dream. But when it was finished he lifted up his head with a glad smile, and said in a jubilant voice:

"Rejoice, O king, rejoice! for this is the interpretation of the dream. Allah hath decreed to prolong thy life beyond the allotted span, and thou shalt outlive all thy kindred. Indeed, thou art not only great and powerful, but also highly favored of heaven!"

Then was the sultan well pleased, and gave to this wise man a jeweled ring of great value, which he took from his own hand, and bade his vizier clothe him in a robe of crimson silk, and give him as much gold as he could carry. And yet his interpretation of the dream was the same as that given by the magician whom the king ordered to be beheaded.—*Selected.*

632. A minister felt that for some reason the words he spoke from Sunday to Sunday were not bearing the fruit they should. One Saturday morning after he had finished writing his sermon the thought occurred to him, "Perhaps I shoot too high; I will go down and see if Betty can understand it." Betty was a trusted Christian servant. He went to the kitchen and called her to come and hear his sermon. She hesitated. He insisted. She came. He read a few sentences, and asked, "Do you understand that?" "No," she replied. He repeated the idea in simpler language, and then asked her if she saw it. "I see it a little." He again simplified. She saw it more clearly and showed deep interest, but said to him, "Plain it a little more." And once again he simplified. Then she exclaimed with ecstacy, "Now I see it; now I understand it." He returned to his study and re-wrote his sermon in the simple style that Betty could understand. On Sunday morning he went to church, fearing and trembling, lest his people should be disgusted with his sermon, but fully resolved to try the experiment. What was his surprise to

find that he was given attention as never before, and he saw eyes were filled with tears in the congregation. From that time on he changed his style of language and had no further cause to feel that his work was not successful.—*Sermon Illustrator.*

633. Suppose some friend, having heard that a legacy was left you, should come to you with a solemn countenance and a tongue like a funeral bell, saying, "Do you know So-and-so has left you £10,000!" why, you would say, "Ah! I dare say," and laugh in his face. But if your brother should suddenly burst into your room, and exclaim, "I say, what do you think? You are a rich man; So-and-so has left you £10,000!" why, you would say, "I think it is very likely to be true, for you look so happy over it."—*Spurgeon.*

634. It has been said of Cicero that after a speech of his the people went away saying, "What a fine orator is Cicero!" but after a speech of Demosthenes people went away not saying anything about Demosthenes, but, "Let us go and fight Philip!" It should be the ambition of preachers so to preach that the hearer may forget the messenger in the message, and go away from the services, not saying, "What a good sermon!" or "What an indifferent sermon we have had!" but, "How good is Christ, how loving! Let us love him and let us serve him."

635. Margaret Meredith tells in the *Outlook* how a notorious rough named Ike Miller, the terror of a mining district in the North of England, was converted. Henry Morehouse, a young preacher, scarce out of his boyhood, was preaching to a company of these miners, when Ike Miller came in and took a seat near the front. Preacher and helpers trembled; for this wicked man had threatened to break up the service. The sermon was on the love of Christ, and the young preacher longed to reach the heart of the wild, grimed miner who sat so strangely quiet, gazing into his face. He could but think that there was an eager look in those hard eyes. But when the meeting was over, some of the good old men gathered around the

preacher regretfully. "Ah! Henry, you didn't preach right. You ought to have preached at Ike Miller. You had a great opportunity and you lost it. That softly sort of preaching won't do him any good. What does he care about the love of Christ? You ought to have warned him. You ought to have frightened him, and tried to make him see his dreadful danger, and the dreadful punishment he is going to get." The young preacher only said in a childlike tone, "I am really sorry I did not preach to him right. I did want so to help him." Meanwhile the big miner was tramping home. His wife—poor, gaunt woman! —heard his steps and started. "Home so early?" she involuntarily cried, and ran in front of the children who were crowding themselves into a corner. But as he entered she stared in bewilderment; he was not drunk; he was not scowling. He put his arms around her and kissed her, and said, "Lass, God has brought your husband back to you;" then, gathering up the shrinking children, "My little boy and girl, God has brought your father back to you. Now, let us all pray," and he knelt down. There was a long pause, a silence but for many sobs; he could not think of any words; his heart was praying, but Ike Miller had uttered no prayer and heard no prayer since he was a little boy. At last words from those distant days came back to him—something that his mother had taught him; and from that hovel floor, in the midst of an abused family, to be abused no more, he sounded out in rugged gutterals, groaned out through his sobs:

> **"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,**
> **Look upon a little child;**
> **Pity my simplicity,**
> **Suffer me to come to thee."**

636. Mr. H. B. Gibbud tells an interesting story about his work among prisoners: He was going one day from cell to cell, when one man called him back and asked him if he remembered him. He did not. "Well," said he, "I remember you, and you got me out of one of the 'dives' in Mulberry Bend, in New York City, took me to the Florence Mission, and gave me a note to the 'Home for Intem-

perate Men.' Do you remember?" He could not, having done similar acts for a great number. "You will remember me, I think," said the prisoner, "when I tell you the circumstances. I was nearly naked; you got some clothes for me. I was shivering with delirium tremens, and could not dress myself, so you dressed me; now do you remember?" Mr. Gibbud was still unable to recollect him. "Well, there is one thing more, and that was what broke me up. After you had dressed me, you said, 'You want to look nice, so I'll black your boots,' and you did. Now, I could not tell, to save my neck, what you said about Christ; I did not want to be better; I did not want to go to the 'Home;' all I wanted was what I could get out of you; but your blacking my boots—I have never been able to get away from that. I did not want your religion, but to think that you cared enough about my soul to black my boots—that has followed me ever since, and when I have been drunk and stupid, that thing would haunt me. I did not want your religion then, but I do now. And I think God has brought me here to meet you again, and I want you to pray for me."

637. You can take nothing greater to the heathen than the impress and the reflection of the love of God upon your own character—nothing. That is the universal language. It will take you years to speak in Chinese, or in the dialects of India, but from the day you land, that language of love—understood by all, and eloquent to every one—will be going forth from you, consciously or unconsciously, and it is the man who is the missionary; it is not his words. In the heart of Africa, among the great lakes, I have come across black men and women who remembered the only white man they ever saw before—David Livingstone; and as you cross his footsteps in that Dark Continent, you see men's faces light up as they speak of the kind doctor who passed there years ago. They could not understand him; but they felt the love that beat in that great heart. They knew that it was love—that that life was laying itself down for Africa, although he spoke no word. Take into your new sphere of labor, where you are laying down your

life, that simple charm, and your life must succeed.—*Henry Drummond.*

PROCRASTINATION.

638. Not a word is said about the foolish virgins being bad. They were evidently well disposed toward the bridegroom. They expected him to come sometime, but they made preparation to meet him at no time. They started too late for oil. They did not need it in the daytime, nor at night until the bridegroom came, and then it was too late to buy.

639. The Arkansas man could not roof his house when it was raining, and when it was not raining he needed no roof. Many have no time for religion, they feel no need of heaven, but when death enters their home they send for the preacher to tell them there is hope and mercy yet for those who died with curses on their lips. They start for the preacher too late. All the preachers in the world could not change the fate of the man who dies in sin. As well might they expect to turn the Mississippi in its course and make it run back to Lake Itasca. That might be possible before it reached the Gulf, but the soul that has flown by all the influences calculated to turn it back to God, and has launched into the ocean of eternity, is beyond the help of man.

640. If God has a post-mortem gospel to preach, he will see to that. It is my duty to preach the one he has given, to hold forth its precious promises and declare its warnings and commands. "Christ came *into the world* to save sinners." This world, then, is the place for sinners to be saved. It would have been unnecessary for Christ to come into the world to save them, if they could die in their sins, leave the world, and go to Christ to be saved.

641. Why is it some people are always a few minutes late? They are too late to school, too late to church, too late everywhere. They seem to be in as much of a hurry as anybody else, and if they could only set themselves for-

ward ten minutes, they would be right the rest of their lives. A little boy who ran to the station just as the train had pulled out was greeted with the cry, "You didn't run quite hard enough." "Oh, yes, I did," said he, "I ran as hard as ever I could, but I didn't start soon enough." That is the reason many will fail to get into the kingdom of God—they will run fast enough and try hard enough, but they will start too late. "When once the master of the house is risen up, and hath shut to the door, and ye begin to stand without, and to knock at the door, saying, Lord, Lord, open unto us, he shall answer and say unto you, I know you not whence ye are." "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found. Call ye upon him while he is near." I confess I know nothing of the force of human language if such advice does not imply that there shall be a time when the Lord shall not be found, and when he will not be near to regard our call.

642. "A singular mischance has happened to some of our friends," said Hamilton. "At the instant when he ushered them into existence, God gave them a work to do, and he also gave them a competency of time; so much that if they began at the right moment, and wrought with sufficient vigor, their time and their work would end together. But a good many years ago a strange misfortune befell them. A fragment of their allotted time was lost. They can not tell what became of it, but sure enough it has dropped out of existence; for just like two measuring-lines laid alongside, the one an inch shorter than the other, their work and their time run parallel, but the work is always ten minutes in advance of the time. They are not irregular. They are never too soon. Their letters are posted the very minute after the mail is closed. They arrive at the wharf just in time to see the steamboat off, they come in sight of the terminus precisely as the station gates are closing. They do not break any engagement nor neglect any duty; but they systematically go about it too late, and usually too late by about the same fatal interval."

643. Everywhere the Bible emphasizes the fatalness of neglect, but men are slow to appreciate the warnings. A

great surgeon stood before his class to perform an operation on a diseased man. With strong and gentle hand he did his work successfully, so far as his part of the terrible business went; and then he turned to his pupils and said: "Two years ago a safe and simple operation might have cured this man. Six years ago a wise way of life would have prevented his contracting the disease. I have done my best for him as the case now stands; but nature will have her word to say. She does not always consent to the repeal of her capital sentences." Next day the patient died.

644. In a New Jersey city not very long ago a dwelling-house, occupied by a large family, took fire in a sudden and unaccountable way. It was late in the afternoon, and the ladies were upstairs dressing for dinner.

Among them was a beautiful girl who was just making her *debut* in society. For her the world was made up of parties and dances and dinners. She was in the flush of her first social triumphs, with life and the world before her, and her fond father and mother had lavished upon her all the luxuries that wealth could buy. Her dresses and jewels were the envy of all her girl friends.

When the fire broke out, the ladies made a dash for the stairs, but these were already in flames, and escape was cut off from below. They ran to the windows and shrieked for help. The fire-engines were coming, but by the time they reached the house the flames had made frightful headway.

The firemen raised their ladders to the window of the room where the poor women stood. The young lady welcomed the certainty of rescue with lively joy. She was too sure. In the moment while she waited her turn on the ladder she thought of her jewels. Before any one could stop her, the rash creature had rushed back into the blinding smoke. "I shall have time enough," they heard her say.

Hers was the next room, and upon the bureau lay her casket of diamonds. In vain the firemen called her, and tried to follow her; the flames drove them back. In a minute more the house was a raging furnace.

The next morning, in the ruins, the firemen discovered an unrecognizable body. But clutched in one charred hand was a small metal box that somehow had escaped destruction. It was the jewel-case for which the girl had thrown away her precious life. The gems were all safe, but their worth could not ransom their owner. It was too late.

How many forget that what is too dearly bought can never be enjoyed! They who sacrifice a vital value for a vanity lose both the treasure and its price. For a life that takes both time and eternity in its compass, such waste has a fearful meaning.—*Youth's Companion.*

645. Archias, the magistrate of Thebes, was sitting with many mighty men drinking wine. A messenger came in bringing him a letter, informing him of a conspiracy against his life and warning him to flee. Archias took the letter, but, instead of opening it, put it into his pocket and said to the messenger who brought it, "Business to-morrow." The next day he died. Before he opened the letter the government was captured. When he read the letter it was too late. I put into the hand of every man and woman a message of life. It says, "To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." Do not put away the message and say, "This business to-morrow." This night thy soul may be required of thee.—*Pulpit Treasury.*

646. A little girl one day said to her mother while busy at needlework: "Mamma, my Sunday-school teacher tells me that this world is only a place where God lets us live awhile that we may prepare for a better world. But, mother, I do not see anybody preparing. I see you preparing to go into the country and Aunt Eliza is preparing to come here, but I do not see any one preparing to go there."

647. One of the saddest features of the massacre in Ku Cheng was that doubtless all the lives sacrificed might have been saved. The night before the massacre a native pastor heard the vegetarians were going to kill the foreigners on the morrow. He wrote a letter of warning to

Mr. Stewart, at Hwasang, but delayed sending it until daylight. The messenger arrived half an hour too late. It is terribly true that thousands are perishing every day because of the tardiness of Christians in carrying the gospel to the lost of the earth. Multitudes might be saved if all Christians, everywhere, would at once deliver the message of warning given them of God. While Christians sleep, the lost perish.—*Sermon Illustrator.*

648. The steamship "Central America," on a voyage from New York to San Francisco, sprung a leak in mid-ocean. A vessel, seeing her signal of distress, bore down toward her. Perceiving the danger to be imminent, the captain of the rescue ship spoke to the "Central America," "What is amiss?" "We are in bad repair, and are going down; lie by till morning," was the answer. "Let me take your passengers on board now." But, as it was night, the commander of the "Central America" did not like to send his passengers away, lest some might be lost, and, thinking that they could keep afloat awhile longer, replied, "Lie by till morning." Once again the captain of the rescue ship called, "You had better let me take them now." "Lie by till morning," was sounded back through the trumpet. About an hour and a half later her lights were missed, and though no sound was heard, the "Central America" had gone down, and all on board perished because it was thought they could be saved better at another time.—*Pulpit Treasury.*

649. In the ruins of Pompeii there was found a petrified body of a woman, with her jewels in her hands, which she had spent her time gathering up instead of fleeing from the doomed city. By her delay she lost both her jewels and her life. Multitudes are making the same mistake. In trying to get earth and heaven, they lose both. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

650. An artist solicited permission to paint a portrait of the queen. The favor was granted, and the favor was great, for it would make the fortune of the man. A place was fixed, and a time. At the fixed place and time the

queen appeared, but the artist was not there; he was not ready yet. When he did arrive, a message was communicated to him that Her Majesty had departed and would not return. Such is the tale. The King eternal consented to meet man. He fixed in his covenant, and promised in his word, the object, time and place of the meeting; it is for salvation; it is in Christ; it is now. He has been true to his own appointment; but how often it is otherwise with man.—*Arnot.*

651. When James the Third offered amnesty to the Scottish chiefs who should lay down their arms before a limited period of time, McIan, the bravest and proudest of them all, had an ambition to be the last to surrender, so he kept up his rebellion until two days before the expiration of the time and then arrived at the appointed place—just in time to be executed.—*Selected.*

652. A gentleman standing by Niagara saw an eagle swoop down upon a frozen lamb incased in a floating piece of ice. The eagle stood upon it as it was "drifting" on towards the rapids. Every now and again the eagle would proudly lift its head into the air to look around him, as much as to say: "I am drifting on toward danger, but I know what I am doing; I will fly away and make good my escape before it is too late." When he neared the Falls he stooped and spread his powerful wings and leaped for his flight; but, alas! alas! while he was feasting on that dead carcass his feet had frozen to its fleece. He leaped and shrieked and beat upon the ice with his wings until ice, frozen lamb and eagle went over the Falls and down into the chasm and darkness below. That is a graphic picture of the tippler, the sensualist, the embezzler, of any and every man who has begun to do evil, intending to stop before he goes too far.—*Selected.*

653. Punctuality is the soul of business, as brevity of wit. Every business man knows that there are moments on which hangs the destiny of years. If you arrive a few minutes late at the bank, your paper may be protested and your credit ruined. During the first seven years of his mercantile career, Amos Lawrence did not permit a

bill to remain unsettled over Sunday. Punctuality is said to be the politeness of kings. Some men are always running to catch up with their business; they are always in a hurry, and give you the impression that they are late for a train. They lack method, and seldom accomplish much. Some one has said that "promptness is a contagious inspiration." Whether it be an inspiration or an acquirement, it is one of the practical virtues of civilization.—*Selected.*

654. I sat in my study, weary
After the toil of the day,
And thinking more of the earth-life
Than the heaven that seems far away,
When my little boy came with his Bible
To ask what is meant in God's word
Where it biddeth all men to be ready
For the coming of the Lord.
I told him the mystical meaning,
In the words that perplexed him so,
And I saw the look in his blue eyes
Graver and graver grow.
Suddenly, "Papa," he asked me,
"If you heard the Lord at the gate
Calling you, would you say, 'I am ready,'
Or would you want him to wait?"

Oh, how could I answer the question
That thrilled me as never before?
I seemed for a moment to see Him
And hear his dread knock at the door—
The Lord I had so long neglected,
And hear, "Are you ready?" from him,
As I saw the grave eyes of my darling
Through eyes that grew suddenly dim.
I knew that the voice of my Father
Had spoken in warning to me
Of the danger there is in delaying,
Through the lips of the child at my knee.
And I cried, "Help me, Lord, to be ready!"
And felt he would answer the prayer
That went up from my heart as I folded
His sweet little messenger there.

—*Eben E. Rexford, in N. Y. Observer.*

655. As Paul "reasoned of temperance, righteousness and judgment to come, Felix trembled" (Acts xxiv. 25). Think of it, the judge trembling before the prisoner! Convinced of his sins against the Judge of all the earth, but not willing to give them up! How did he evade the performance of his duty? Just as thousands of other people have done, by making plausible promises for the indefinite future. "Go thy way for this time: when I have convenient season, I will call for thee." But mark well the fact that he never became a Christian. Never again was he so near to conversion. Never again did he tremble at the portrayal of his sins. He had evaded the issue once by pleading for delay; he could do so again. And he was a worse man for his rejection. New temptations with renewed power came upon him, and Tacitus describes him as one who "indulged in all kinds of cruelty and lust, exercising regal power with the disposition of a slave." He who had trembled at the preaching of Paul, and was thoroughly convinced of the apostle's innocence, kept him in prison as long as he held his petty office, and often communed with the prisoner, hoping that Paul might bribe him with money to set him at liberty.

RESURRECTION.

656. In Dr. Brown's work on the resurrection there is a beautiful parable from Halley. The story is of a servant who, receiving a silver cup from his master, suffers it to fall into a vessel of *aqua fortis,* and, seeing it disappear, contends in argument with a fellow-servant that its recovery is impossible, until the master comes on the scene, and infuses salt water, which precipitates the silver from the solution; and then by melting and hammering the metal he restores it to its original shape. With this incident a skeptic—one of whose great stumbling-blocks was the resurrection—was so struck, that he ultimately renounced his opposition to the gospel and became a partaker of the Christian hope of immortality.—*W. F. Crafts.*

657. Whatever the philosophical difficulties of the resurrection of the body, faith relies on the omnipotent word of God. Bishop Fowler says of certain objections to the doctrine of the resurrection: "I am always reminded of the reply of the Cornish Methodist when one confronts us with such questions as these. He was told by a reputed scientific gentleman that it had been demonstrated that there was not sufficient phosphorus to supply bodies for those already dead, to say nothing about those who should come after. The old Cornish Christian answered that he did not know much about phosphorus, but he knew the Bible said the saints would rise first, consequently they would get all the phosphorus, and the remainder would get left!"

658. I trouble not myself about the manner of future existence. I content myself with believing, even to positive conviction, that the power that gave me existence is able to continue it, in any form and manner he pleases, either with or without this body; and it appears more probable to me that I shall continue to exist hereafter than that I should have had existence, as I now have, before that existence began.—*Thomas Paine, in "Age of Reason," last page of Part I.*

659. All I can say about immortality is this: There was a time when I was not, after that I was, now I am, and it may be that it is no more wonderful that I should continue forever, now that I have a start, than it was that I should begin. We love, and those we love die, and we cling to the hope, to the wish, that we may meet again. Love was the first to dream of immortality, and as long as we love we shall hope.—*Robert Ingersoll.*

660. It is no more wonderful to live again than it is to live at all. It is less wonderful to continue to live than to begin to live. Organization is not the cause of life, but life is the cause of organization. The web goes not before the weaver, but the weaver before the web. Stand on the eternal certainty that there is no thought without a

thinker. Before a plan comes a thought, hence a personal God, a thinking Deity.—*Jos. Cook.*

661. A century ago an infidel German countess, dying, ordered that her grave be covered with a solid granite slab; that around it should be placed blocks of stone; and that the whole be fastened together by strong iron clamps, and that on the stone be cut these words: "This burial-place, purchased to all eternity, must never be opened." Thus she defied the Almighty. But a little seed sprouted up under the covering, and the tiny shoot found its way through between two of the slabs, and grew there slowly and surely until it burst the clamps asunder, and lifting the immense blocks, the structure ere long became a confused mass of rock, along which in verdure and beauty grew the great oak which had caused the destruction.

662. In the morning the little grub begins its life. It creeps over the rich loam of the garden in a toilsome and weary sort of way, and yet undoubtedly has a happiness that fills its meager measure to the brim. When the sun has leaped from the zenith to the ocean in the west, and lingers there until night can call forth her troop of shadows, and set her stars in their places, then, led by an irresistible and sure instinct, it weaves a shroud out of a leaf and lies down to die. On the morrow, when the sun kisses the dew-drops of a new morning, if we look at that little chrysalis tomb, we find it empty. Do you ask me where the grub has gone? I answer in the words of St. Paul: "Behold, I show you a mystery." I point to the flower yonder and say, "Your grub is there." You answer me, "But this is a beautiful butterfly. The grub could only crawl, but this is a winged creature, and can cut the air swiftly as it flies from garden to garden. The grub was coarse, and even loathsome, but this butterfly has wings painted by an artist." Nevertheless, the grub and the butterfly are one and the same.—*Hepworth.*

663. An Alpine traveler and his guide, while crossing a glacier, were precipitated into a crevasse, whence no human power could rescue them. At last a rivulet was

found that pierced the mountain of ice, which they followed into a dark, cold and ever-narrowing passage, that finally ended in the roaring gulf of a sub-glacial river. To plunge into its gloom and whirl seemed to be a leap into the jaws of death, but there was no other alternative. The guide made the plunge, crying, "Follow me." They were tossed about in the icy waters, and deafened by its roar, but in a few moments were swept out into the summer air and green vale of Chamouni. So Jesus has passed through the sullen stream of death; and with him we need fear no evil, but shall find ourselves safely conducted to the summer land beyond.—*W. W. Paxton, D. D.*

664. Mr. Guthrie once used the heroic voyage of Columbus as an illustration of Christian faith. "Columbus was ridiculed as we Christians are, but we have grounds for our faith as he had. His countrymen ridiculed him as you do us. They thought him mad to leave his land and his pleasant home to launch on a sea which keel had never ploughed in search of a land man had never seen. But he launched his bark on the deep, and with strange stars above him, strange seas around him, storms without and mutinies within, with a courage nothing could daunt, and a perseverance nothing could exhaust, that remarkable man stood by the helm and kept the prow of his bark onward and westward till lights gleamed on San Salvador's shore, and faith was crowned with success."

665. A writer in the *Young People's Weekly* says: "I once crossed the Atlantic in the midst of a violent storm. The most of the passengers were kept below; in fact, all of them, except another man and myself. We wished to watch the sea in its fury, and so were lashed to the rail under the bridge, upon which our brave captain stood, watching with equal care the ship and the storm. As our vessel plunged down into the depths, sinking, as it seemed, into an endless abyss of whirling woe, and rose again on the crest of a mountainous wave, between the gasps I shouted to the captain above, 'Are you there?'

"Words can not tell what a sense of security filled my heart as I heard, above the roaring of the storm and the beating of the waters, his voice, calm, steady and cheerful, 'I am here.' More than once during that fearful storm I asked the same question, and always there came back to me upon the gale the same cheerful, reassuring answer, 'I am here!'

"In the storms which rage around us it should comfort us to know that our Lord has not been swept from us, buried and lost to us forever, but that he is our risen and ever-present Lord."

666. A vase closely sealed was found in a mummy-pit in Egypt by the English traveler, Wilkinson, who sent it to the British Museum. In it were discovered a few peas, old, wrinkled, and hard as a stone. The peas were planted carefully under a glass, on the 4th of June, 1844; and at the end of thirty days they sprang into life, after having lain sleeping in the dust of a tomb for almost three thousand years.—*Gaussen.*

667. It is said that when Lord Lindsay and some of the members of his company went into one of the pyramids they were permitted to open one of the mummies, and they saw in the hand one of the bulbous and tuberous roses. According to the rules of interpreting hieroglyphics, they determined that the person had been incased perhaps three thousand years, and as soon as the air touched the mummy and the rose all crumbled to the finest dust save the seed of the rose, which was gathered and brought to England and planted in one of the gardens of Lord Lindsay; and it shot up a stalk to bear a beautiful flower, and the question was asked what it should be called. There was nothing in the range of their botany like it. And the lord, who was a man of remarkable culture, said, "We will name it for the Swedish botanist. We will call it Dahl." And this is the origin of the name of one of the species of dahlia. Coming across three thousand years, it still lives.

668. Paul's illustration of the resurrection, in I Cor. xv. 37, is most beautiful. In burying the dead you do not sow the body that shall be. You sow a bare grain, but God gives it a body as it hath pleased him, somewhat as he makes the little seed become a plant radiant with blossoms, or gives the insignificant acorn inconceivable glories by transforming it into the spreading oak.

669. A tree planted in a Scottish valley, beside a little brook, had no kindly soil in which it could be nourished. For a long while it was stunted and unhealthy. At length, with a marvelous vegetable instinct, it sent out a shoot along a narrow sheep bridge which was near it. The shoot stretched, grew, rooted itself in the rich loam which it found on the opposite bank, and drew therefrom the sap which was required, so that the parent tree speedily revived. So our languishing spiritual lives are reinvigorated by the grace that comes to us from heaven, through the resurrection of Christ, which has bridged for us the river of death. —*The Treasury.*

670. A noted painting delineates a funeral procession from the steps of the Columbaria at Rome. There is not one redeeming feature to the sadness of the scene. There is not a single thing to indicate that one ray of hope has pierced the gloom of the mourner's heart. One almost fancies, as he looks at it, that he hears the shriek of the despairing widow, *"Vale! Vale! Eternum vale!"* ("Farewell, farewell; eternally farewell!") and as you turn away you instinctively cry out, "Thank God, the Christ has come since then." Yes, our Saviour, Jesus Christ, has "brought life and immortality to light by the gospel." He went into the grave and passed out at the farther end, leaving the door there forever open; and so that which to the pagan was a dreary cave with no possible outlet, is for us and for our loved ones only a tunnel through which we pass to glory, changing the mortal for the immortal, the corruptible for the incorruptible, on the way. Thy child shall rise again. Thy brother, thy sister, thy father, thy mother, thy wife, thy husband shall rise again

—for there shall come a day when Christ shall speak, and all that are in their graves shall hear his voice and come forth.—*Wm. M. Taylor, D. D.*

671. Upon the other side, when these eyes shall open again, and these hearts, chilled with death, begin once more to beat, then the first words of greeting upon the other side, O mother! will not be from your child; O husband! not from your wife; but Jesus shall meet us and say in the early morning of the eternal world, "All hail!" And trembling, lost, uncertain, he shall clasp us in his arms and say, "Be not afraid." Then, as if the seas had broken forth, and as if all the heavens were but one mighty music-band, the angels of God shall acclaim us ransomed, and bring us where death shall have no more dominion over us forever and forever. To the faith and love of this ascended Saviour, I commend your souls!—*H. W. Beecher.*

672. Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marble play;
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith
The truth, to flesh and sense unknown,
That life is ever lord of death,
And love can never lose its own.

—*Whittier.*

RIGHTLY DIVIDING THE WORD OF TRUTH.

673. Rightly dividing the word of truth means cutting straight, holding a straight course in the word of truth, or handling aright the word of truth. A right division is not only necessary to the proper understanding of the Bible, but also of any other book, or even the most common conversation.

It is said that a certain mother tried to teach her child good table manners; that when he was addressed at the table he should say, "Yes, ma'am," "No, ma'am," "Thank you," "If you please." He undertook to follow this advice,

and, when asked if he would have some butter, said, "Yes, ma'am; no, ma'am; thank you, if you please," and so whatever was passed to him, or whatever question was asked, his answer was the same, "Yes, ma'am," etc. What was the trouble? He did not properly divide the word of truth. He did not take into consideration the circumstances, and so by his stupidity made his mother's advice ridiculous. That is the way our Father's word is often treated.

674. Once upon a time—so the story goes—an old priest said to his young companion, "I am going away, little priest, and I leave the temple in your charge. No matter who comes, don't loan them anything."

"All right, sir. I'll obey your words."

Not long after the old man left, an old woman came to worship. She prostrated herself before the idols, and prayed and prayed until it rained. Then she said to the boy, "Your master knows me well, for I come often to worship. Will you please lend me his umbrella?"

"No," was the prompt reply; "I can not lend anybody anything."

So the old lady went home in the rain, and she was very angry. Upon the master's return the faithful boy related his experience; but, instead of praise, he received stern reproof: "Oh, you stupid boy! Do you know no better than that? Why, you have driven away one of my best worshipers! You will spoil my business. You should always be polite. You should say, 'Won't you please step in and have a chair? I will steep you fresh tea and bring you little cakes. Make yourself as comfortable as possible; but I am very sorry to say, my master was out in a storm one day, and it blew and it blew, and it took the skin right off his umbrella, and strewed the bones all around, and so we have none.' Say that, and she could not be angry."

"All right, sir. I'll say it next time."

Not long after this the master went away again, and there came a man who said, "Little priest, I have been high up on the mountains and gathered a big load of kind-

ling-wood. It is too heavy. I can not get it home. Will you please let me take your master's horse?"

"Come in, sir," said the little man. "And make yourself very comfortable. I will bring you little cakes and steep you fresh tea; but I am very sorry to say, the old horse was out in a storm, and it blew and blew, and it took the skin right off and blew the bones away, and we haven't any!"

The man gazed in astonishment upon the boy, and turned away in disgust.

When the master returned, the boy related all that had happened, and received a round scolding. "Oh, you small idiot; you grow worse and worse. Don't tell the same story every time. Have some sense—make your story fit. You should have said, 'I am very sorry to say the old horse was out in the field, and tumbled in a hole and sprained his leg and went lame, and we turned him out to grass, and we haven't any."

"All right, sir, I will say it next time."

Again the boy was left in charge, and there came a man who said: "Your master is my dear old friend. I would like to see him."

"Come in, sir; take a seat, sir. I will bring you new cakes and steep you fresh tea. Please be as comfortable as possible, sir. I am very sorry to say my master was out in the field, and stumbled in a hole and went lame, and we have turned him out to grass, and we haven't any." —*Clara M. Cushman, in Youth's Companion.*

The boy's blunders were no more ridiculous than I have known men to make in always answering the question, "What shall I do to be saved?" with the same text, regardless of the connection of the verse or the condition of the inquirer.

675. A stranger wants to get some postage stamps, have his horses shod, and buy a cook-stove and a sack of flour and a bonnet for his wife. And he is told that the town of C—— is the proper place, and is only a few miles away. He stops at the first house he comes to and tells the lady who comes to the door he wants to get his horses shod.

"Well," says she, "does this look like a blacksmith shop? This is a dwelling," and she shuts the door in his face. The poor fellow didn't know that it made any difference where he stopped. He had been told that in this town all these wants could be supplied, and yet he is repulsed the first effort. Cast down, but not discouraged, he tried again. This time he finds the blacksmith shop and inquires for postage stamps. He meets with ridicule and retreats to the milliner shop, where he inquires the price of cook-stoves. The proprietor has none to sell, and he takes his departure. But he will at least buy his wife a bonnet, and he makes a last desperate effort by going to the hardware store and asking to see their bonnets. He fails again. He even fails to get a sack of flour at the carpenter shop, and leaves the town disgusted, declaring that he had been misinformed when he had been told that all these things could be had in town. He ought to have known that it was not only necessary to come to town, but to an appropriate place in town, to satisfy his various needs. So, many have denounced the Bible for not furnishing them the promised blessings when the trouble was that they did not look in the proper portion of the Bible for the blessings that they sought.

676. Others accept the Bible and read it superstitiously. They do not take into consideration who speaks or to whom, or under what circumstances. Mr. Lackington, a celebrated bookseller, informs us that when young he was at one time locked up to prevent his attending a Methodist meeting in Taunton, and in a fit of superstition he opened the Bible for directions what to do, and hit upon Matt. iv. 6: "If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down: for it is written, He shall give his angels charge concerning thee: and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone." "This," says Mr. Lackington, "was quite enough for me, so, without a moment's hesitation, I ran up two pairs of stairs to my own room and out of the window I leaped, to the great terror of my poor mistress." He was, of course, severely bruised, and confined to his bed for four-

teen days. Probably he never did look so beautiful again as he did before the fall, but he knew more. If he had read the connection, he would have saved himself that painful experience, for he would have seen that Satan quoted that very passage of Scripture to Christ to induce him to jump from the pinnacle of the temple, but Christ rightly handled the word of truth and appropriately replied: "It is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God."

677. Alexander Hall makes a similar mistake when, in trying to show that the Bible teaches the infinity of sin, he quotes Job (xxii. 5) as saying, "Is not thy wickedness great, and thine iniquities infinite?" The facts are, the Bible teaches no such thing and Job uttered no such words. They are recorded in the Book of Job, but they are given as the words of Eliphaz, Job's accuser. He thought Job's sins must be great and his iniquities infinite because of the unparalleled calamities and suffering that had come upon him, which, he argued, must be only the punishment he deserved. The accusation was false. God vindicated Job as a perfect and righteous man, and rebuked Eliphaz and his two friends for their false accusations. Even if the words had been true of Job, they would not necessarily have been true of any other person. The fact is, they were never true of any human being. It could not be truthfully said of any one, unless of Satan himself, that his iniquities were *infinite*. The Bible is inspired and gives us a true account of what Eliphaz said. It does not follow that what he said was true. On the contrary, it is denounced as false. Behold, then, the folly of quoting words of the Bible, wrested from their proper place, and misapplied.

678. What we call "Holy Scripture" or "Holy Bible" contains, as covering the pages and contents of our English Bible, words of truth and words of falsehood. This is not a matter of outside opinion; it is so declared in the Holy Bible itself, and it is to be recognized as the declaration of holy men who gave us this inestimable record.

It is distinctly said in that record that certain words came from God, and that certain other words came from Satan; that certain words were spoken by men whom God approved and who spoke for God, and that certain other words were spoken by enemies of God, whose falsehoods and whose falsity God by his representatives pointed out. Who will dare to say, for one minute, that the words of God and the words of Satan are of equal worth? that there is to be no distinction between the declarations of evil men contrary to the principles of God's law, and the declarations of men who spoke for God on the basis of eternal principles disclosed by him?—*S. S. Times.*

679. Many a man quotes from the Book of Job as if its words were all true, because it is part of the Bible, without considering whether it is Job, or Eliphaz, or Bildad, or Zophar, or Elihu, or Satan, or God himself, who is the speaker. Similarly as to the Book of Ecclesiastes, often no difference seems to be noted between its passages of truth and those of avowed error. Words of the idolatrous Philistines are quoted as if they were the words of a prophet of Israel. So as to such texts as "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth;" "The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another;" "We all do fade as a leaf;" "Touch not, taste not, handle not, which all are to perish with the using;" "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend." Such texts and others have been so often misused that many now do not have any idea of what is their true meaning. Every week, sermons are preached from texts misunderstood or misused by the preacher; and similarly in other spheres. Can Scripture be thus perverted without harm to the hearers?—*Ib.*

680. Dr. Walter C. Smith, a popular Scotch poet-preacher, on one occasion tried to explain to an old lady the meaning of the Scriptural expression, "Take up thy bed and walk," by saying that the bed was simply a mat or rug, easily taken up and carried away. "Na, na," replied

the lady, "I canna believe that. The bed was a regular four-poster. There would be no miracle walking away wi' a bit o' mat or rug on your back."

681. The Saviour once charged his disciples to tell no man that he was the Christ of God. There are plenty of professing Christians in the world, to-day, whose conduct would seem to indicate that the command had been specially repeated to them and that they were seeking to obey it to the letter!—*Evangel.*

682. A story is told of an English clergyman who preached upon the "divine right of episcopacy," from Acts xvi. 30: "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" His argument ran as follows: "Paul and Silas are called 'Sirs,' and sirs being in the Greek *'kurioi,'* and this, strictly translated, meaning lords, it is perfectly plain that at that time episcopacy was not only the acknowledged government, but that the bishops were peers of the realm, and so ought to sit in the House of Lords."

In the time of Charles the Second, another is said to have proved the "divine right of kings" from "Seek first the kingdom of God." His argument was, that since the passage did not say, "Seek the Parliament, the army, the Committee of Safety, of God," but the kingdom of God, therefore monarchy was the divine government!

683. There are many things said in Ecclesiastes, as in other parts of the Bible, that are not true. A faithful reader and student of the Bible ought to know, to begin with, whether a Bible passage which he quotes or looks at is a statement of truth or a statement of error. Great harm may be done by supposing that a recorded statement by Satan, or Pharaoh, or Jezebel, or Ben-hadad, or a cynic, or a doubter, is as true as the words of an inspired prophet or apostle.—*S. S. Times.*

684. To rightly understand Scripture, always consider who speaks and to whom he speaks. The words of Jesus to believers differ widely from his sayings to disbelievers. Accurate knowledge of the Bible can only be thus had. In the Pennsylvania Legislature a bill to permit criminals to

testify in their own behalf, in capital cases, was under consideration. During a debate, a member argued that such a measure would tempt men beyond measure to perjure themselves. "Why," said he, "the word of God says, 'Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life.'" This speech produced a strong sentiment against the bill, till the Hon. George H. Anderson, of Pittsburg, replied by saying: "The gentleman has indeed quoted the Bible; but the saying which he quotes was uttered by the devil as a calumny against Job. It was a lie, and it was spoken by one of whom the Lord said, 'There is no truth in him . . . he is a liar, and the father of it.'" Thus, by an accurate knowledge of the Bible, a strong argument was turned back upon him who urged it.—*The Lookout.*

685. How often have I heard quoted the words of Solomon to prove that the spirit of man was not immortal:

I said in mine heart concerning the estate of the sons of men, that God might manifest them, and that they might see that they themselves are beasts.

For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them: as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath; so that a man hath no pre-eminence above a beast: for all is vanity.

All go unto one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again.

Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth? (Eccl. iii. 18-21).

To make the argument more clinching, the marginal reading of the Revised Version has been adopted: "Who knoweth the spirit of man whether it goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast whether it goeth downward to the earth?" Now, that is not the language of inspiration at all. The key to the understanding of this Scripture is the declaration, "I said in my heart," which runs all through the Book of Ecclesiastes. In the days of his infidelity, Solomon tried all sorts of experiments to gain happiness. He tried mirth, pleasure, wine, great works, houses, vineyards, orchards, pools, servants, maidens, music, delights,

madness and folly, but all was vanity and vexation of spirit. One of his experiments was to argue himself into the belief that "there is nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink," and he prided himself that he could get to a feast as quickly and eat as much as anybody else. He said in his heart that men were beasts, etc. But what he said in his heart was not true. Inspiration comes in in giving us a true account of what he said, and not in endorsing what he said in his heart. After all his foolish experiments, Solomon finally came to the right conclusion that to fear God and keep his commandments is the whole duty of man.

686. Some seem to think that whatever Abraham, Moses, David or Solomon did was by the authority of God. Not so. Right there is where the Bible is different from all other biographies. We write up the lives of our friends, crowning all their virtues with a halo of glory and hiding every fault from view. But God so controlled the pens that wrote the Bible that even the kings that sat upon the throne wrote the story of their own crimes, though it humiliated them to the dust and left a stain upon their memory to be seen by all the generations that should follow. The Bible has been denounced as endorsing the lying of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, the polygamy of David and Solomon, and the slavery which was practiced in Israel. It records, it does not endorse. God did not endorse the evil habits of any of the patriarchs. He simply made use of the best men he had, even though they were bad, to accomplish his purpose. As faithful chroniclers, the Bible writers tell of their words and deeds, but, far from endorsing their course, they tell of how God rebuked them either in words or in the consequences of their folly.

687. It is not enough that a thing is said or done in the Bible. We must know who said it or did it, and by whose authority. We must not only know who said it, but to whom it is applicable. God spoke in thunder tones at Mt. Sinai words he never intended for the Gentile world. The law was added till Christ should come, but since he has come

and taken the reins of authority, we are to hear him. To turn to the Ten Commandments to find what our Christian duty is, or to the Psalms of David to learn what to do to be saved, or to direct people to open the Bible and at random choose the first verse they see, is not to rightly divide the word of truth. "Whatsoever the law saith, it saith to them that are under the law." As we are not under the law, and never were, it says nothing to us directly. Its types, shadows and prophecies are fulfilled in Christ and become infallible proofs of the divinity of his religion. We do not reject the old covenant as valueless because we do not live under it, but under the new. The fruit of the tree is what we want and not the tree itself. We do not despise the tree because we do not eat the roots or bark. We show our appreciation of it by enjoying its fruit. So we enjoy the fruits of Christ. We do not despise the laws by which God governed his people in early days. We honor the germs and roots from which Christianity sprang, but we learn our duty directly from the New Testament. We are under the new covenant which came into force at Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost. Christ authorized his apostles, after tarrying in Jerusalem until endued with power from on high, to preach "repentance and remission of sins among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem," to 'go teach all nations," etc. We have the record of their preaching. They give us the proofs of Christ's divinity. They tell us what to do to be saved. Their epistles tell us how to live and what to expect.

688. It was a fine thought of Luther to compare the Old Testament and the New to the men who carried upon a staff between them the branch with the cluster of grapes. They were both bearing the same precious fruit; but one of them saw it not. The other saw both the fruit and the man who was helping him. The Hebrew believers did not see the full scope and value of the truth they were bearing to the world, but Christians see it all, and how it was given in outline and shadow to the elder economy. According to Augustine's fine saying, "The New Testament

is enfolded in the Old, and the Old is unfolded in the New." Both are indispensable to the completeness of Christian thought and to the integrity of Christian character.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

689. While agreeing as to the divine *inspiration* of the Old and New Testaments, we differ on the question of their equal-binding *authority* on Christians. In our view, the Old Testament was of authority with *Jews,* the New Testament *is now* of authority with *Christians.* We accept the Old Testament as true, and as essential to a proper understanding of the New, and as containing many invaluable lessons in righteousness and holiness which are of equal preciousness under all dispensations; but as a *book of authority* to teach *us* what *we* are to do, the New Testament alone, as embodying the teachings of Christ and his apostles, is our standard.—*Isaac Errett, in "Our Position."*

690. I might illustrate this with the old and new Constitution of the United States. The Articles of Confederation that went into effect in March, 1781, proved to be inadequate. Congress practically had no power. So a Constitutional convention was called to settle on some means of increasing the power of the National Government. The result of their deliberations was the adoption of the Constitution of the United States after three months of debating. The plan was not to simply strike out the objectionable features of the articles, but to abolish the articles as a whole and re-enact such as were necessary to the welfare of the nation, and they are now binding, not because they were in the articles, even though they were vital principles, but because they are part of the existing Constitution. That was exactly in accordance with God's plan. He taketh away the first that he may establish the second. He did not simply revise the old; he took it away, but reenacted such laws of the Old Testament as would be necessary under the New Testament, and we are to keep them, not because they were the law of Moses, but because they are the law of Christ.

691. A man in Burmah possessed a copy of the Psalms in Burmese, which had been left behind by a traveler stopping at his house. Before he had finished the first reading of the book he resolved to cast his idols away. For twenty years he worshiped the eternal God revealed to him in the Psalms, using the fifty-first, which he had committed to memory, as a daily prayer. Then a missionary appeared on the scene and gave him a copy of the New Testament. The story of salvation through Jesus Christ brought great joy to his heart, and he said: "For twenty years I walked by starlight; now I see the sun."

692. The division of the Word has not been carried to perfect conclusions. It probably never will be. As long as we live we will learn new applications of this principle, and when we reach the limit of our capacity to understand, others will begin where we leave off and go on with the work of discovery. We may have glimpses, "through a glass darkly," of truths that will be perfectly clear to our descendants. It is not enough to say that the Old Testament was for the Jews and the New Testament is for us. Up to the death of Christ the Old Testament was yet in force. Christ's teaching on earth contained the principles of eternal truth, but to use their exact wording under all circumstances in the Christian dispensation, would in some instances make them ridiculous. Christ was born under the law. He was circumcised. He kept the passover and the Sabbath, and all the laws of the dispensation under which he lived. He said he was not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel (Matt. xv. 24). He also charged his disciples, saying, "Go not into the way of the Gentiles, and into any city of the Samaritans enter ye not, but go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel." His mission, then, and that of his disciples under the first commission, was to the Jews, and his teaching presumed the knowledge and application of the Jewish law. In the Sermon on the Mount he said, "If therefore thou art offering thy gift at the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way, first be recon-

ciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift" (Matt. v. 23, 24). The principle of giving and the duty of forgiveness remain the same, but it would work confusion to represent him as teaching that we must now have a literal temple, with its literal altar of burnt offering, to which we must bring the gifts of animals to be slain according to the law of Moses.

693. A doctor is called to prescribe for a fever, and he gives a cooling draught. His young Esculapius, coming after him, is called to prescribe for congestive chills. He says, "My teacher gave a cooling draught, and I will give a cooling draught." He imitates his teacher exactly, like a fool. And there is no greater fool than a man who imitates just what the apostles did, instead of imitating the principle on which they did it. It is the inside that is to be followed, and not the outside.

One of my boys comes in crying, and says, "Father, I ran against a lamp-post and bruised my face." I say, "My son, do not run against lamp-posts." The next day he comes in again with another bruise on his face, and says, "I did not run against a lamp-post; I ran against a tree." "Well," I say, "do not run against lamp-posts nor trees." The next day he comes in, having had another whack, and says, "I did not run against a lamp-post nor a tree. I ran against an iron railing." He had obeyed me, and yet he was hurt. But the spirit of my order was that he should not run against anything that would hurt him.—*Beecher.*

694. A good story is told of a lady who, during the Crimean War, was distributing tracts to the occupants of a ward in a hospital, and was excessively shocked to hear one poor fellow laugh at her. She then stopped to reprove the wretched patient. "Why, ma'am," said he, "you have given me a tract on the sin of dancing, when I have got both my legs shot off."—*Wit and Wisdom.*

695. To follow Jesus now is not to do just what he did or commanded others to do in some former dispensation, but to do what he has required of us. He commanded feet-washing, and said as strong things about it

as he ever did about baptism or the Lord's Supper. When Peter objected and said, "Lord, thou shalt never wash my feet," he replied, "If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me." Christ said to wash feet, and practiced it. These are the command and the example. Why not obey and follow? Some tell us if we want to restore primitive Christianity we must practice feet-washing as a church ordinance. Why not? Simply because it never was a church ordinance. The church was not established yet at the time Jesus washed the disciples' feet and taught them to do the same; and, when it was established, those who had the authority to declare the whole counsel of God never mentioned feet-washing as a church ordinance, but they placed it among the good works as an act of Christian hospitality. It is not needed so frequently as in Palestine, when sandals were worn, that allowed the dust to accumulate on the soles of the feet, and made it necessary to take off the sandals and wash the feet every time a person entered a house, but it is still sometimes necessary, and I have seen it practiced more than once. Paul, in recommending the character of widows to be supported by the church, said, "She must be at least sixty years of age, have been the wife of one man well reported of for good works; if she hath brought up children, if she hath used hospitality to strangers, if she hath washed the saints' feet, if she hath relieved the afflicted, if she hath diligently followed every good work." He does not say, "If she hath been baptized, if she hath observed the Lord's Supper," because the very fact that she was a member of the church was enough to show that she had done these things. But it was classed, not with church ordinances, but with good works, bringing up children and entertaining strangers. Where opportunity to practice feet-washing as a good work presents itself, the duty is now binding, and only in such instances. It is quite evident that it is not on the same footing with baptism and the Lord's Supper. A right division of the Word places it where it belongs.

696. A right division of the Word is just as necessary to understand and apply teaching given after the day of

Pentecost as before. Theoretically the law died at the death of Christ. He had declared that "not one jot or tittle of the law should pass away until all was fulfilled," and that he came "to fulfill the law." Consequently, when he declared in death, "It is finished," not one jot or tittle of the law remained. But while the law was "taken out of the way and nailed to the cross," it still had its influence on Jewish converts, and many of its ordinances continued to be practiced by them that were not allowed among the Gentile Christians. Paul met with the Jews in their synagogues on the Sabbath; he kept the Passover and Pentecost, made offerings and vows, shaved his head and practiced circumcision. He was all things to all men. "To the Jews I became as a Jew, that I might gain Jews; to them that are under the law, as under the law, not being myself under the law, that I might gain them that are under the law; to them that are without law, as without law, not being without law to God, but under law to Christ, that I might gain them that are without law" (I. Cor. ix. 20, 21). He circumcised Timothy, whose mother was a Jew, when sending him to the Jews; although when the same thing had been demanded of Titus, a Gentile, Paul would not consent to it—no, not for an hour. The customs of the Jews might be harmless to Jewish Christians born under the law, but when they sought to impose them on Gentiles, Paul said, "Ye observe days, and months, and times, and years. I am afraid of you, lest I have bestowed upon you labor in vain" (Gal. iv. 10, 11). The Jews and Gentiles stood in somewhat different relations to the law. The Gentiles were never under it and the Jews were delivered from it. In writing to the church at Rome, composed of Jews and Gentiles, each class is addressed alternately by the apostle Paul. In the second chapter he says, "Thou art a Jew," and in the eleventh, "I speak to you Gentiles." This distinction is vital to the understanding of the Epistle.

697. In Rom. ii. 14 Paul says, "The Gentiles have not the law," and in Rom. iii. 28 that "a man is justified by faith *without* the deeds of the law." Gentiles never did

have the law, but when he comes to speak to the Jews he says they are "delivered from the law." They were not freed from responsibility and placed in a lawless condition, but they owed allegiance to a new Master. In the seventh chapter he is addressing Jews, "I speak to them that know the law." "The law hath dominion over a man as long as he liveth," or, as the context shows it should read, "as long as *it liveth*." The woman represents the Jewish brethren to whom Paul wrote, and the law is the husband. The woman (the Jewish people) is bound by the marriage tie only so long as her husband (the law) lives. If her husband dies, she is dead to him—not that she is really dead. She represents the Jewish nation still alive after the husband (the law) has passed away. She "should be married to another, even to him who is raised from the dead, and should bring forth fruit unto God." The Jewish nation or people were married by their own consent at Mount Sinai, in Arabia, and lived in wedlock for nearly fifteen centuries—often unfaithful, but always returning to the old spouse again. And so long as the husband (the law) lived, the wife (the Jewish people) was bound to him, but now that the husband (the law) is dead, his wife (the Jewish people) is free to be married to another man (Christ). The dead husband being removed, and given a decent burial, the widow (Jewish people) now marries Christ; and with a new husband comes a new name, a new house, a new family—"old things have passed away; behold, all things have become new."

698. A Jewish convert to Christianity might ask, "Do you want me to go back on my first husband and say that he was an old sinner?" Why, no, madam; your first husband was "holy, just and good" for the day in which he lived, but don't try to be wedded to his dead body. Christ has all the good qualities that the former husband (the law) had while he was alive, and gives you innumerable advantages that the former husband could not do. Mrs. Martha Custis did not dishonor the marriage law and renounce her former husband when she became the loyal wife of General Washington. She paid him the highest com-

pliment by showing that her life with him had not unfitted her to be the worthy wife of Washington, and link her fortunes with him who was destined to become the father of his country. No doubt the lessons of sacrifice and obedience learned in loyally serving her former husband made her the more competent to be associated with his great successor. So Paul says, "Is the law [the former husband of the Jewish people] sin? God forbid!" As a representative of that nation, he could say he had learned much from it. He magnified it; he established its importance. By it was the knowledge of sin. "I had not known lust except the law had said, Thou shalt not covet." Of course, this was only true of a Jew. The Gentiles learned from some other law, and not *the* law, and we learned from the law of Christ. The law was the schoolmaster to bring the Jew to Christ. It was "holy, just and good" for the purpose for which it had been given, but that was no indication that the duties under the new dispensation would always consist of exactly the same commands that had been binding under the old.

699. The man that merely obeys the Ten Commandments is at best a reputable Jew, and the man that merely obeys the prohibitions of the Sermon on the Mount is merely a half-Christianized Jew. The man is not a Christian until he has taken Christ as his standard and said to himself, "I will love, God helping me, as Christ loved." But even as a series of prohibitions the Ten Commandments is not an adequate standard for to-day. There is no law in the Bible against gambling; is gambling right? There is no law in the Bible against forgery; is forgery right? Changed conditions create a necessity for new standards and new laws. Even were the laws adequate, the applications would be varied.—*Lyman Abbott, in Homiletic Review.*

700. We might profit by the experience of the Ethiopian who asked Philip, "I pray thee, of whom speaketh the prophet this? of himself or of some other man?" He betrayed his ignorance, but he found the truth. His was a vital question, and Philip was the very man to give him

ne correct answer. Similar questions are necessary to our understanding of the truth. Who speaks? To whom? What? Where? When? Why?

701. Because Paul did not suffer Christian women to teach publicly among the heathen, who had such violent prejudices that a woman who even appeared in public unveiled was not considered virtuous, is no reason that it is wrong now among people who have outgrown such narrow prejudices.

702. If, as some suppose, it was because the feeling prevailed in his day that one whose companion had died should not marry again, that Paul, as a matter of expediency, taught that a bishop or deacon must have been married only once; that is no proof that second marriages would be wrong for candidates for church offices now in communities where one married a second or third time is still in "good repute among those that are without."

703. Dr. D. R. Dungan tells of a man he knew who had a hobby on marriage. "He was of the opinion that no man could marry twice without being a polygamist—in heaven, if not on earth. His wife might die, but that had nothing to do with it; if he married again, he would be guilty of polygamy. You could not talk with him five minutes without having his hobby brought out and made to canter in your presence. But his wife died, and in less than a year from that time his theology changed on that point."

704. The Sabbatarians say: "James quoted two precepts from the ten, and says we must keep the whole law of which the Sabbath is a part." It has been well answered that the Decalogue itself is only part of the law, and if the law is binding we must keep the whole law—sacrifices, feast days, etc. If all the Decalogue is binding because James quoted a part of it, then all the law of Moses is binding, too, because he also quotes from that. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." This is not one of the ten. It is from Lev. xix. 18. Is that whole chapter binding now? I guess not. The next verse says, "Neither shall a garment mingled of linen and woolen come upon thee,"

and in the twenty-seventh verse it is said, "Ye shall not round the corners of your heads, neither shalt thou mar the corners of thy beard." Is that commandment binding now because James quoted some other saying of the same law? James quoted so much as was applicable to his subject, either from the Decalogue or from other books, without thereby binding either upon us.

705. But back of all this there is still another question of great interest and importance. How far are the teachings of the Book of James applicable to Gentiles? Its first verse says it was to the Jews—"to the twelve tribes." It was, Dr. Wm. Ormiston thinks, one of the first, if not the first, New Testament book, written probably before the council at Jerusalem, when it was decided that circumcision was not binding on the Gentiles. Up to that time all the apostles except Paul understood that the whole law, circumcision, Sabbath and all, was binding, but that did not make it so. When we study the decision of that council we see how wonderfully God opened the eyes of the apostles upon this subject. Suppose that James did think, up to that time, and write to the Jews, that the law was binding. Paul had a later revelation, and was therefore higher authority, of which he convinced James, Peter and the rest. If James had written when Paul did, and to Gentiles as he did, he would have written the same things. "If ye be circumcised, Christ shall profit you nothing;" and "Let no man therefore judge you in meat, or in drink, or in respect of a feast day, or a new moon, or a sabbath day; which are a shadow of the things to come; but the body is Christ's." Books written exclusively to Jews in the twilight of the gospel dispensation are only binding on us as their moral truth endures in the clear light of noon. A star has a right to shine in broad daylight, but it has to be an exceedingly bright star to be visible when the sun has risen high into the heavens. James' writings are only binding on us as their practiced truths meet our circumstances and correspond with the highest ideas of love to God which we are able to find in the revelation of God as a whole. James says, "If there come into your synagogue a man with a

old ring, in fine clothing, and if there come in also a poor man in vile clothing; and ye have regard to him that weareth the fine clothing, and say, Sit thou here in a good place; and ye say to the poor man, Stand thou there, or sit under my footstool, are ye not divided in your own mind, and become judges with evil thoughts?" That passage teaches us how we are to treat men who come into our churches, but we are not to judge from his language that we must have synagogues at the present day. It is the principle that is binding, and not the words; the spirit, and not the letter.

706. There is no passage in the Bible that minutely describes our duties under all circumstances in life, unless everything is included in the command to love. There is no place where we are told in unchangeable laws just how often we must meet, how many sermons we must hear, or how many dollars we must pay. Our love of Christ must decide us and constrain us in regard to duty. When you have something more important to do than to come to church, don't you come; but be sure about it. Don't make your decision lazily, carelessly or selfishly. Let the largest, broadest love influence your action. If you have something more important to do with your money than missionary work, don't you pay a dollar for such purposes. But be sure it is love, not stinginess, that dictates the decision. Similar decisions have to be made every day as to how much, in other ways, we can afford to sacrifice for Christ's cause. I never say much about worldly amusements. If the love of Christ, and all the forms of Christian work that it suggests, do not constrain Christians to stay away from questionable places, they would not be hindered by anything I could say. There is no command, "Thou shalt not attend the balloon ascension Sunday afternoons," or "Thou shalt attend the Junior Endeavor." But the love of Christ will enable us to decide where we can do the most good. This law of love may seem to be too lax or liberal. But if we undertake to violate it or evade it, we fall under the strictest, severest condemnation. Love is the greatest incentive to action, and inaction means death.

707. The man who demanded the chapter and verse prohibiting him from cheating his brother in a horse-trade, knew nothing of the law of love. Men will wrest even the Scriptures to their own destruction. Paul's advice to Timothy to take "a little wine for his stomach's sake," is sometimes quoted in defense of tippling. But Timothy was so strictly temperate that he would not take even "a little wine" for sickness till he got a prescription from an inspired apostle. The temperance Irishman is said to have remarked, when confronted with this passage, "An' sure, me name is not Timothy, and me stomach does not ache."

708. It is only when the truth is properly located that its beauty can be appreciated. A few years ago the directors of an academy of fine arts in one of the American cities were dismayed at finding that one of the most valuable pictures in their galleries was gone. It had been taken from the frame at night and a copy substituted. A reward was offered for its return, and search made for it, but in vain. Some years later an artist found the picture in the tavern of a town in Canada, where the thief had sold it. He telegraphed to the directors, two of whom at once came to him. But they could hardly be made to believe that the grimy canvas, in a broken, wooden frame, hanging in the dark corner of a bar-room, was the great masterpiece. The artist, however, insisted upon its genuineness, and it was taken back with him. He cleaned it and placed it in its proper frame, surrounded by a background of maroon drapery, every beam of light skillfully tempered so as to bring out its beauty, and then brought in the directors. They burst into loud exclamations of delight and welcome. The artist alone could detect the great picture in its sordid surroundings, but even the careless passer-by recognized it when properly framed and hung.

709. Some time ago one of the Czars of Russia offered a prize of thirty thousand dollars for the best portrait of himself. All the painters in the empire were invited to compete, and nearly a thousand complied with the invitation. A few days before the time appointed for awarding the

prize, the committee were passing through the gallery where the pictures were being hung, and, noticing a picture leaning against a post, one of the committee said to the others, "There is no use in hanging that daub." "I beg your pardon," said the artist, who overheard the remark; "I painted that picture, and I claim the privilege of hanging it in the proper light, at the proper distance, and then you may pass judgment upon it." The committee, of course, felt the demand was reasonable, and when the award was given, that picture had the prize.—*Sermon Illustrator.*

710. In Bible study there is no excellence without labor. A pupil applies for admission to a college and asks to study logarithms. The president answers, "You must begin with arithmetic." "But I don't like arithmetic; I don't want to study arithmetic; I want to study logarithms." "You can not study logarithms unless you first study arithmetic." The pupil says, "I think that is very mean. I think it is a narrow and bigoted rule that I can not study logarithms unless I first study arithmetic. The president replies, "There is no other road. It is not possible for you to come to an understanding of logarithms unless you take the only way men ever will enter into that knowledge—namely, the way of arithmetic." So with a proper division of the word of truth. It can not be reached at a single bound. Our efficiency in it will depend upon our own thoughtfulness, education and love. The line of demarcation will change with every day's investigation and experience.

TURNING-POINTS.

711. Life is full of turning-points, from bad to good, from good to bad, or from bad to worse or from good to better, in choosing or changing an occupation or in preparing to make our calling the greatest possible success:

"Are there not, dear Michael,
Two points in the adventure of the diver?
One—when a beggar, he prepares to plunge?
One—when a prince, he rises with his pearl?
Festus, I plunge."

712. Two paths lie open for each life;
One leads through danger, toil and strife,
But upward goes
To shining heights whose rising sun,
When once the lofty steep is won,
No setting knows.

The other path, vine-clad and green,
Scarce lets its gentle slope be seen,
But upward goes
To depths unknown, whose setting sun,
In baleful shadows dark and dun,
No rising knows.

—*E. G. Bangs.*

713. I can well remember the first time I came up close to a really great man. There was to be a great political meeting in our town. James A. Garfield was to be the speaker. I knew for some days that he was to be a guest in our home. How proud I was. I think I mentioned it to some of the boys. The day came and with it the great man. I kept as near to him as I dared. I was wonderfully impressed when he gave thanks at the dinner table. I followed his carriage in the procession to keep my eyes on the great man. I elbowed my way through the immense crowd in the courthouse yard and got right up to the speaker's stand. It seemed to me that the gods had come down to dwell among men. I must have been his most attentive listener that day. And until "gently, silently, the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live or to die, as God should will, within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices," the spell cast over me in that day long ago was not broken—nor was it then—nor is it now. As I looked on my hero I could not help wondering if he ever was a little boy. Friends, what name would you give to the crime if that boy had been neglected, or if his life had been turned in the wrong direction? I do not know how many hands had to help with the training of that young life, but some persons did their duty toward that boy. Whoever, that bears any responsibility toward childhood, lays his

hand on a young life to mar or misdirect it, or fails to lay his hand on it to give it right direction, is guilty of highest treason against society, against every good institution, against humanity, against God. The Good Shepherd said to Peter: "Lovest thou me? Feed my lambs." Whoever loves his Lord and feeds his lambs has true marks of apostolic succession. The church that neglects or misdirects the children is guilty of spiritual infanticide by starvation or strangulation.—*F. M. Dowling, at Jubilee Convention.*

714. A clergyman, with his wife and son, was once journeying to a new field in the West, when, by venturing on an unsafe bridge, all their lives were greatly imperiled. The father reached the shore, but saw with anguish that he could give no help to his loved ones, until other assistance could be secured. He went in search of it, and the mother and the son clung to some pieces of timber lodged in the midst of the cold, fast-flowing current, as their only hope of safety.

The mother's hands were growing benumbed, and her slight frame wearied out with the effort of holding on. She felt that the struggle for life could go on but a little longer. Her boy was young and vigorous. He might hold out till help came. With the mother's loving tenderness, she spoke her words of farewell, and gave such counsel as a mother might who was looking into eternity. But she was not prepared for the response: "Mother," he said, "if you let go, I will." Oh, here was a new anguish. She had hope in her Saviour, but her dear boy had no such hope. She felt that she held his destiny in her hands. She must live and struggle on for his sake. Oh, what weary, terrible moments, and they were lengthened on to hours! With almost superhuman strength the mother kept her hold on the plank, for, if she loosened her grasp, her boy's soul was lost for eternity. In two hours help came, and they were rescued.

Oh, it was a solemn, fearful thought for that mother that the eternal life of her child depended on her feeble efforts. But it is just as true of a thousand other mothers. The souls of our children are lost because of our unfaith-

fulness. We fill their young hearts with vanity and worldliness and love of gain, which drown all serious thought, and destroy them as certainly as those floods would the body. We shudder at the thought of some one act of ours involving the soul's life of our child, yet at that very moment we may be performing such an act!—*Selected.*

715. The historians tell us that Charles IX., of France, in his youth, had humane and tender sensibilities. The demon who tempted him was the mother who had nursed him. God have mercy on a mother who so forgets the sacred boon and bond of motherhood that she does not throw all the power of her influence and life for the good of her child and the safety of its soul! It is said that when at first this unnatural mother proposed to Charles the massacre of the Huguenots, he shrank from it in horror. "No, no, madame! they are my loyal subjects." Then was the critical hour of his life. As Professor Phelps so well says, had he cherished that natural sensitiveness to bloodshed, St. Bartholomew's Eve would never have disgraced the history of his kingdom, and he himself would have escaped the fearful remorse which crazed him on his death-bed. To his physician he said in his last hours, "Asleep or awake, I see the mangled forms of the Huguenots passing before me. They drip with blood. They make hideous faces at me. They point to their open wounds, and mock me. Oh that I had spared at least the little infants at the breast!" Then he broke out in agonizing cries and screams. Bloody sweat oozed from the pores of his skin. He was one of the very few cases in history which confirm the possibility of the phenomenon which attended our Lord's anguish in Gethsemane. That was the fruit of resisting, years before, the recoil of his conscience from sin. He trampled his conscience under foot, but he did not escape that which we call "remorse," a word which comes from the Latin word which means "to bite back."—*Louis Banks.*

716. One Sunday morning a clergyman surprised his congregation by saying: "Many years ago three young men

were taking a walk one Sunday morning, when they came to a church. One of them said, 'Let us go in.' One refused to enter the house of God, but the other went in with him. He did not remain long, however, but left his companion to sit out the service alone, which he did. One of the young men committed some crime, and was transported for life. The second now lies in the C—— jail, awaiting his trial for murder. The third, who remained, was converted and now stands before you."

717. Emerson says: "One of the illusions is that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly until he knows that every day is doomsday." And Dr. Haven says: "Our life is full of these turning-points of fortune and of ill, of peace and of war, of life eternal, or of despair and death. The track we travel has a switch at almost every step."

718. We are interested in the great events and decisive battles of the world. But these turning-points in national history all have lessons for individuals. These battles were won by individuals and by those, too, who had prepared themselves to win them. Take Manila as an example. Few of us, a month before the battle, would have remembered to have ever heard of Dewey. But May 1, 1898, before breakfast, he won the battle that immortalized his name. It was not a chance victory. It was not won merely by the dash and courage of officers and men. The Spanish were brave. Many of them went to their deaths unflinchingly, but they lacked in preparation, in discipline, in skill. Our victory was the result of years of attention to every detail of ship's work, to good discipline and devotion to drill, to the expert familiarity with the handling of guns. Dewey, like many other men in the American navy, had been preparing for years for the opportunity that finally came. The battle was fought in a few hours, but the skill that made it possible was the result of a long period of discipline.

It was no accident that the Greeks triumphed over the Persians. It was the stuff they were made of, and the

daily habits and discipline of their lives, that gave them the victory. They were a superior race. Average individual life had placed their nation upon a higher plane.

719. Great results have seemingly come from a little incident. The tide of battle seems to have been turned by a trivial circumstance, but these trifles would have had no such results without men prepared to take advantage of them. When Moses saw an Egyptian smite a Hebrew, he smote the Egyptian, and had to flee into the desert through which he afterwards led his victorious nation. The turning-point of his life seemed to be a mere chance, but it was the promptings of his own character that prepared him for it. Had he not been in heart, as in blood, a thorough Hebrew; had he not loved the enslaved race more than he was enamored of the glories of the house of Pharaoh, he would not have been enraged at the smiting of the Hebrew. So, regarding all the so-called "turning-points" in life. The occasion may seem accidental, the hinge hung without our agency, but the way we swing on the hinge event depends upon the tendency of our own characters, the momentum and direction of our principles, disposition and impulse. It will be found that, whatever opportunities offer, we are, as a rule, only acting out ourselves in using them as we do.—*Homiletic Review.*

720. Wesley's song, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," was incidental, but not accidental. He had equipped himself by a life of devotion until the very moment when God gave him the climax of opportunity and inspiration. While Garfield's masterful speech for Sherman was the occasion of his own nomination, the same speech would not have had the same effect if delivered by any other man. He was not chosen alone because he could picture so grandly and vividly the true elements of a great statesman, but because that convention believed that he possessed these qualifications even in a more eminent degree than him he sought to honor, and that he was himself that man "towering mountain high, calm in the midst of the heights and depths of the stormy political ocean."

721. Arnold Winkelried was only a little braver than his fellow-soldiers, but that little difference made him the leader and them the followers. It is easy to dash through when the gap is made. The first man who crosses the ocean, or explores a continent, or makes a machine, or the one who does any difficult deed a little better than his neighbors, is the one who is known in history. Men of success and renown are not much better than other men. It is the margin of mind or strength or skill that makes them great. The man who is ten times as influential as I am has not ten times the brain or energy or strength—it is that extra ounce of brain, that trifle better health or stronger nerve or loftier purpose. It is his slightly better equipment that makes him tower a giant Sequoia above the scraggy cedar. If you can train a horse to travel a mile a half second quicker than any other horse, you have added tens of thousands of dollars to his value. But let him fall a few seconds short of the best and he sinks into hopeless and unnoticed mediocrity, unless he has other redeeming qualities. "One shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight." But it is no ordinary one or two with ordinary weapons that can gain such a victory.

722. Be not afraid to trust God utterly. As you go down the long corridor, you may find that he has preceded you, and locked many doors which you would fain have entered; but be sure that beyond these there is one which he has left unlocked. Open it and enter, and you will find yourself face to face with a bend of the river of opportunity, broader and deeper than anything you had dared to imagine in your sunniest dreams. Launch forth on it; it conducts to the open sea.—*F. B. Meyer.*

723. A gunner, describing the intense moment just before the new recruits came up under Blucher that turned that decisive battle of modern times, said that moment seemed ages, and the dust and smoke of the battle were so thick and intense that the gunner, as he stood on the height on which he had been placed by the commanding officer, could not see five yards in front of him. He felt

the swaying tides of the battle move this way and that, and he did not know at one time whether he was among friend or foe. Some one asked him, "Well, my friend, what did you do in that supreme hour of darkness and solitude?" "I stood by my guns," said he. That is all you and I have to do. We are not responsible for the swaying tides of battle, we are not responsible for apparent defeat or apparent failure. The question is, Am I where God puts me, and do I stay where God puts me, and do I do as God would have me do?—*A. T. Pierson.*

724. In the disaster at Samoa, the way in which the British man-of-war, the "Calliope," escaped, is suggestive. Her machinery was very powerful, and just as she was about to strike the reef, she raised her anchors, and, right in the face of the terrible storm, steamed out of the harbor and into the open sea, where she safely outrode the storm. In the Christian life there are times when safety is only to be found in like decisiveness and boldness. Strengthened with all might by His Spirit in the inner man, the soul must bravely go forth to meet its spiritual foes, and boldly attack them.—*C. M. Hawkins.*

725. So near together are the sources of success and failure, that we launch upon one or the other without knowing that we have taken any decisive step. The decisive act may not be recognized as such until long afterwards, and because we do not know which step will be greatest in its results, our only safety is in making every step in the right direction.

726. It is said that the waters of the Missouri and Columbia Rivers originate within a few yards of each other, on the top of the Rocky Mountains. In their outset these two streams are neighbors. A very ordinary amount of effort would seem to be sufficient to make the easterly stream run west, or the westerly stream run east, yet their destination is thousands of miles apart. We find a still more striking illustration on the summit of a hill in a Western State, where a courthouse is so situated that the raindrops that fall on one side of the roof descend into

Lake Erie, and thence, through the St. Lawrence, into the Atlantic. The drops on the other side trickle down from rivulet to river until they reach the Ohio and Mississippi, and enter the ocean by the Gulf of Mexico. A faint breath of wind determines the destination of these raindrops for three thousand miles. So a single act determines, sometimes, a human destiny for all time and for eternity. —*Foster.*

727. A little plant was given to a sick girl. In trying to take care of it, the family began a revolution. First, they cleaned the window that more light might come in to the leaves of the plant. Then, when not too cold, they opened the window, that fresh air might help the plant to grow; and this did the family good as well as the plant. Next, the clean window made the rest of the room look so untidy that they washed the floor and cleaned the walls and arranged the furniture more neatly. This inspired the father of the family to mend some broken furniture, which he got so much engaged over that it kept him at home several evenings, instead of spending the time at the tavern; and the money thus saved went to buy comforts for them all. So the home grew pleasant till it was the brightest place in the world to all the family. The one little flower filled the whole house with bloom.—*Newton.*

728. The form of a little boy lay in the coffin, surrounded by mourning friends. A mason came into the room and asked to look at the lovely face. "You wonder that I care so much," he said, as the tears rolled down his cheeks, "but your boy was a messenger of God to me. One time I was coming down by a long ladder from a very high roof, and found your boy close beside me when I reached the ground. He looked up in my face with childish wonder and asked frankly, 'Weren't you afraid of falling when you were up so high?' and before I had time to answer, he said: 'Oh, I know why you were not afraid! You said your prayers this morning before you began work.' I had not prayed; but I never forgot to pray from that day to

this, and, by God's blessing, I never will."—*Sermon Illustrator.*

729. There were transformations in the lives of Christ's first disciples. There was one when, forsaking old associates and associations, they became his disciples; and another when "he called unto him his disciples: and of them he chose twelve, whom also he named apostles" (Luke vi. 13). It was long after he said, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men," that he formally chose them as his apostles. They were disciples before they were apostles. As disciples they had learned of him as they had opportunity, but as apostles they became teachers and ambassadors to the four quarters of the earth. There are similar transformations in our lives to-day, except that we are not granted the miraculous power given to apostles. Our interests, at first, in becoming Christians are largely selfish. We feel condemned, and, alarmed at our condition, call upon God for help. We accept his gospel and are saved. But there comes a time, if we are faithful, when we are imbued with the apostolic idea of being sent on a divine mission. The influenced become the influencers, the fish the fishers, the disciples the teachers, the saved the savers of others.

730. A ship was wrecked on the northwest coast of Ireland; and a mother tried in vain to persuade her son, who had volunteered to go to the rescue of the last man on board the burning ship, to give up the perilous task. She pleaded that his father and brother had never come back from the sea, and that she would be left alone if he were lost. He resisted her entreaties and put out to the sinking vessel. When the boat came back through the surf, the crowds on the shore shouted, "Have you got your man?" The reply came, "Yes, and tell mother it is brother William!" Are you sure that the imperiled souls around us are not our brothers?—*Anon.*

731. The battle of Marathon decided that the civilization of Europe should be Greek and not Persian. Long afterwards, at the battle of Tours, Europe was saved from

the encroachments of Mohammedans. Histories, languages and religions have depended upon a few such turning-points, but there is no other decisive battle so interesting and important to *you* as your individual conquest of yourself. What it means to the world will be justly estimated at a later period.

732. What should we think of a piano-tuner that went about tuning his instruments by tearing out all the wires that had flattened? What would you think of a board of health that passed an ordinance that all invalids should be butchered or drowned; or a horticulturist that, with a fine orchard of wild apple-trees, should chop them down and pluck out their roots instead of letting them stand and grafting them with cultivated scions? A jewel is worth preserving, and worth putting in the crown of a Christian empress, even if it has once formed the eye of a dirty pagan idol. People attempt sometimes to make themselves good by laying down their character, putting upon it a pattern, and then paring off all those points that protrude. There never was a more thorough case of conversion than that of Saul of Tarsus; but never was there a case in which the old material was more scrupulously kept. If Saul had been subjected to some process of conversion now quite common, he would never have been heard from after Damascus. Paul is not Saul amputated. He was not converted as some people are, when they cut off all their instincts that were unholy, and give the trunk to the Lord, when the devil really gets more in parings than the Lord wins in stump. Conversion is reversion. Paul is Saul reversed, Saul running the other way; every capacity, impulse, faculty is turned and put upon a new track.—*Parkhurst.*

733. In our Civil War, when the Union forces captured rebel guns, they never spiked them simply because they were rebel guns, but they charged them with rebel powder, loaded them with rebel shot, turned them on the swivel, and fired them the other way. Conversion is reversion, turning about on the swivel. So we are told that at the advent of the reign of universal peace men will do what with

their swords? Hang them up, throw them away, let the rust gnaw them? No; save them, economize their raw material and beat them over into ploughshares. The same iron that makes spears makes pruning-hooks. The same fertility that goes to make weeds is just as competent to make wheat. A good man is a bad man turned and going the other way.

734. "No man can serve two masters." You can not belong to two kingdoms at once. Lord Brougham grew to be so fond of Cannes that he sought to be naturalized as a Frenchman, but found it was impossible to be both a peer of England and a citizen of a French town; he must renounce the one to become the other. Coming out from under the authority of darkness, one gets the right or authority to become a son of God, and have the standing of children in the family.

735. In one of the great battles of history, the general of the French was approached by an excited officer, who cried, "The battle is lost!" "Yes," was the cool reply, "but there is time to win another." And so it proved, for the retreating troops rallied, and pressed forward in a still fiercer attack because of their temporary repulse, and at nightfall victory rested on the French banners. No defeat is final, unless you choose you make it so. There is still time to win another battle. Make your next onset all the fiercer because of that temporary defeat. In the Christian warfare, at least, there is no possibility of permanently overcoming one who will not surrender.—*Young People's Weekly.*

THE END.

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